

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

THE MIRROR

15¢

MAY

ERONICA LAKE
Y PAUL HESSE



HOLLYWOOD EASTER PARADE—Gorgeous Color Pictures of 8 Favorite Stars
THE TEN BEST HUSBANDS IN HOLLYWOOD by Hedda Hopper

Camay Complexions go on Honeymoons!

Tonight, go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice gives fresher, smoother skin

IS THERE a man in your mind—in your heart—that should be in your life? Win him with your new loveliness—a skin more enchantingly clear and fresh . . . day-by-day. *Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.*

For as Mrs. Perrin and hundreds of lovely brides so freely admit—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped them to new loveliness—just as it can help *you*.

And to this proof of brides . . . add the advice of leading skin specialists! Yes—skin specialists definitely advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier.

Do start tonight!

Get Camay and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Give up those improper cleansing methods. Once you change to Camay . . . you'll see dry flakiness, oiliness, roughness lessen.

Feel the softer, *smoother* touch of your skin. Be faithful to Camay . . . day-by-day, you'll see your skin is lovelier . . . till new beauty is yours!



YOU . . . and the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

You do this:

—IF YOUR SKIN'S DRY!

Night and morning, cream Camay's mild lather over your face. Use lukewarm water—lukewarm rinses.

—IF YOUR SKIN'S OILY

Twice daily, use Camay lather—with a rough cloth. Concentrate on nose, chin. Rinse warm. Splash cold—30 seconds!

—IF YOUR SKIN'S NORMAL

Lucky lady—risk no soap less mild than Camay. This twice-a-day beauty cleansing just suits you.



Camay does this:

—LEAVES SKIN SM-O-O-TH!

Camay's mild lather helps smooth away that dry flaky roughness. Leaves skin fresher, softer-textured.

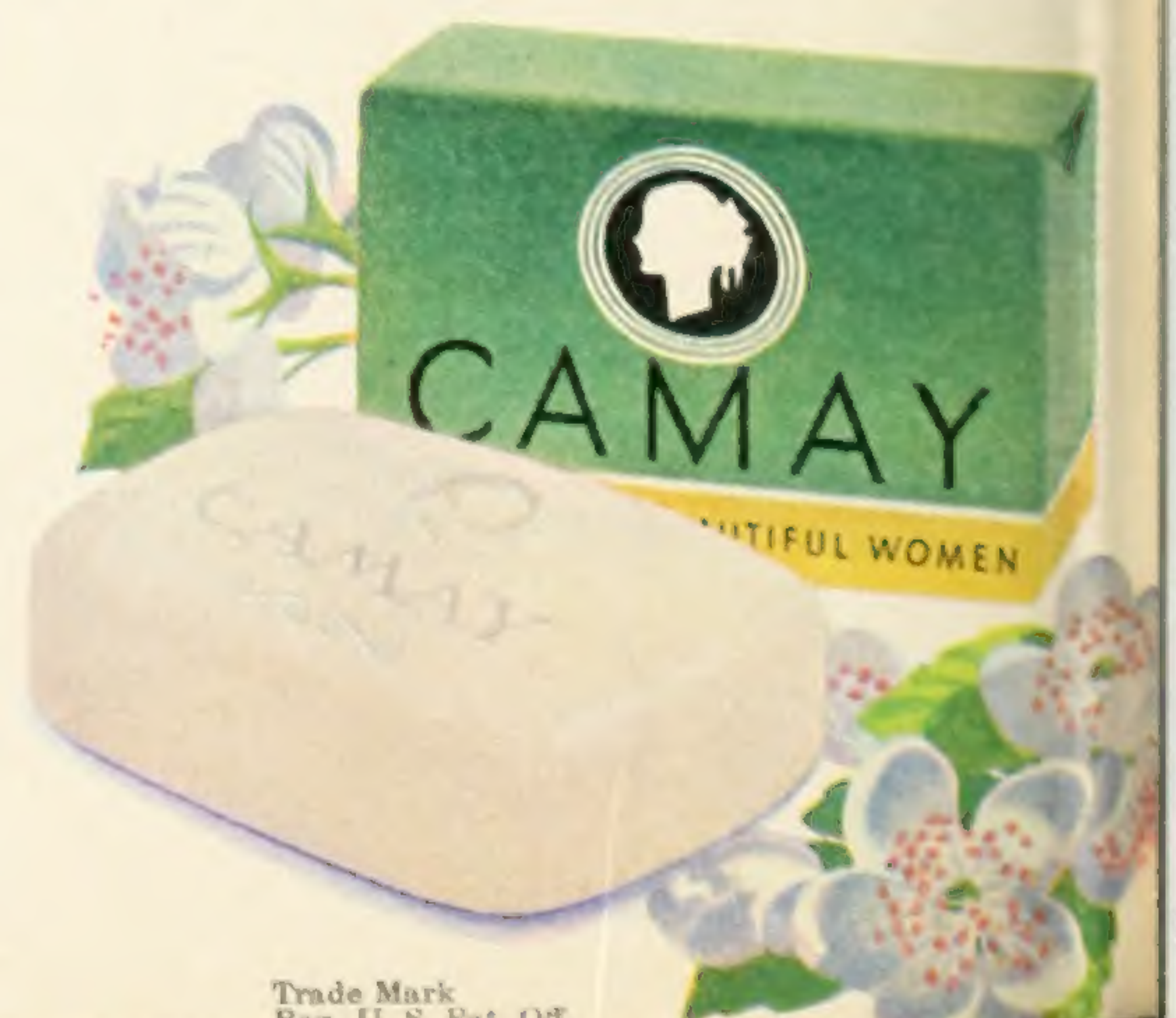
—HELPS SKIN LOOK CLEAR!

For Camay's *thorough* cleansing reduces oiliness. Leaves your skin looking more radiantly fresh and clear.

—EVEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

Day-by-day, the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, based on skin specialists' advice, wakens your skin to more sparkling beauty.

"How happy I am that I followed the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay's mild lather—twice daily—works wonders for me. My skin has never been so lovely. *I've* never been so happy," says Mrs. A. T. Perrin, Woodside, N. Y.



Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Smile,
Plain Girl,
Smile..

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and smile! The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need

bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *firm, healthy gums*.

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!

Start today with



Product of
Bristol-Myers

IPANA and MASSAGE



Playing at the Astor Theatre, the motion picture showcase of Broadway, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that—even as we go to press—is shaking the grapes on the vine with tremulous excitement.

It has a big title—"The Human Comedy"—and it is a big picture.

No—it isn't a "Gone With The Wind". It's physically smaller but humanly larger. It isn't about who kissed who or who stole the papers.

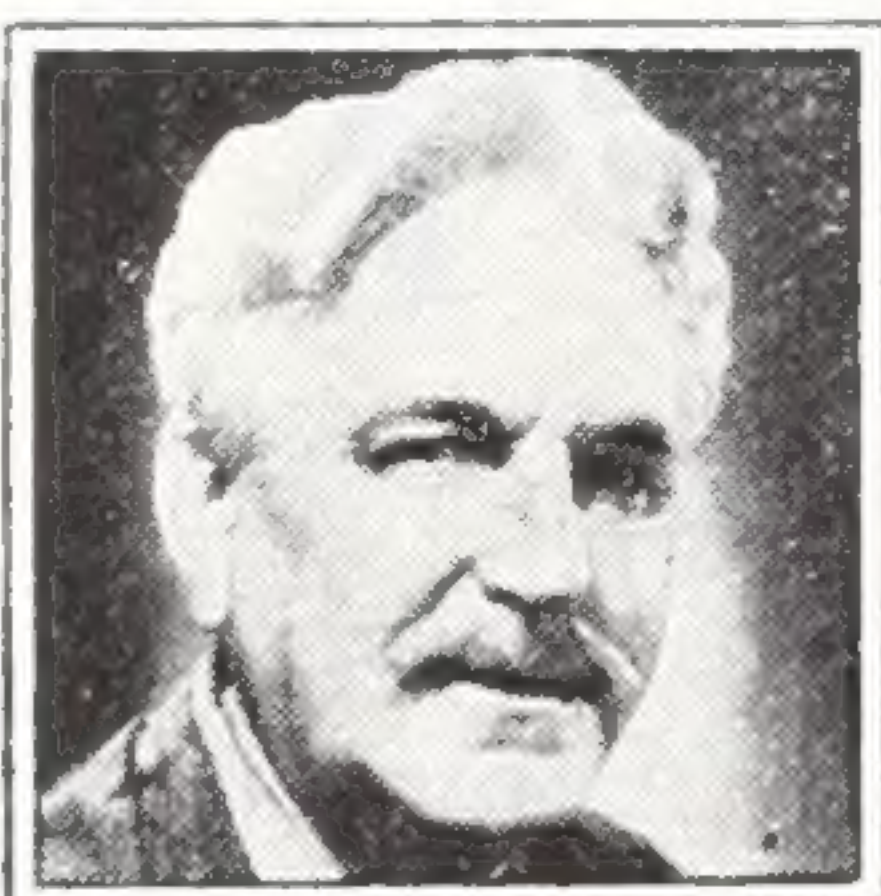
It's about people—real people—human people—American people—all people.

Involved are adventure, romance, feeling, beauty, decency, understanding and all the words like that in the thesaurus.

This leads us to that curious phenomenon of the arts—William Saroyan who wrote "The Human Comedy".

He is the man who baffled and entertained Broadway with such unusual plays as "My Heart's in the Highlands", "The Beautiful People" and "The Time of Your Life". "The Human Comedy" is better than all his plays, better than all the Saroyan stories.

Clarence Brown produced and directed the film with loving care. He says that the picture is inherently his best. Clarence doesn't boast. He meant that the picture's content inspired him.



Mickey Rooney gives an artist's performance as Homer Macauley, the messenger boy. Frank Morgan as Willie Grogan, the telegraph operator, is perfection itself.

One could tell about the entire cast; tell about every single episode in the film. It's that interesting and true.

May we suggest that you write this column a letter after you've seen the film. We hope it is playing in your town today so that we'll hear from you soon.

Someone once criticized the films for not giving the true picture of the best side of American life. We'd like to hear from that chap after he sees "The Human Comedy".

We laughed—we cried—we cheered.
Even a lion is human.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

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MOVIE MIRROR

MAY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 6

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COVER: Veronica Lake, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Dangerous Curves Ahead!

Lana
TURNER

"Cinderella came
out from behind her
soda counter! She'll
look adorable in
satins and sables!"

Robert
YOUNG

Slightly
DANGEROUS

WITH

WALTER BRENNAN

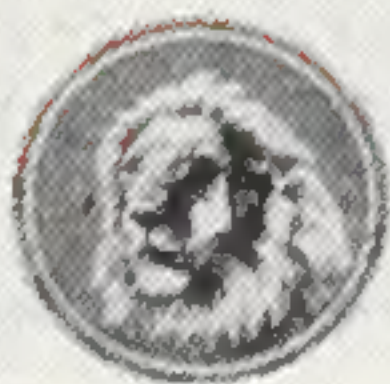
DAME MAY WHITTY • EUGENE PALLETTE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Screen Play by Charles Lederer and George Oppenheimer

Based Upon a Story by Ian McLellan Hunter and Aileen Hamilton

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

OF COURSE — IT'S
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER





Any Bonds Today?



Humphrey Bogart



Ann Sheridan



Paul Henreid



Ida Lupino



Dennis Morgan



Bette Davis



Gig Young



Olivia de Havilland



Errol Flynn



Joan Leslie

WAR has focused a bright spotlight on you, the movie-goer of America, revealing you not as a thoughtless, frivolous seeker of escape, but as a generous, eager American.

In the months since the tide of war engulfed our country, you movie-goers have been called upon for help by the USO, the Army and Navy Relief, the Infantile Paralysis Drive, the United Nations Fund, the March of Dimes, the Red Cross.

You—some 80,000,000 of you—responded with millions of your dollars. The nation quickly learned that when assistance was urgently needed, it could turn with confidence to you Movie-goers, Incorporated.

In March our Treasury Department, which holds the financial responsibility to save the war on the home front while our armed forces win it on foreign fields, completed the first full War Bond drive. Now America must be persuaded not to spend the \$15,000,000,000 in excess purchasing power that its citizens will have in their pockets this year but to divert a major part of this astronomical sum into the purchase of Bonds.

So the Treasury has come to you for your help in this drive. And it seemed to us that now was the time to pay the nation's respects to you and to make possible a reward for your unstinted generosity. That is why we have this to announce:

In co-operation with Warner Brothers studios, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will send an 8 x 10 portrait of any one of the ten stars you see pictured on this page with an individually autographed message from the star to you, free of charge, to everyone who will buy one War Savings Bond (\$18.75). Of course, if you want more than one autographed picture, send your money for the corresponding number of Bonds.

For each one of you who buys a Bond to save your way to victory, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR says: Simply fill out the coupon below, send it to PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, with your money order or check enclosed, and accept the congratulations of your editors and fellow Americans.

Fred R. Sammis

I Want A Free Autographed Portrait of

(fill in the name of any one—or more, if you're buying more than one Bond—of the 10 stars on this page)

SEND IT TO

..... (your name)

..... (your address)

Here is my \$..... for..... United States War Savings Bond (or Bonds), to be issued to me by PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, an authorized agency of the Treasury.

Signed.....
A Movie-goer of America.

TAMARA WAS SEVENTEEN

This is a girl whom you'll be proud to know. Her story is told you now—



By

Charles Boyer

AS I looked back upon the momentous events of this war there is one thought that stands out vividly in my mind: We in America have been saved from the horror of falling bombs only because others in Europe and in Asia have suffered and fought valiantly, offering their lives that the entire world may be free.

Who can deny that today the people of Russia deserve a very special place in our hearts? For it is the Russian people who have broken the Nazi myth of invincibility.

Just think if you were Tamara Kalnina, the seventeen-year-old Russian girl who saved fifteen Red Army men, when an ambulance was bombed and set on fire. The ambulance driver was killed, but Tamara entered the burning ambulance fifteen times, bringing out a wounded man each time. Then, exhausted and covered with burns herself, she crawled to a field hospital for help. What if there she had found no tannic acid to treat her burns nor sulfa drugs to heal the wounded men so that they could return again to fight?

She does not ask for it—but Russia's Tamara needs our help. She needs the precious serums, the pain-killing drugs, the wonder-working vaccines and surgical instruments that can come only from America. It is these desperately needed medical supplies that Russian War Relief is sending—and seeds, too, to replant the earth, and concentrated food, warm clothing and milk for Russia's children—Tamara's sisters and brothers.

Let us give them some tangible evidence of our sympathy. By helping our Russian allies we are saving the lives of our own people—and we are hastening the ultimate victory!

*The Name
of their Love
was Mary Ann!*

HOW THEY LOVED HER
AND HOW PROUD OF
THEIR LOVE THEY WERE
—THE NINE MEN OF
THE FLYING FORTRESS
CALLED 'MARY ANN'...



"As whopping a story
as ever you're likely
to see!"

—NEW YORK TIMES

Presented by
**WARNER
BROS.**

in the
entertainment
standard of
"Yankee Doodle
Dandy" and
"Casablanca"

AIR FORCE

"WILL BE ONE OF THE YEAR'S TEN BEST!"
LIFE MAGAZINE

JACK L. WARNER Executive Producer

NOW SHOWING NATIONALLY

PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

THE PLAYERS INCLUDE: JOHN GARFIELD
GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEO. TOBIAS
ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN
RIDGELY • SCREEN PLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS
PRODUCTION



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Plural into singular: Judy Garland, separated from Dave Rose, grins and bears it at Ciro's with Bud McTaggart and Bob Sterling; while Dave sings professional love songs to Dinah Shore at the Hollywood Canteen



Proboscis gets a permanent: The famous Hope profile is, with the help of Dorothy Lamour, consigned to cement fame forever

THOUGHTS in Passing: Too bad Mary Martin, who has departed for New York and a play, was so disappointed in her movie career . . . It's good to see Luise Rainer back again. Luise is on the Paramount lot making "Hostages" . . . Wonder what the fans will think of Nelson Eddy as a brunet in "Phantom Of The Opera?" . . . Bob Hope's nose prints in the forecourt of the Grauman's Chinese Theater will surely please the tourists, if we ever have tourists again . . . Cesar Romero and Phyllis Brooks seem an unlikely combination somehow . . . Odd that that actor who so neatly typifies the average American carries his liquor so badly as to be horizontal most of the time . . . Just what is Jackie Cooper's Army status anyway? . . . If you only knew the real reason for the recent separation of that Hollywood couple and the secret man in her life you'd scream out loud . . . We love the sign Kay Aldridge has on the door of her motel, "Nobody allowed in without a wedding ring" . . . Too bad the friendship between Maureen O'Hara and Martha O'Driscoll had to be broken up first time the two appeared in "The Fallen Sparrow." The feud began over who got which scene.

Romance Lane: Kay Kyser seems to have forgotten all about Ginny Simms since lovely Georgia Carroll came into his life. They say it's nearing the ring stage . . .

The tall, dark and beautiful Gail Patrick is also a daily visitor at the bedside of Freeman Gosden (Amos of the Amos and Andy team) who is ill in a hospital. These two seem to possess a warm friendship, but Gail says it ends there. Friends think differently . . .

They say Tommy Dorsey is the object of Pat Dane's affections and Pat's plenty "booful" and alluring . . .

Susan Peters may be Mrs. Richard Quine even before you read this. Susan, up for an Academy Award for her performance in "Random Harvest," nearly broke her heart over Phil Terry before he married Joan Crawford. And now little Susan is about to become a Joanie Crawford of the screen in her own right.

(Continued on page 8)

"I HAVE A HUNCH I'VE STARTED SOMETHING"

says

Hunt Stromberg

THE first few pages of Gypsy Rose Lee's "THE G STRING MURDERS" convinced me that here was something new in screen material. The farther I read, the more excited I became. The story had pace, excitement, and a robust humor. Above all, it had colorful characters that were made to live on the screen. The burlesque background was different, intriguing, and lustily alive.

Wait till you hear her sing "Take it off the E-string, play it on the G-string".



Newcomer to watch
MICHAEL O'SHEA
as the Burlesque
Comedian

SO I've made the picture and you'll be seeing it soon under the title "LADY OF BURLESQUE".

THE mystery murder plot has something of the quality that made Nick and Nora Charles your favorite people in "The Thin Man." When I produced that picture I had a hunch you'd want more "Thin Man" pictures—and you did. And now when you see Barbara Stanwyck as Dixie Daisy I think you'll want more of the same. Also there's a newcomer named Michael O'Shea who looks like a find to me. As a matter of fact, there are three or four who'll bear watching.

OF course every producer gets enthusiastic about his latest picture—but please take my word for it—"I have a hunch I've started something".

MURDERER'S ROW?



HUNT STROMBERG presents

BARBARA STANWYCK

in

*Lady OF
BURLESQUE*

with **MICHAEL O'SHEA** and

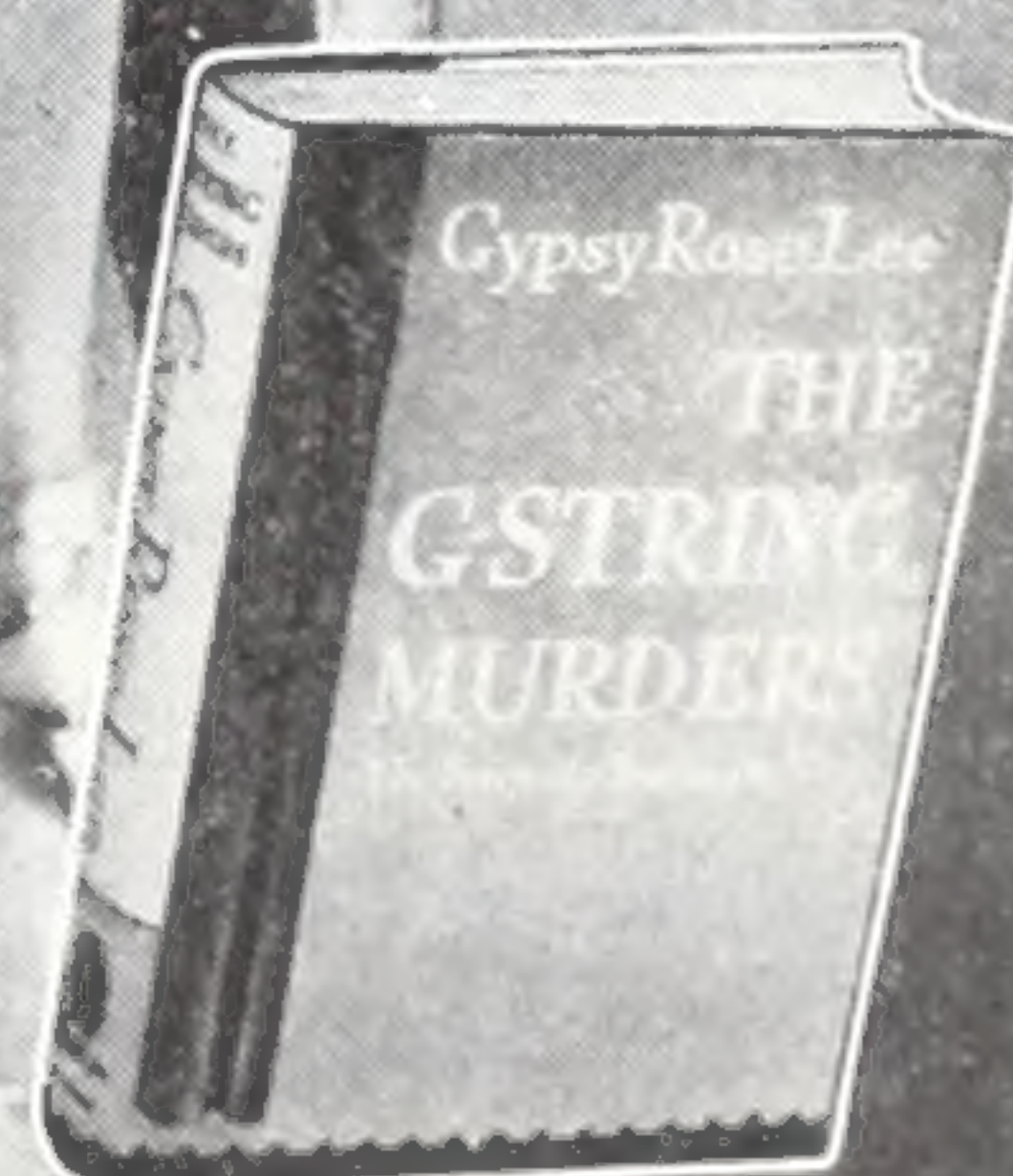
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • CHARLES DINGLE • FRANK CONROY
GLORIA DICKSON • MARION MARTIN • IRIS ADRIAN • VICTORIA FAUST
PINKY LEE • FRANK FENTON • JANIS CARTER • EDDIE GORDON

Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

A HUNT STROMBERG PRODUCTION • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



THEY'RE COMING SOON TO
YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



TIME MAGAZINE RAVES ABOUT
GYPSY ROSE LEE'S BOOK:

"...lurid, witty...rich show business vocabulary and stage door gags...builds up to a hair-raising climax."

MUSIC...MYSTERY...MURDER!

Are You His DREAM GIRL



Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.



DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely.* Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip Won't Slip

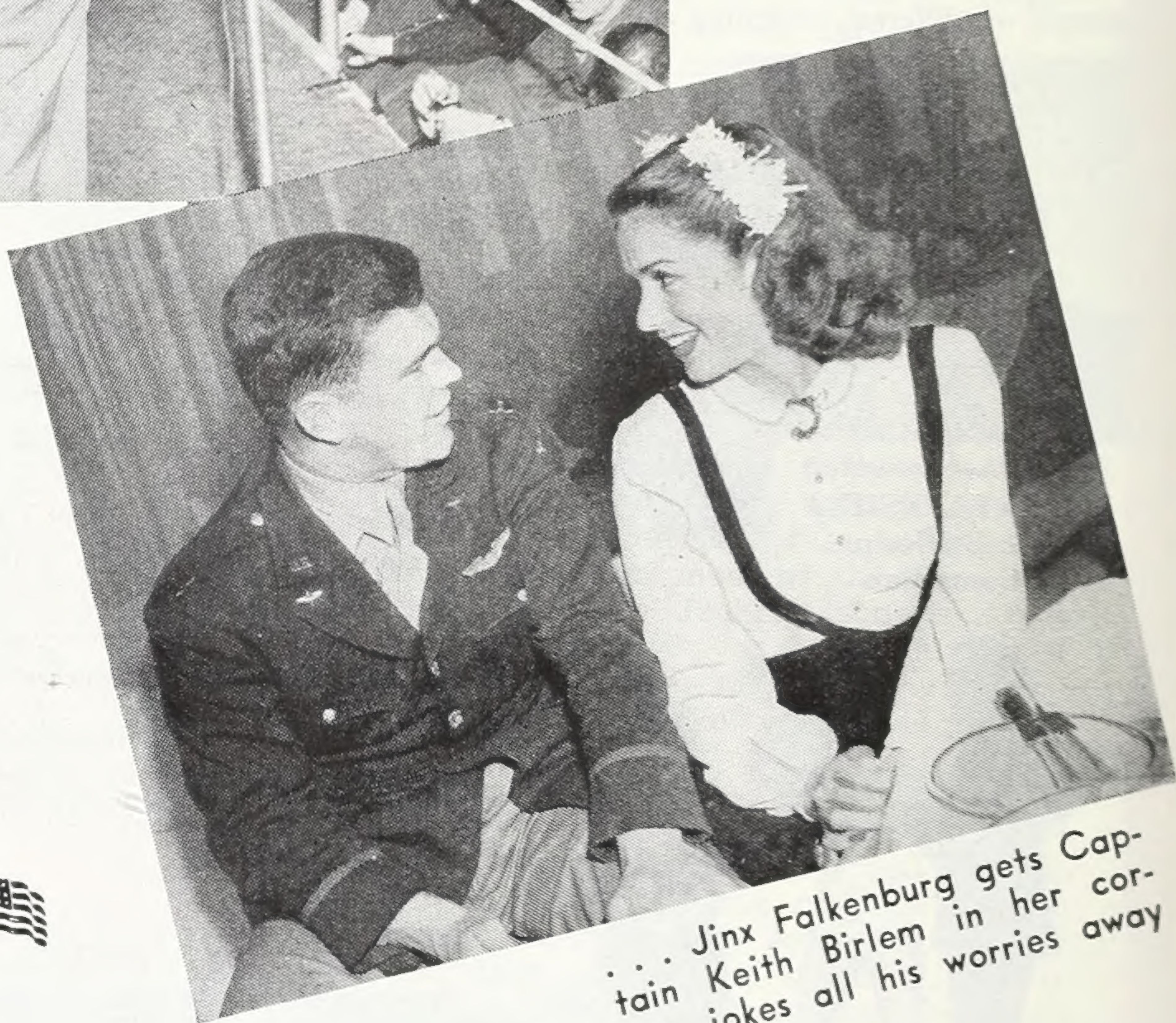
One Does the Work of Several



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

★ ★ ★

Cary Grant tries out some favorite Grant jokes on the Hollywood Canteen guinea pigs before he springs them on our armed forces in England...



... Jinx Falkenburg gets Captain Keith Birlum in her corner, jokes all his worries away

Linda Loves Pev? The status of the Pev Marley-Linda Darnell romance is a puzzler. It's more than that, really. It's an issue, with those who say it's the real thing pitted against those who pooh-pooh it as a serious romance. Cal, who was prominent among the "pooh-pooh" group is about to bolt his party for the other side, despite the fact Miss Darnell herself has told us most emphatically it's not serious. But who races down to the depot before dawn's early light to greet Pev after a sojourn to the East? None but little Linda.

Who sends her flowers and messages when she's ill? Pev. And although the cameraman is twice her age their tastes are mutual. Linda likes to sketch, is interested in painting and art. So is Pev, who, incidentally, has been married twice before.

But here's one clue to the reason Cal believes Linda really cares. The art of "doodling" or the habit of drawing strange figures or markings while one is conversing on the telephone or listening to a lecture is a sure indication of the subconscious mind, so we're told. And Linda's subconscious works over-

time, for all her doodlings result in dozens upon dozens of little sketches—all of Pev Marley's face.

So, there you are.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Of all the epidemics that have swept over Hollywood (and heavens knows it has had its share of plagues) the strangest is this almost unanimous rush to altars of women in their comfortable thirties or forties with younger grooms—much, much younger in certain cases.

This special trend began with Jeanette MacDonald's marriage to Gene Raymond several years ago and has marched merrily on to the recent marriage of Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, the twenty-two-year-old Marine. In between we have Barbara Stanwyck's marriage to Bob Taylor, the Tyrone Power-Annabella wedding, the marriage of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden, the blendings of Norma Shearer and Marty Arrouge and Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, on to the Joan Crawford-Phil Terry marriage. As soon as her divorce from Roger Pryor is final Ann Sothorn will probably wed younger Bob Sterling,



DO YOUR BEST . . . AND

Be at your Best

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a

thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

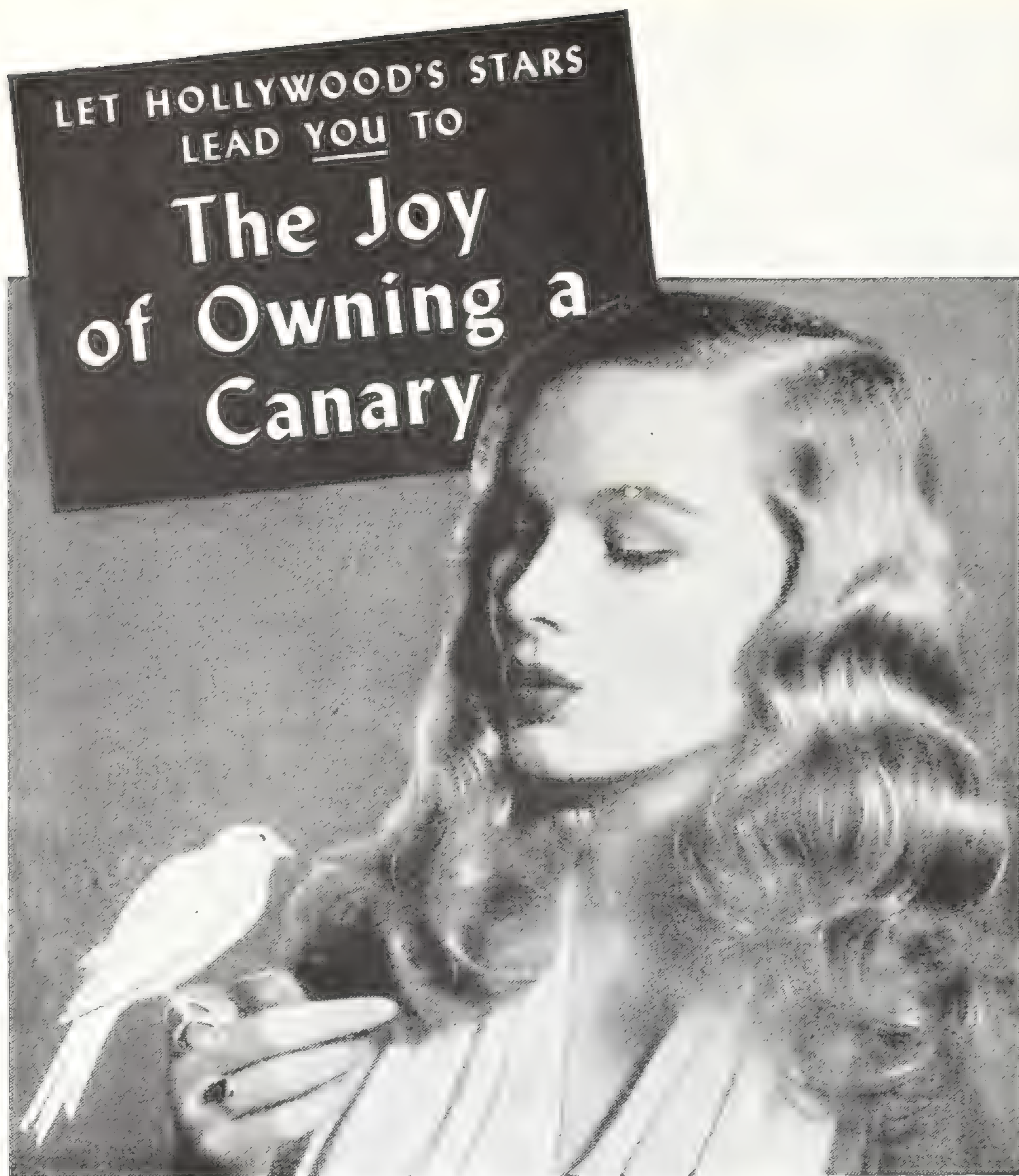
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo:



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!



VERONICA LAKE Starring in "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" a Paramount Picture

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation*! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Follow the lead of the Hollywood stars, and let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times!



Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail coupon with name and address.

SEND FOR **FREE** BOOK ON THE JOYS OF CANARY OWNERSHIP

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2538 MUSTARD STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send me "Keep a Song in Your Home" FREE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Paste on penny postal card and mail)

OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

now of the Air Force, and Greer Garson still carries with her that license to wed the lad who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver," one Richard Ney.

The amazing (or maybe it isn't so amazing) thing about these marriages is that nine times out of ten they turn out happily while the younger women who marry men nearer their age find only unhappiness. Myrna Loy's marriage to the more mature Arthur Hornblow ended in divorce. Barbara Stanwyck was younger by several years than Frank Fay, but their marriage brought her only unhappiness. Ginger Rogers' marriage to Lew Ayres ended in divorce as did Ann Sothorn's to Roger Pryor, both men being but a few years older than their wives.

So what's the answer? According to a famous psychologist, who begs to be nameless, the psychology of the sexes is rapidly undergoing a change and these Hollywood marriages are but an indication of this amazing transformation, with Hollywood pointing the way, as usual.

In Grandpa's day it was the man who approached age apprehensively. Then slowly but surely, it became apparent it was the woman who yearned more openly for perpetual youth. All over the world and almost overnight beauty parlors sprang up as well as establishments dedicated to the preserving of the body beautiful.

Hollywood women, who are among the most beautiful in the world and certainly the best groomed and most carefully preserved, have had the courage to take the initiative in this new trend. Physical attraction, of course, is a motivating factor, in some cases, but this time it's not Grandpa with his sly love affairs on the side who is doing the gallivanting.

Women today are cleaning up the "other woman" angle. Marriage with youth is making it all a more sane, sensible and certainly a more moral arrangement. So why shouldn't these lovely, intelligent women seek their mates among those whose minds are as young and healthy as their own?

Cupid Speaking to the Boys in Service: Ann Miller, heart-free and lovely, who spends all her spare time at Army camps, has gone back to brunette. Prefer her as a blonde, boys?

Betty Hutton broke her engagement and is looking around again. No crowding there, fellows.

Cupid clipped Carole Landis in London. But that won't interfere with her visit to camps in America very soon.

Dorothy Lamour, a steady visitor, is hardly recognizable, according to the boys at the Hollywood Canteen, without that sarong.

Eleanor Powell, who taps out Morse code messages over the radio to the Signal Corps lads, may marry actor Glenn Ford, and then again—

Frances Gifford, who folks say is the loveliest girl in all Hollywood, has no better-half and does answer letters. Write to her in care of M-G-M.

Hedy Lamarr is not only in love with John Loder but the U.S. Army and Navy lads and, oh yes, the Marines.

Ilona Massey, who divorced Alan Curtis, says she has a date with you at the New York Canteen.

Judy Garland is so blue and heart-sick since the failure of her marriage to Dave Rose. Why not write her, fellows?

Katharine Hepburn is coming back to Hollywood for another of those Spencer Tracy things.

Lana Turner, who will make no more pictures until after her baby is born, needs a bit of heartening cheer, too, since her annulment from Steve Crane. Get out the pens, boys.

Martha O'Driscoll, blonde and a cutie, says she's engaged to no one. Her heart belongs to the boys in the service. Hurry!

Nancy Coleman, Warners' hopeful, should be on your list of coming stars. Sure, she's still single.

Olivia de Havilland gets stars in her eyes every time Lieutenant John Huston gets a leave. Brace yourselves.

Paulette Goddard is looking for a permanent spot to park her heart. Any suggestions?

Rita Hayworth announces she's pretty sure to wed Vic Mature right after her divorce is final in May. Mrs. Mature has already received her decree in Reno. Sorry, fellows!

Sheila Ryan, who has visited almost every camp in America, wants to know what to do for measles. Yep, she's got 'em.

Tyrone Power went through Marine boot camp like a trouper. The Marines like him fine. He's now in Officers' Candidate School.

The United States is so proud of its Hollywood citizens, who give more thought to you boys than they do to themselves.

Vera Vague, whose voice is heard via Bob Hope's radio show, is not only a grand person but is good-looking. Or did you know?

X are the kisses sent by all of us in Hollywood to all of you doing such a grand job.

Zorina will haunt any soldier's dreams on request as she did in "Star-Spangled Rhythm." See that picture if you can, boys.

Miss Durbin on War Widows: We chatted with the beautiful Deanna Durbin on the Universal lot recently and Cal was once again amazed at the mature dignity of the present Mrs. Vaughn Paul, who told us how she and Vaughn, a lieutenant in the Navy, had worked out a plan of keeping both herself and her husband as happy as such circumstances allow.

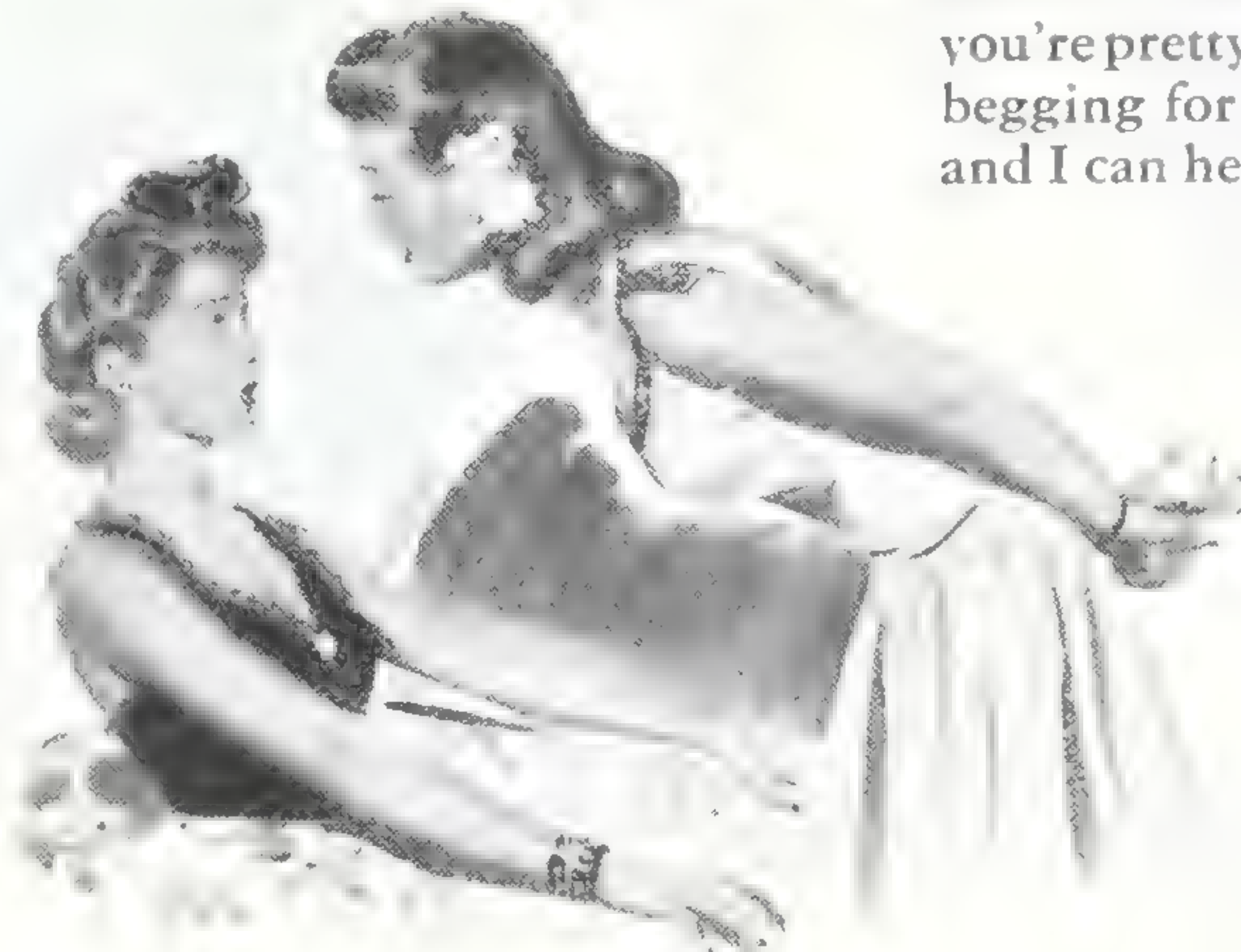
"The hardest part of two people's being separated by the war," she said, "is that they aren't growing older together. They are liable to find, when they are reunited, that they have grown too far apart. But I believe there is a good remedy for this—long and frequent letters. I write Vaughn every day and I tell him about everything in my life. Our letters become a sort of chart, or diary, whereby we will keep abreast of each other in our mental change and growth."

Deanna believes if the wife of an absent fighting man is the type who

"All the Men at this Party are Snobs!"



Carol: Nonsense, Mary! They're genial lads, and you're pretty enough and peppy enough to have them begging for dances! You *deserve* the limelight, Pet—and I can help you get your share, in one easy lesson!



Mary: Underarm odor! But I bathe every day!

Carol: A bath is only intended to take care of *past* perspiration, Mary! Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



Mary: Wallflowers like me are often made by trusting a bath too long. Never again for me, when speedy Mum will keep me *safe* for hours!



MARY, MARY—
GIVE ME YOUR
ANSWER
TRUE-OO!

— TO HERSELF —
ED'S GETTING TO BE A
REGULAR STEADY NOW—
SINCE I'M KEEPING
COMPANY WITH MUM!

YOU'LL like Mum—for **SPEED**—takes only 30 seconds. For **SECURITY**—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration. For **DEPENDABILITY**—Mum keeps you dainty for hours *to come!* . . .

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable—prevents embarrassment.



Irresistible
AS HE DESIRES
YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING

IS Irresistible
PERFUME

So the man of your dreams may find you even more enchanting, wear Irresistible Perfume... a heart-catching, head-spinning fragrance, as lasting as it is lovely. Spicy, stimulating, it brilliantly blends the sauciness of youth with exciting sophistication. In SCENT-imental Mother's Day package.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c



Shoulder to shoulder at the Mocambo: Walter Pidgeon gives Toni Lanier a charming earful of after-dinner talk

Eye to eye: Veronica Lake impersonates Veronica Lake for Bert Whitley who impersonates V. Lake in "This Is The Army"



CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

likes to go out and have fun with close male friends of her husband, she should.

"I am that type of girl," she told us, "and as long as I keep Vaughn posted on what I am doing and he doesn't object it is better for me to live this way to keep as happy as possible. When I am happy I impart the same spirit to him.

"It is all a matter of looking at life squarely and being honest with yourself and others," she said. "What more can one do? For girls who don't feel the same as I do, or who don't enjoy the complete trust of their husbands, some other solution always can be found if the rule of honesty is applied."

Deanna also has one of the most reasonable answers we have ever heard to the old theory that married people are held together by one great mutual interest.

"Vaughn and I have a thousand little things to write about, but we have no big interest in common. Sometimes, if a couple is too mutually interested in one thing they become so absorbed in that other interest that they develop differences and neglect each other. And they finally don't get anywhere—except in each other's hair."

As usual, Cal came away pleased

as anything at the common-sense philosophy of this girl of twenty-one.

Of All Things! We've had a letter from Gracie Allen who wonders if we'll be kind enough to insert the following in our column. It's Gracie's letter to the men in the service and she's sure they all read PHOTOPLAY and will see it, or maybe, she suggests, friends will send it on to a soldier in camp. Remember, Cal, who is happy to oblige, has no part in this. This is strictly "Allen's Alley." So now for Gracie's epistle:

Dear Soldiers:

It's so nice to hear that a member of the Allen family finally has a collar-and-tie job. But sometimes it tires Cousin Willie cleaning all that harness and tying the cavalry horses up for the night.

That book of camouflage Cousin Willie sent home to mother is certainly coming in handy. We camouflaged the wheat cakes at breakfast this morning and Father ate the grand piano and had already started pouring maple syrup on Grandma before he located them.

And what it's done for our maiden Aunt Mary! I remember how when even a robin red breast whistled at her

she used to chase the poor bird for blocks. Well, we camouflaged her to look like Dorothy Lamour and all the boys are after her now.

Now that horses are becoming fashionable again, we think it will be a good thing for our maiden Aunt Millie who looks so much like a horse. Yesterday as she walked by the drugstore corner, she was whistled at.

Previous to that, Aunt Millie hadn't been whistled at since the Johnstown flood, when a drowning man tried to attract her attention.

Cousin Milky, who is a Hollywood actor, joined the Navy this week. He's in the diving service, but Milky is such a ham he sent the diving suit back to his tailor in Hollywood to have the shoulders padded.

I tell you all the Allens are geniuses. Even the Mayor and the city council say that. In fact, they think we are so important that they are having a big sign painted on the roof of our house saying, "This is a very important and vital defense industry." For some reason or other, the sign is written in Japanese with a big arrow pointing to my bedroom. I don't get it.

All my love and write soon,

Your own,

Gracie Allen

It's "Miss Turner" Again: "Are you awake, Mrs. Crane? This is the day."

The nurse walked over to the bed and looked down at the tiny blonde figure.

"I'm ready." The voice was small and hoarse with illness. "But I wish I didn't have to go through this. Oh, how I wish I could live these past years over!"

And with that Lana Turner, she of the flame and fame and youth and thoughtless good times, rose from her sick bed and with her mother faced the judge, seeking annulment from her husband, Steve Crane, who wasn't really her husband at all, his divorce from his first wife not having been final at the time of the marriage.

Lana told how they'd been married last July 17, in Las Vegas, Nevada. And well does Cal remember, having been routed out of bed in the early hours after midnight by a friend telling us Lana and Steve were preparing to elope. Then everything was laughter, fun and excitement.

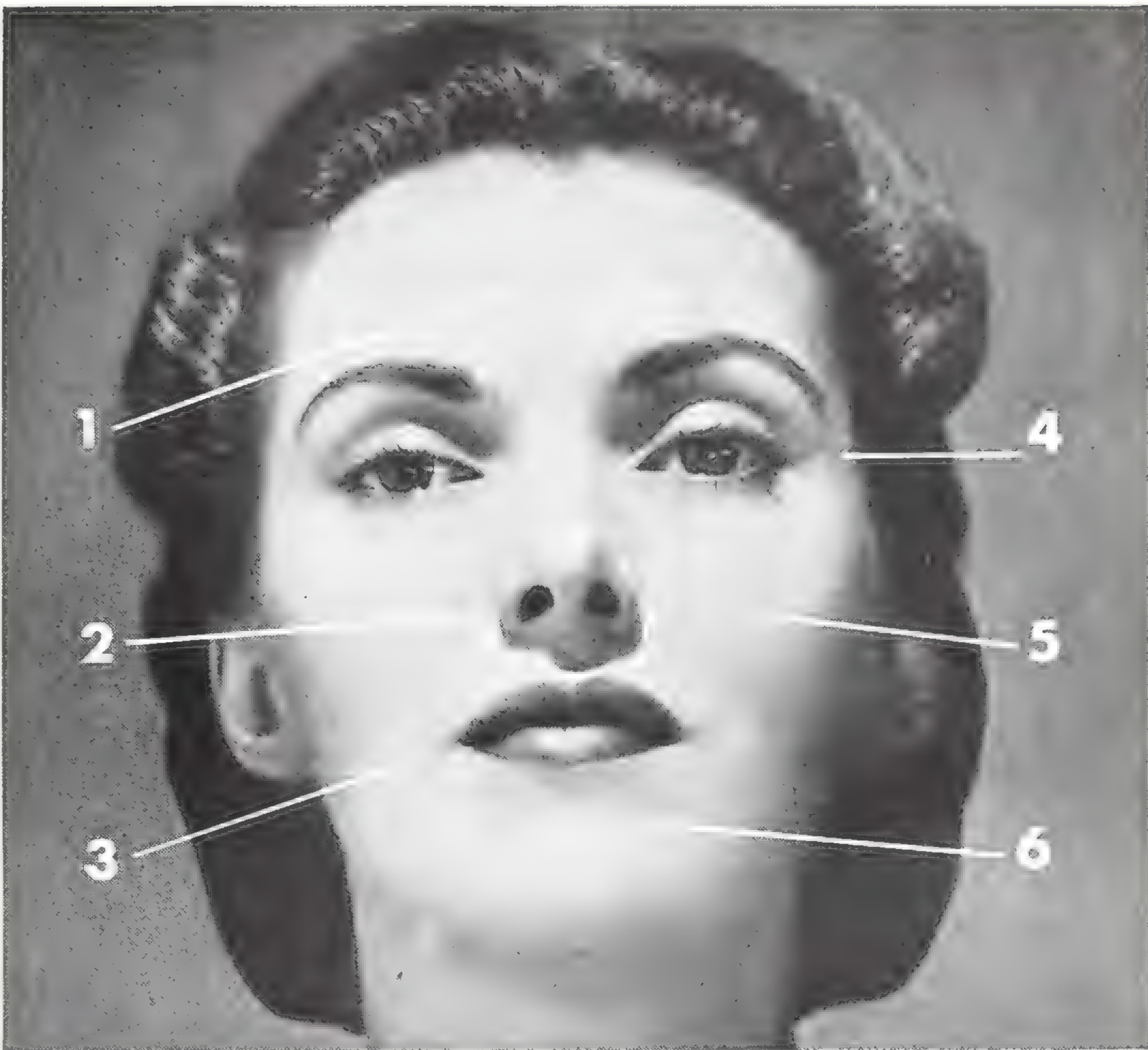
And now this girl born to the heights and the depths, who stood before a judge, was bearing a child to the man she thought she had legally wed.

"I sometimes wonder," her mother told a friend, "if there is any laughter left for Lana. She's gone through so much and paid so dearly for her few years of success."

"Did you later find out that he had been married and that the divorce obtained by his first wife had not become final?" the judge asked.

"Yes, I did," Lana said, her voice low and shaking. And the annulment was granted.

Custody of the unborn child was given Lana by the judge and by California law the annulment in no way affects the legitimacy of the child. Its father was given right of visitation



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

- 1 Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2 Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?
- 3 Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4 Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE'S a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left.

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. *Try it!* See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the *one* shade that's most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada.)

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



You lead the conga line at USO dances. You organize bond drives, scrap drives, charity drives. Your whole set follows your lead! Your perfume is, obviously, Varva's "Follow Me" ...the fragrance that beckons, leads, lasts!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1
Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by

VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

Varva, Inc., 19 W. 18th Street, New York City

after its birth.

Asked if she intended to remarry Crane now that his divorce is final, she said, "I have nothing to say to that."

But, as usual, the headlines spoke for her, for a few nights after the annulment Lana agreed to meet Steve for dinner in order to talk things over. He was anxious, even frantic, to remarry Lana who was almost persuaded.

When Steve appeared at Lana's door Monday she agreed to take a drive and finally consented to go home and pack her bag for another elopement. Crane waited outside, only to have Lana reappear after a few moments and say, "Steve, I just can't go through with it."

It was then Steve Crane once again plunged Lana into the limelight. He swallowed innumerable sleeping tablets and sped away in his car up a near-by road.

A few moments later neighbors in the vicinity heard Crane's outcry as his car shot off the cliff. Its descent was halted by rocks and dense underbrush and, as the coupe stopped, its headlights pierced the night directly toward Lana's residence.

Crane was rescued from the car by the neighbors, who took him into their home. Shaking and near collapse, Crane said:

"It's all over. I've made enough trouble. Please, please don't tell anyone about it."

Then he was taken to the hospital.

Lana, who expects her baby in four months, was taken by her mother into seclusion.

And so, another chapter for little Turner. What next, Hollywood wonders, for it's all too evident now fate has no easy path in store for Lana.

They Meet Again: He was rounding a corner in San Diego when suddenly he bumped right into his best friend. With a whoop and holler they were at each other, pumping hands for dear life. Tyrone Power and Hank Fonda had met accidentally on their day's leave.

They were able to get one small room at a hotel and through the noise of the shower Marine Power called out his adventures in boot camp to Seaman Fonda who was busy shaving a beard. And then arm in arm they were off to tackle a steak before reporting back—each to his own and different unit.

"We didn't talk Hollywood at all," they said. . . .

It was early morning in Guadalcanal when Lieutenant Robert Montgomery accidentally ran into Naval Commander Gene Markey, former producer and ex-husband of Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr.

With much back-slapping the two friends retired to a quiet spot to talk. Both Montgomery, who is serving on a destroyer, and Markey have seen much action.

"But you know, we talked little of Hollywood," Markey reports. "We just talked of the war."

Hollywood This Month: The quality that gives Hollywood its irresistible fasci-

It's a
BIG PICTURE

JOE'S A TWO-
GUN COWBOY NOW
— BUT JUDY'S
GOT HIM LASSED

JOE E. BROWN

JUDY CANOVA

CHATTERBOX

with

ROSEMARY LANE

JOHN HUBBARD

GUS SCHILLING

ANNE JEFFREYS

GEORGE BYRON

and

THE MILLS BROTHERS
and SPADE COOLEY and
HIS BOYS

SONGS!

"The Guy From
Albuquerque"

"Why Can't I Sing
a Love Song"

"With My Concertina"

"Sweet Lucy Brown"
—and more

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

nation is its contrast. Contrast in people and the things they do. Take that elaborate fashion show put on by director Mitch Leisen of Paramount Studios for the press and stars. The clothes were those worn by Miss Ginger Rogers and members of the cast of "Lady In The Dark" and Paris itself was outdone by the lavish, gorgeous and expensive swank.

The mink frock worn by Miss Rogers in the picture and modeled by a stock girl would have cost exactly \$25,000 if Paramount had bought the skins. Instead, they rented them.

Yet, immediately following the stuffed-plush elegance, two of the lovely models rushed to the bus in order to get home in time for their babies' bedtime feeding. One especially lovely beauty hurried out of her beaded gown to ride the street car to the hospital where her husband lay ill. It takes all her earnings to pay his bills.

Ginger, who was scheduled to model but didn't, appeared long enough to make her apologies and then drove home alone to telephone her Marine husband. Ray Milland, handsome, debonair, charming, took a last look at the golden dream sequence and then turned to Cesar Romero (waiting for Phyllis Brooks, who modeled also) and moaned of the night before; he'd spent the entire night, it seems, nursing a sick hen. Ray's hens had been sent to him from Oregon.

To top it off, Mr. Leisen, instigator of all the pomp and circumstance, hurried from the show to the Philharmonic Auditorium to see the ballet. Only he didn't see it. There was only sixty cents in his pocket. He'd forgotten his wallet.

Slacks and sables, glamour and housekeeping, allure and dishpan hands, New York and Glendale, gardening and night clubs, laundry and romance, baby's croup and private planes, divorce and love, chicken coops and rambling mansions, tractors and town cars, sable scarfs and cotton prints, five a.m. risings and five a.m. retirings. It's all Hollywood and all of it belongs to everyone in it. City of Contrasts, that's Movietown.

Hit a High C's to the Movies: If you can sing, the odds are at least five to one that a winning soprano voice will land you a film contract faster than a male baritone, even with the shortage of male actors.

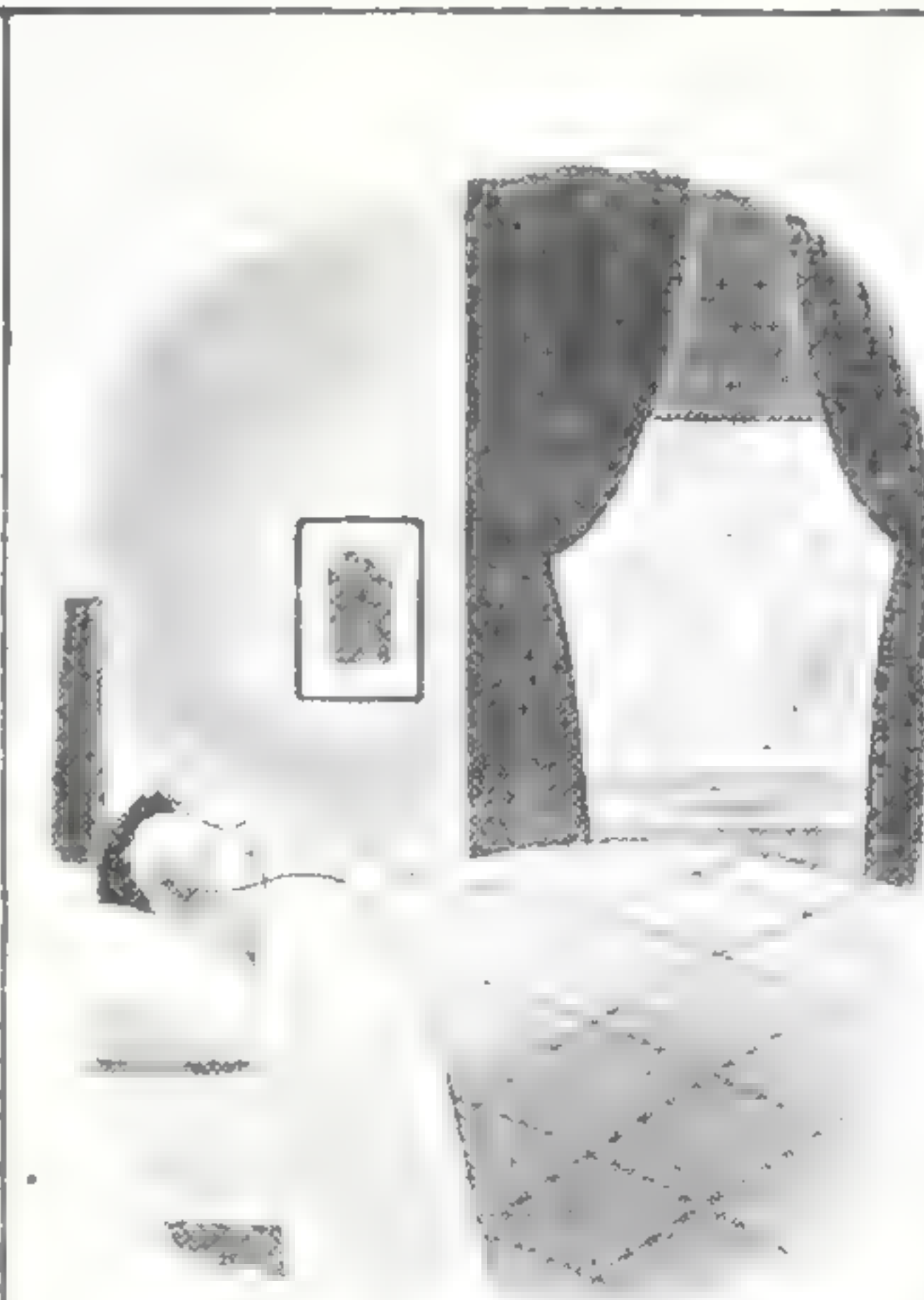
Right now Hollywood is in the midst of a musical cycle which is almost without precedent in opening opportunities. In fact, supply and demand for feminine vocalists far outstrip that for males, leading directly to the conclusion that feminine opportunities almost completely eclipse those offered the opposing sex.

Lavish musical productions now offering new hope to singers are "Phantom Of The Opera," with Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster, a Universal production; Twentieth-Century Fox's "Coney Island"; Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm"; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody"; and Sol Lesser's "Stage Door Canteen."

These easy rules help keep colds away



1 Stay out of drafts



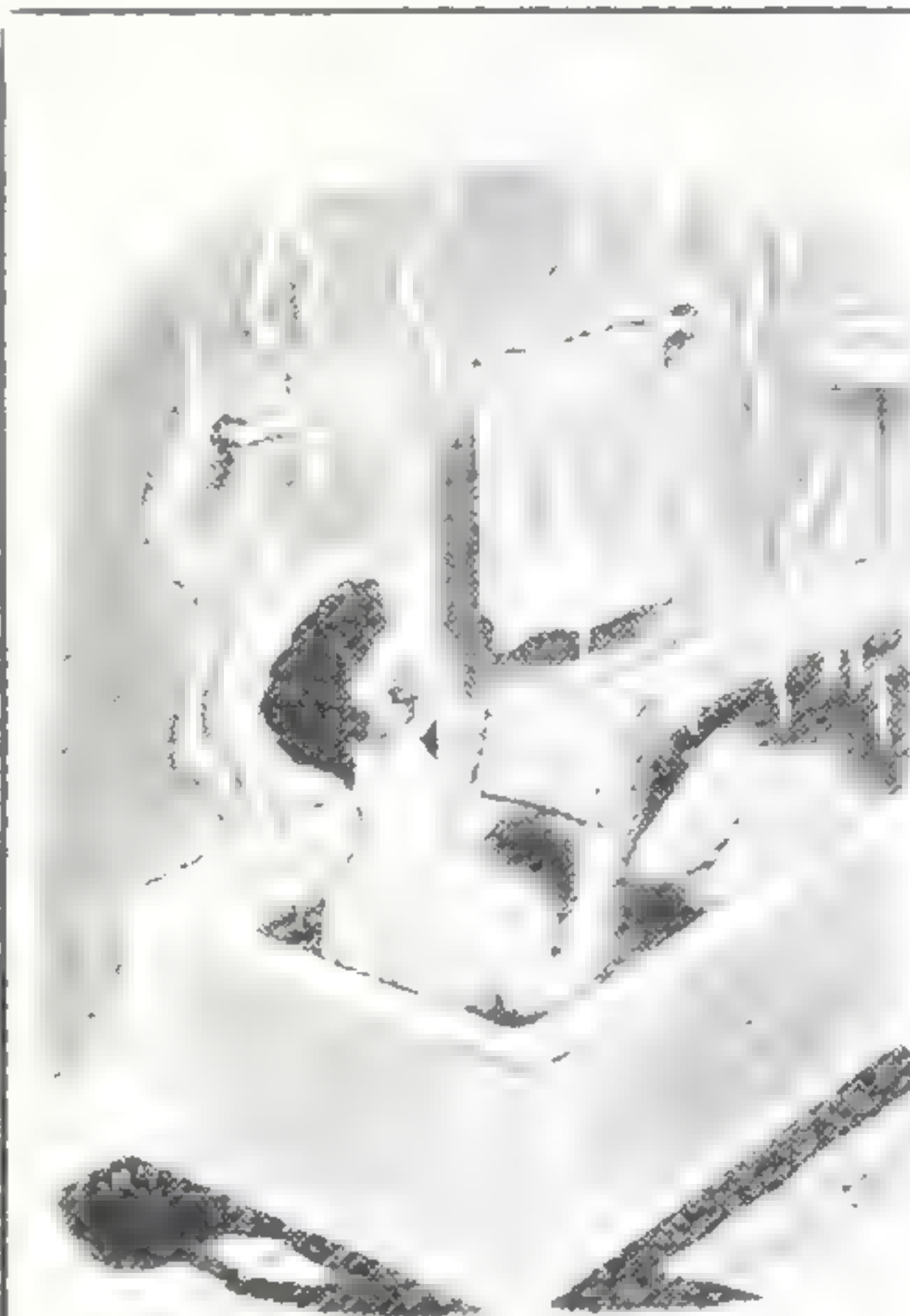
2 Get plenty of rest



3 Dress warmly



4 Drink liquids often



5 Take a warm bath
after chilling exposure
— then cover up



6 Eat right—keep regular



7 Guard your throat



...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

*Arthur Murray Dances
Say "Active Women Need
These Action Girdles"

Real-Form
GIRDLES OF GRACE



Despite rubber limitations Real-Form
Maschel Knit Girdles and Panty Girdles
are almost as good as the pre-war
variety! Knitted of Lastex and DuPont
rayon... fashioned to fit with perfect
control and comfort. Guaranteed non-
run, won't roll or "hike up". Small, me-
dium, large, extra large \$2.50 to \$5.



Close shaves for
two Hollywood
heroes: Left: Ty
Power shows off
his Marine bob
to Sgt. Hayes...

... Hank Fonda
gives Charles
Martin a look at
his smart Navy
coiffure and
new spring hat



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

But please don't write to Cal about this. Write to studios direct or make a record of your voice. And good luck!

The Spirit Haunts: Inside the bleak, cavernous structure known as the Phantom stage at Universal studios, the strains of the opera "Martha" rose from the throats of forty men and women. They were seated in folding chairs on a bare stage, surrounding a grand piano at which sat a small, middle-aged man. He was playing chords with one hand, directing with the other.

As he beat out the tempo with rising and descending arm, his shadow, magnified and distorted, did a dance on the walls. A single arc light on a floor stand near the piano sent spluttering rays into remote recesses in the catwalks a hundred feet above.

What was taking place wasn't a scene for a movie thriller. It was merely a rehearsal, yet those gifted with imagination could conjure up ghostly implications.

The rehearsal was for the new 1943 version of "The Phantom Of The Opera," with Nelson Eddy, Claude Rains and Susanna Foster and it was being worked out on the very stage where, nearly two decades ago, the late Lon Chaney Sr. had immortalized himself in the title role. Glancing again and again at the weird and magnified re-

flection on the wall, Nelson Eddy spoke to the musical director, William Tyroler. "What does that remind you of?" Nelson asked. "I know," the musical director answered. "I've watched it all morning. It seems as if Lon himself had come back and were here with us. He loved this 'Phantom' picture best of all. I know because, you see, I was musical director on that production. too, nineteen years ago."

The shadow leaped and danced; grew in size and hung on the wall in grotesque form as the director moved his arms.

Nelson stared a long time. "It's all right," Tyroler finally said. "If we, even in imagination, can keep Lon with us throughout this production we've got a hit."

And Nelson agreed.

He'll Top His Path Across Enemy Lines! Grace McDonald, Universal's cute little blonde, received a package from her brother, Ray, formerly of M-G-M, who is now in the Army.

The box contained his will, keepsakes and other belongings.

A note was enclosed.

"By the time you get this, I'll be somewhere, headed for battle with the Japs," Ray wrote. "I'm sending you all of my personal belongings—all except my dancing shoes."

"Maybe Ray plans on using the shoes to tap-dance across the Jap lines," Gracie said with pride. But there were tears in her eyes as she tried to smile.

(Continued on page 18)

Busy?—Stay lovely, too!

Here's how ... 3 Ivory beauty recipes ...
for 3 complexion types



WAAC OFFICER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 7";
weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde;
SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be **DRY**.

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is simple enough. Just gentle *Ivory* lather, a soft washcloth, and lukewarm water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is naturally dry.

"It's sensitive, too. That's why I love pure, mild *Ivory*. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

"'Velvet-suds' *Ivory* certainly has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"



HAT DESIGNER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 5";
weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian;
SKIN, creamy, with both **DRY**
and **OILY** tendencies.

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for both areas . . . until I tried *Ivory*.

"The dry, sensitive areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to *Ivory's* 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild *Ivory* lather, I can safely concentrate on the oilier areas like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks so marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For my money, *Ivory* could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99¹⁴/₁₀₀ % pure . . . It floats.

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

HOMEMAKER . . .

TYPE: Height, 5' 3";
weight, 112; eyes, brown;
hair, chestnut;
SKIN, olive, tending to be **OILY**.

"I was afraid to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised *Ivory* Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If *Ivory's* that mild, I'll try it!' "

"It's perfect! A fingertip massage with lots of *Ivory's* safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a facial.

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough *Ivory* cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting lovelier all the time!"



Look lovelier . . . use pure, mild IVORY . . .
the soap advised by more doctors
than all other brands together!



The very Newest Make-up!

JERGENS

"TWIN MAKE-UP"



In one box, now . . . 2 make-up aids to give that young, "Velvet-Skin" Look

A LOVELIER new complexion in 2 jiffies!

1. Sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake. Instantly your complexion looks more flawless—smoother!

2. Fluff on Jergens new Face Powder in the flattering shade styled for you. Suddenly, you look young, "alive". And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

For the first time—in this new Jergens "Twin Make-up"—your right shade of make-up cake is *in the same box* with your powder shade. Just \$1.00 for both.

Twin Shades . . . in one box. Both for less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Ask for Jergens "Twin Make-up" today. Select the powder shade that "does things" for you; your twin shade of make-up cake is in the same box. 5 sets of shades. (Jergens Powder, introductory sizes, 25c, 10c.)

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder

\$2.00 Value for \$1.00

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Oddments: John Loder's seventeen-year-old son, Robin Lowe, is quitting Eton to go into the British Army. In the last war John himself left Eton to join the Army and became Britain's youngest combat officer. He won the rank of Captain before the war was over. And now he's Hedy Lamarr's special boy friend. Incidentally, Mr. Loder's real name is Lowe . . .

Walter Abel's long siege of anxiety is over. A letter from the son he hadn't heard from in weeks reveals the lad arrived safely in Africa. He's with our American Army there . . .

The unlucky-in-love boys are dining together these nights—Dave Rose and Jackie Cooper. Dave lost Judy Garland and Bonita Granville told Jackie she no longer cared. Too bad, boys . . .

Laird Cregar, determined to take off forty pounds, is in the hospital to see it's done right. While there he's editing his mother's book, "Make Me A Child Again" . . .

Donna Reed kept her engagement to make-up artist Bill Tuttle so secret not even her parents knew until the day of the wedding . . .

At the President's Ball when Mrs. Roosevelt told Edgar Bergen that people in England thought Charlie was real, Charlie piped up, "They don't think I'd work for seventy-five cents a week if I wasn't a dummy, do they?" Now even Eleanor isn't sure . . .

Looks as if Henry Fonda will become a naval quartermaster instead of a gunner. He scored ninety-eight on his mathematical examination when he enlisted, stating he preferred gunnery. But his age, thirty-seven, is a factor against him. The quartermaster job, however, will also take him to sea and into some action. How these boys do long to be in the thick of things!

Music Hath Fatal Charms: He just couldn't resist those drums. Several weeks ago Mickey Rooney and his wife Ava Gardner were enjoying the music at the Palladium together and suddenly there was Mick at the drums and Ava standing alone. But not for long. With great dignity that failed to hide her rage she strode from the room.

"Well, the drums finally won, I see," a bystander remarked and, sure enough, next day Ava announced that once again they had separated.

It was this same state of affairs that broke up the long-standing romance of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. Bonita simply grew beyond the drum-beating, table-hopping kid stuff that made up Jackie's life. No girl, they tell me, can survive the rivalry of a set of drums, a rival that leaves them sitting alone in a cafe, while the best beau goes to town on the down beat.

Perhaps now that Ava seems fairly well launched on her career and has been loaned by M-G-M for the lead in Monogram's "Ghosts In The Night," her alimony requirements may be less demanding than the last time.

Anyway, Cal sympathizes with both Ava and Mickey.

Last call as a civilian: Glenn Ford, who's just joined the Marines, takes best gal Eleanor Powell out for a last-time date

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The Skeltons—Act III: The Red Skelton divorce was a riot of confusion, with everything in reverse. "Unlike most men," Edna, Red's wife, told the judge, "my husband went out late and came home early—early in the morning."

"And what excuse did he make?" the judge asked.

"He told me he was waiting for the traffic signal to change at Sunset and Sepulveda Boulevard," Edna said.

Red sat outside the courtroom door while the proceedings were going on.

"Did you get it?" he asked, leaping toward Edna as she emerged. They then proceeded to go to Edna's office while she hammered out new gags for Red's show.

Even Red's studio is puzzled as to whether or not the pair mean it.

Incidentally, the girl who has claimed Red's attention lately is Muriel Morris, a model.

Hollywood's Handsomest Lieutenant: "Hey, what's your name, pal?" The induction station was crowded and the fellow had turned with his question to the man behind.

"Spangler Brugh," came the answer.

"Say, did anyone ever tell you you

look like Bob Taylor, the movie star?"

"Yeah, lots of times," grinned Spangler Bob Taylor Brugh and went on to pass his Snyder test with an average that hadn't been touched in months. In fact, in every department including the mechanical aptitude test, Bob proved to be the valedictorian of his group. And now he's a Naval Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Air Corps and the handsomest Hollywood man in uniform.

It was seven-thirty in the morning when the telegram from Washington addressed to Lieutenant Spangler Arlington Brugh was delivered to his home. Bob was at breakfast. Like a flash he was up the stairs calling, "Barbara, Barbara, I'm in, I'm in!"

While waiting for his call, Bob may do the picture "Russia" for M-G-M. Once called, he will proceed to Corpus Christi, Texas, for four months of advanced flying before dem golden wings decorate his uniform. Bob's age (thirty-one) keeps him from combat duty but he is eligible for either the Ferry Command or as an instructor.

His fans, his friends and all Hollywood wish him only the best as they send yet another movie star on his way to freedom's fight.



Cesar Romero, one of the No. 1 escorts on the Coast, dates pretty Frances Robinson, in a pretty bonnet, for dinner

Names You Know!

Shoes You Love!

Connie "Kiltie Pump."
Bluejacket Blue,
Black or Turf Tan
Calf.



\$5 to \$6

Paris Fashion "Ghillie Tie."
Bluejacket Blue
or Turf Tan Calf.



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Kotex Tampons
COST LESS!



ONLY 20¢ a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.

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"QUILTED"—to avoid danger of cotton particles adhering to delicate tissues—to prevent undue expansion which might cause pressure or irritation. That means greater comfort and safety! And Fibs have a smooth, gently rounded end for *easy insertion!*



20¢ a package

(Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



From Watertown, Massachusetts, comes a one-dollar request for more Teresa Wright, less of other people—with names named!

Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE "Clip Your Lip"

I **LEARNED** a valuable and much-needed lesson from a movie "short" the other day. I had not realized that I had been careless and loose in my talk about relatives and friends in the armed services and I would have been indignant if anyone had warned me to be more careful. But this picture brought the facts home to me in a way that I shall not forget.

Just a sentence from a worker in a factory, as he sipped a cup of coffee in a restaurant; just a word of explanation to his wife—"I scratched my hand loading a truck with valves," and the spy behind the counter relayed the information that a fleet of trucks was starting down a certain highway and only heroic work by the F.B.I. and the police saved trucks and drivers from destruction!

Of course, there are signs everywhere warning against giving information to the enemy, but somehow they do not "pack the same wallop" as do screen pictures.

Give us more of these warning "shorts" and more of us will learn to keep our mouths shut!

Elizabeth Cosgrove,
Muskogee, Okla.

\$5.00 PRIZE A Husband Like Gable

SINCE the picture "San Francisco" I've raved about Clark Gable to my husband. Half in jest, half serious, I admired along with a million other women. The only difference being, I expressed my admiration to my husband.

Then came "Gone With The Wind" and I became more enthusiastic. When I jestingly remarked that I'd never kissed a man with a mustache, what did my husband do but suddenly start sprouting a little fuzz above his upper lip. That should have stopped me. But, no, womanlike, I became overwhelmed with enthusiasm when my idol of the screen so bravely faced his adversities and enlisted in the Army. Then, as you've probably guessed, I not only opened my mouth too often, I put my foot in it! My husband went out

and enlisted! Now, too late, I realize that I've had a very special Clark Gable of my own for nine years and I was too busy worshipping afar to recognize him.

Can you suggest any way that I might tactfully let a certain soldier know that I'm no longer interested in mustaches and that I wouldn't have him any way in the world except the way he is?

Mrs. S. M. Sneed,
Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE "Dear Hollywood"

I'd like to see:

1. More musicals like "Orchestra Wives," a picture with a band. (We hep cats like 'em!)

2. More of new actresses who can *act!*—Teresa Wright, Greer Garson and Ingrid Bergman.

3. Less publicity about some starlets who only have looks and no acting ability.

4. Less of pictures like "Iceland." Is it like that in Iceland?!!!

5. Less of Sonja Henie's skating. It's wonderful, but monotonous.

6. Less of pictures like "Somewhere I'll Find You." Too many kissing scenes—mush!

7. Less of Lana Turner and Betty Grable, and those terrible musicals with Betty, John Payne, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda.

8. Olivia de Havilland in a picture that will win her the Academy Award. She's a real actress and deserves it.

9. More pictures like "Mrs. Miniver," "The Invaders," "Mr. V." and "In Which We Serve."

Lillian Dunton,
Watertown, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE Ginger On The Fire

I'M through with Ginger Rogers, once and for all. She needs a spanking and I'd like to be the one to give it to her!

To me Ginger was always a schoolgirl wearing middy blouses, living through the week for week ends, dancing at a pavilion on the lake Saturday nights, sipping gooey

sundaes at the corner drugstore Sunday afternoons and stalling in class Monday when she hadn't studied the lessons. Doing all the things I've done myself and that I've dreamed of doing. She was my ideal of the typical lovely young American girl.

Now she spoils it all by marrying a man younger than herself. Ginger is only thirty-two, certainly not old enough to justify her conduct. Plenty of attractive men in Hollywood and elsewhere of a suitable age to be her husband have something to offer. But does she marry one of them? No! She robs the cradle!

A movie star has a right to a private life. Yet she also has an obligation to her public—to keep her personal dignity. I know I speak for others, too, when I say—no more Ginger Rogers for me, thank you!

Katherine K. Woodley,
Shreveport, La.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Movieland

WHEN the dear old world is all awry,
And life's a perfect peeve,
Let's take a trip to movieland,
The land of make-believe.

Where the heroes all have waistlines,
And the heroines all have limbs,
And a chorus of blonde angels
Dance dances and sing hymns.

To youth, they bring the replica
Of glamorous today;
To age, they bring the memory
Of a vanished yesterday.

For all, they knit the warp and woof
Of sorrow's "raveled sleeve"
So, let us hie to movieland—
The land of make-believe.

George M. Powell,
Jacksonville, Fla.

\$1.00 PRIZE
The Winner

HOLLYWOOD today is a city possessing abundant talent and fantasy. This is clearly represented in its fine actors and actresses and its remarkable achievements. But Hollywood also has that precious spirit of patriotism and that is why I am writing
(Continued on page 103)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Place do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

**"Just 30 extra seconds
and I'm *Fragrantly Dainty*
for hours"**



"HOW MANY GIRLS realize, I wonder, how their popularity can be wrecked by body staleness? It took me months and months—lonely months—to learn *my* lesson. Now it takes me just 30 extra seconds to stay fragrantly dainty for hours. Watch:



"FIRST, I dry my body gently after my bath—just patting the places that might chafe."



"NEXT, I powder Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over my whole body. Thirty extra seconds . . . yet it clings to me silky-soft as face powder and dries up any moisture I missed. There I stand, delicately perfumed all over . . . Now I know why you call it—the fragrance men love!"

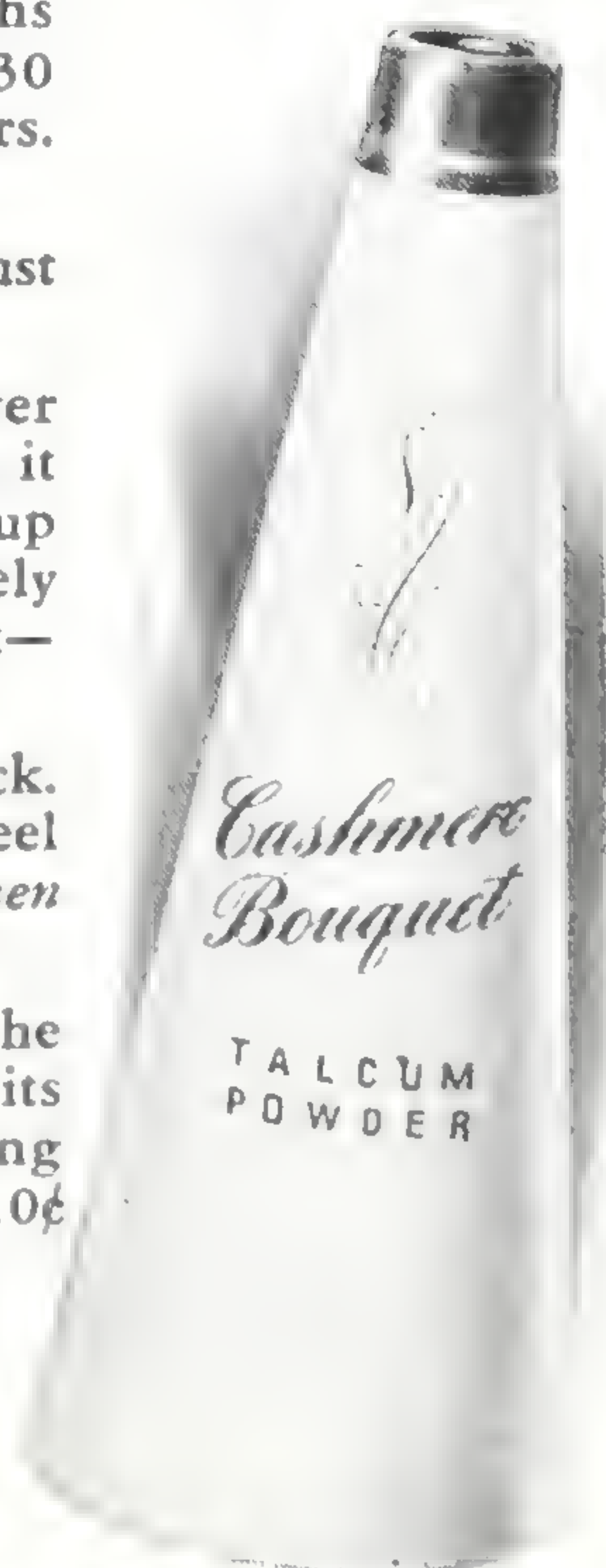


"NOW my girdle—lingerie—stockings and frock. No chafing later; Cashmere Bouquet's silky feel stays on all evening. *And so does the fragrance men love—to keep me fragrantly dainty for hours!*"

Cashmere Bouquet is a body talcum of highest quality—the largest selling talcum powder in America. You'll love its haunting fragrance and clinging softness. Make alluring Cashmere Bouquet your daintiness secret. Available in 10¢ and larger sizes, at drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Magnificent milepost: Mickey Rooney, Rita Quigley in "The Human Comedy"



All-Negro hit: Rochester and Ethel Waters in "Cabin In The Sky"



Smash story: Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray in "Flight For Freedom"

✓✓ The Human Comedy (M-G-M)

It's About: The effects of war on a small-town community.

HERE is one of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen. To some it may seem a bit disconnected and vague to the out-of-focus point, but delve deeply enough and you will discover a magnificent message of man's understanding for his fellow man.

War reaches into the town of Ithaca, California, and into the very heart of the Macauley family. The eldest son, Van Johnson, is called to arms and Mickey Rooney, the second brother, takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help the fatherless family. At camp Mickey's brother meets young John Craven who has been raised in an orphanage and through him the soldier finds a home.

James Craig, manager of the telegraph office, and Frank Morgan, the old telegrapher, are so wonderful. Mickey, subdued and calm, gives a great performance. Little Jack Jenkins, as *Ulysses*, and the whole cast are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A milepost.

✓✓ Cabin In The Sky (M-G-M)

It's About: The faith of a wife in her wandering man.

ETHEL WATERS and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore

embodying all the superstitions and quaint philosophies, as well as the terrific faith of the Negroes. With the aid of Lena Horne, the temptress who is constantly luring Rochester from his ever-loving wife, Miss Waters, this duo of artists take on importance as definite screen personalities.

Such important entertainers as Louise Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and many others highlight the story. Lena Horne is particularly outstanding as *Georgia Brown* who pays for her sins with a single act of repentance. Rochester never once steps out of his character of *Little Joe* who only makes Heaven by a hairbreadth. Miss Waters, who sings delightfully, is an artist to her finger tips and Rex Ingram an impressive and convincing *Satan*.

Fans, of course, will go for the music of Louis Armstrong in a big way.

Your Reviewer Says: A hit novelty.

✓✓ Flight For Freedom (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The heroism of a woman flyer.

WITHOUT maudlin sentimentality or unnecessary heroics comes this story of a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere, womanly and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray, the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and

then walks out on her only to return too late, seems so natural and genuine. Herbert Marshall, who taught Rosalind to fly and who wins her promise of marriage, is also outstanding.

The story has our Government petitioning Amelia to carry out a difficult mission in the Pacific. She gives her life for that mission. The picture raises speculation as what actually happened to Miss Earhart who disappeared so mysteriously in the Pacific.

The story never lags, never loses interest and brings home its message in simple and straightforward strokes. Our only criticism is the bad photography, so unflattering to Miss Russell.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine piece of storytelling.

✓ Idaho (Republic)

It's About: A lad who exonerates his father-in-law.

WE think you'll enjoy this Western because it adheres more to the modern West and because it boasts Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnette, the people's choice. There is a certain element of restfulness about a Western (or maybe it's pure escapism) and this one trades the usual noises, shootings and chasings for the more up-to-date story of a reformed judge who is framed by certain of his old playmates because he is determined to rid his community of vice and gambling. Aid is (Continued on page 98)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 102

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 108

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70



*To win his heart, campaign with care
Arm yourself with shining hair!*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



DAY OR NIGHT, for work or play, you'll love this adorable but practical new hair-do! The braids (made from back hair, parted in center) are two parts hair and one velvet ribbon. Bow is separate. Hair washed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair . . . If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly . . . then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing. Easier to comb into smooth,

shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

A STORY FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA ...TO THRILL AMERICA'S HEART!

America's best loved best-seller comes to the screen! The mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love in today's West! Great as the red-blooded, warm-hearted people who inspired it!

Mary O'Hara's **MY FRIEND FLICKA** IN *Technicolor*

40,000,000
hailed it in
REDBOOK
READER'S DIGEST
and as a runaway
"best-seller!"

with
RODDY PRESTON RITA
McDOWALL • FOSTER • JOHNSON

Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER • Produced by RALPH DIETRICH
Screen Play by Lillie Hayward • Adaptation by Francis Edwards Faragoh

20th
CENTURY FOX
PICTURE

It looks like love!

They look like love, too, when they look at each other—Dorothy Lamour and Captain William Howard, the newest, gayest and most provocative duet in Hollywood



BY
ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

Date night at the Mocambo: Dottie beamed; the Captain looked proud; the spectators buzzed aloud

DOROTHY LAMOUR is happy again. Those who love Dottie—and there are plenty of us in Hollywood and close to the Hollywood scene who do—and have watched her fight her way clear of heartache on more than one occasion are glad. We're as sure as you can be of anything that Captain William Ross Howard is the reason.

Unless you have qualities which Dorothy doesn't possess it's not too easy to find happiness as a glamour girl. A glamour girl, among other things, needs to be pretty hard-boiled and as satisfied to live on the surface and forswear earnestness and sincerity and roots as the gentlemen who warm their little egos at her bright flame. Dorothy, in spite of her silky hair, her slumbrous eyes, her sarongs and her throaty voice is basically as unsophisticated and friendly and homey as a kitchen apron. We do not mean Dottie doesn't enjoy sweeping up her hair in an eye-compelling pompadour, wearing something shimmering and form-fitting, pinning orchids on her shoulder and dancing at the Stork Club or Mocambo or Ciro's. She loves it! But, mark this, she's paid well for doing this, paid with draughts of loneliness and disillusionment. Then she's picked herself up and gone out to

be hurt all over again. No matter how much a girl learns she can only temper her nature; she cannot change it entirely.

No wonder, remembering her heartaches, that Dottie retreated when a friend introduced her to Captain Howard at Arrowhead Springs. Almost in the same minute they met and murmured polite little "How do you dos" there was warm brightness in his eyes.

He was stationed at near-by San Bernardino and had visited the hotel with some fellow officers. They dined and danced in the evening and she wore his gardenias in her soft brown hair. The next day she visited his camp and sang songs for the boys.

Life quickened for both of them. You knew that watching them. But whenever he said anything sweet Dottie laughed. And whenever her emotions threatened to go into one of those delirious upswings she said to herself, "Easy! . . . You ought to know by this time what comes of this sort of thing. Just once be smart!"

All too soon he had to go back to his station. Dottie stayed on at the Springs. She took baths in the caves up in the rocks. She swam. She played tennis. She rested—after weeks of work and Bond tours and camp shows rest was

her reason for being there. She had tea with this one. She danced with that one. Very deliberately she built a calm surface over the Howard-inspired fancies with which her imagination had begun to tempt and tease her. Surely, among other things, she thought how different he was from some of the men she has known. For Captain Howard doesn't need a glamour girl on his arm to build up his ego. He's always stood on his own feet, made his own way, just as he's doing now in the Army Air Corps. His good looks are the strong distinguished kind. He's about thirty, a wonderful age. And down in Baltimore, speaking socially, he very definitely belongs.

DOROTHY should be rather adept at laying a casual surface over a dramatic private life, heavens know. She's done it before. When her romance with Greg Bautzer, now in the Balloon Division of the Navy, dragged to a miserable close she covered up the many-faceted unhappiness which times like this bring with work and war work and dates she didn't care about at all. Until finally, when frantic wires and letters began coming from Bautzer in the East, her friends were glad to observe that she now (Continued on page 80)

The Ten Best Husbands

IN HOLLYWOOD



Gary Cooper: He's married to Sandra Shaw; they have an ideal working arrangement



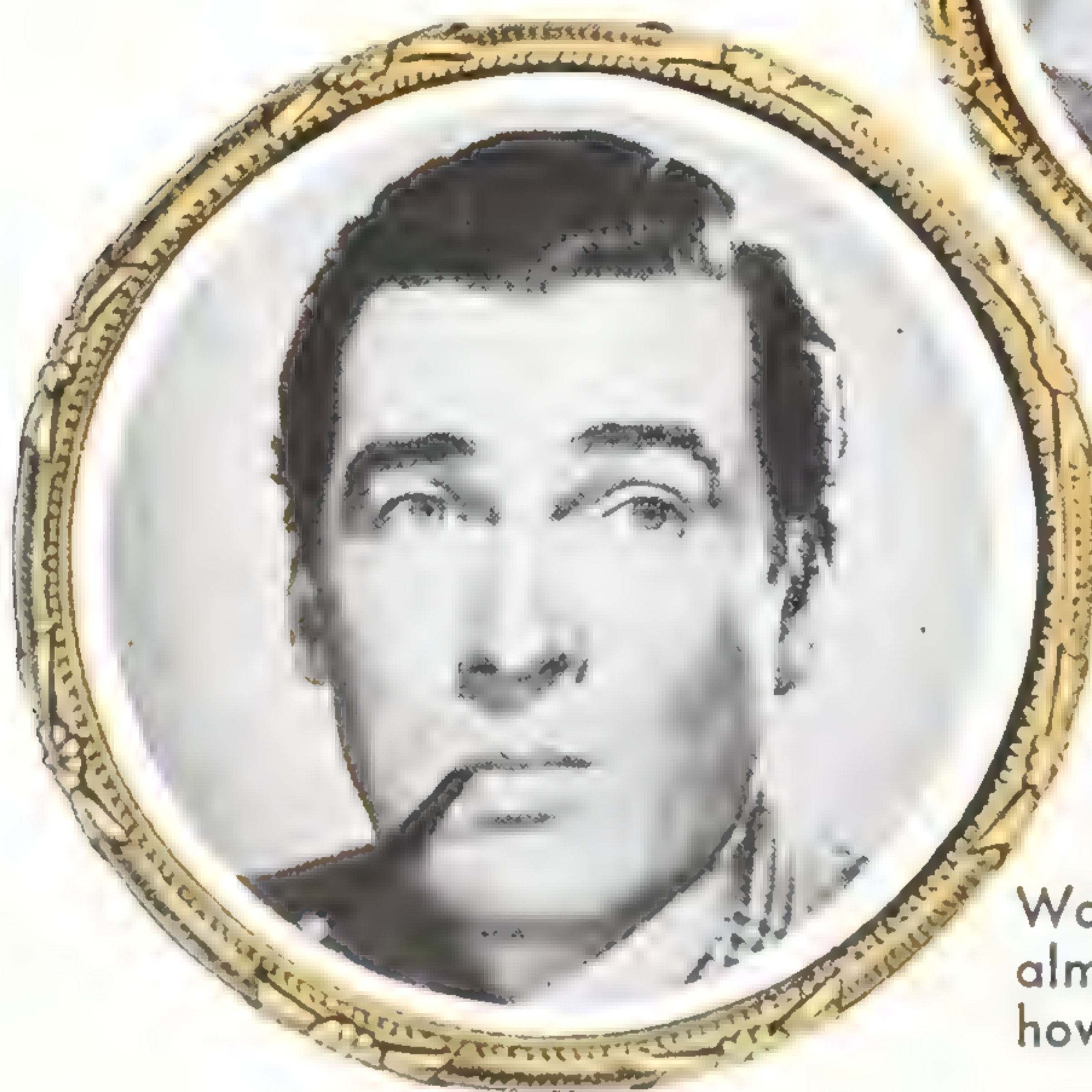
Joel McCrea: He was shy till he met Frances Dee. She rang the wedding bell



Joe E. Brown: His Silver Wedding idea proved the perfect husband point



Fred Astaire: When people meet his wife they know why he acts the way he does



Walter Pidgeon: He and Ruth almost divorced, then found how to make a go of it

WHEN Photoplay asked me to do a story about the ten best husbands of Hollywood, I tackled it with fear and trepidation. After all, who knows what a perfect husband is, unless you've had one? You might consider yours the model of everything that's wonderful, and your best friend consider him a boor. Anyway—here goes.

No. 1: Charles Boyer, the perfect lover on the screen. And his wife Pat tells me he's ditto off. Says she, "He's never given me the slightest cause for jealousy. When we were married, I was acting, which was all right with Charles. If a career made me happy, he wanted me to continue. But I soon discovered my talent wasn't the kind that makes stars, so decided I'd be much happier being Mrs. Charles Boyer than Miss Pat Paterson."

They have a beautiful home overlooking the lights of the city (which are pretty dim now). They each have their own quarters and interests. Pat spends a great deal of time at the VACS Canteens, located inside Ft. MacArthur. And Charles built a lovely building for French refugees—writers, artists, musicians. And when he's not at the studio, he's helping them with their problems and trying to find work for them.

The Boyers' social life is very slim and, since the war, almost non-existent. They have a few friends in to dinner occasionally, but to my knowledge have given only two big parties in all the years they've lived here. Charles's mother lives with them or, rather, in a special cottage of her own on the estate. She, too, likes her freedom and her own friends. As far as I know, there's never been even a hint at domestic trouble in the perfect lover's married life.

No. 2: Cecil B. De Mille, who gets top billing not only for the years he's been married to his same wife, Constance, but because of their happiness throughout the years. I asked Constance why. She said, "He has imagination, consideration, understanding, humor. All life to him has been a great adventure. He brings

You might be able to guess the names of the perfect Adams anyway. But never could you guess why these ten got the gold rings on the West Coast marital merry-go-round

BY *Hedda Hopper*

those qualities home to me, too."

When Cecil started making pictures, that was like pioneering in the days of the wild and woolly West. Constance was as interested in the new adventure as he. He did all his acting at the studio—never brought any grievances or ill nature home.

When he became interested in his leading ladies, which he always did, Constance was the first to entertain them. She gave parties for them and kept on giving parties for them. She considered them a new hobby, just as any other interest he might have.

She said, "I'll never forget when he started making pictures like 'Don't Change Your Husband' and discovered for the first time women's underwear. He got so excited about all those pretty things you would have thought that up to that time ladies had never worn underwear.

"He does everything hard—he lives hard, he plays hard. Some men never tell women anything about business. Cecil certainly never discussed his with me."

Cecil and Constance now have six grandchildren and their youngest son Richard, who's just twenty-one, will soon be equipped for the armed forces.

No. 3: Bing Crosby, father of four sons. He and Dixie have had their ups and downs. Several times it's been reported they were on the verge of a separation. Nothing ever came of it and I don't believe it ever will. I imagine Dixie has some lonely moments, because Bing has so many outside interests, what with golf, pictures, radio, personal appearances, his race track (when it was running), making records. Even without marriage, that's a full life. And naturally doesn't leave him much time to plan for Dixie, so she has to make her own friends and practically her own social life.

Bing doesn't go in for that at all. He's happiest with a few old cronies on the golf course, or sitting in a corner swapping songs and stories. And a wife can get pretty tired of the same story or songs when they've been done over and over again. But, deep down (Continued on page 78)



Charles Boyer: Perfect lover on screen; off—but let wife Pat tell it



Frank Morgan: He still kids blondes — and Mrs. Morgan still isn't fooled!



Cecil B. De Mille: He gets top billing because of what wife Constance says



Don Ameche: What she did for him may have something to do with what he says



Bing Crosby: His wife, may have lonely moments, but one thought tides her over

The Truth About HOLLYWOOD'S

As the males get fewer, the women stars become—of necessity—more desperate.

John Payne and June Havoc (below) gave Hollywood a last look at a type of romance that is now passing



THE wails of the motion-picture moguls have been long and understandably loud over the alarming exodus of their eligible male talent from films into the ranks of the armed forces. But their anguish is as nothing compared to that of Hollywood women.

When the Robert Taylors enlist in the Navy Ferry Command or the John Paynes depart for the Air Corps, you may think it's tough because you won't see them for a while in pictures. But what do you suppose it does to the professional and emotional lives of the Hollywood home-town girls? The no-man situation here, which was always bad, is now desperate. Today a top woman star must fight to get a man for her pictures, fight to get a sweetheart and—if, indeed, she's lucky enough—fight even to get an escort for the evening.

Even the wolves have gone. Bruce Cabot is in the Army Air Force. Franchot Tone is married. Howard Hughes, that old reliable, is more interested in making planes than escorting film-star beauties to this and that night club. Rudy Vallee is in the Coast Guard. So is Victor Mature. Besides, Vic was snatched by Rita Hayworth months ago. All in all, handsome young men are getting more rare in Hollywood than a piece of good steak. And much less tender.

It used to be one man to every five females. Now it has practically whittled down to Louis Shurr, the agent, for the whole of Hollywood! You see him one night with one glamour girl. The next night it's another lucky one who listens breathlessly to the Shurr small talk. And in between times Louis lunches with any one of a dozen admiring females.

He's plump, he's bald, but to the eager-eyed ladies he's tops as an escort.

The girls are positively delirious when the telephone tinkles and Shurr's purr at the other end asks for a date. But, don't get the girls wrong. "Loeee" has the reputation of being kind, gentle and reliable, and a godsend to some of the younger film aspirants in the matter of getting them studio jobs.

Marlene Dietrich snatched Jean Gabin when he first came here and took him back after his infatuation for Ginger Rogers had

When the man famine set in, Maria Montez made no bones about telling the whole world her long-kept secret



MAN-SCRAMBLE

A spicy picture of the charming wiles some have used to get their man

cooled. In the old days Marlene would not have had to enter the fight so openly. But these are the new days.

New indeed! An actress you know well invited a young man to dine with her at seven o'clock. He arrived at eleven. Now, in the days when men were more in evidence, the star would have given the unpunctual man a severe talking to—if she had talked to him at all. But this time she smiled angelically and said something about the dinner's being spoiled of course, but that didn't matter the tiniest bit, and that she could soon whip up another one!

But even a girl as attractive as Dinah Shore is not too plentifully supplied with beaus, for all that she's the favorite singer of the armed forces, the adored of the Hollywood Canteen. "I thought there weren't many men in Nashville, Tennessee," Dinah said recently. "But here!"

Still, she is a little more fortunate than newcomer Louise Allbritton. Dinah at least had a big rush from George Montgomery. And she does get dated by Jimmy Stewart when he is in town. But Louise, who is a lovely blonde from Texas, says, "My father keeps calling me from Texas. He is worried that I'll be an old maid because there are no men here to date me!"

In any town, under any circumstances there are always a few girls who can take care of themselves. Paulette Goddard is one of these. The current shortage of men almost caught her with her date book down. A little while ago Paulette was heard bewailing the lack of men to Jinx Falkenburg. "If this goes on," said Paulette, "I can see where at forty I'll be an old woman with nothing to do but sit by the window and polish my jewels!"

Miss Goddard's past life and loves have been the subject matter of many Hollywood conversations. The mystery of her marriage to Chaplin, her friendship with Anatole Litvak and her frequent journeys to Mexico have made Hollywood wonder what will she do next. So what has she done? She's gone into business with Burgess Meredith commercially (they bought a bike shop) and romantically, if Lt. Meredith has his way, that jewel-polishing time won't come to pass for many a day. Thus Paulette escapes the blight.

(Continued on next page)

Joan Fontaine used to be a quiet little thing, but this situation turned her into something quite different. That's how she got Boyer for "The Constant Nymph"



George Reeves comes on the Hollywood scene as the hero for heroine Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail." She found him herself—and the way she did it is another story

*by
"Fearless"*



Maria Montez is another such girl. In the days when men were plentiful Maria was seen in every smart spot with eventually the entire roll call of male desirables.

The famine set in. Maria made no bones about telling the world her heart belonged to her English captain fiance, now in a German prison camp. Some unkind observers pointed out that this was merely a face-saving device to cover up the lack of eligible men on her list. In that case, they'll do well to keep their eyes on Jean Pierre Aumont, soon to be seen—and long remembered—in "Assignment In Brittany." For once more Maria has scored against the field. Aumont first fell to the lucky lot of the ladies at the Metro lot. And they did their best. But with little more than a gracious nod he has made his way over to the Montez colors. They had a wonderful romp together when they were recently in New York at the same time on tours. Trust Maria!



Livvie de Havilland: Will she end up "Mrs." or remain in the ranks of the ladies-without-men?

CINGER ROGERS suddenly awakened to the fact that there were few unattached men left in Hollywood and that if she wanted one to call her own she'd have to hustle and find him. For a while she toyed with the idea of marrying Philip Reed, but he was apparently not the answer to her maiden's prayer. So she went more than a hundred miles, to the Marine base at San Diego, to fall in love with Jack Briggs and hear an honest-to-goodness "Will-you-marry me?"

Olivia de Havilland's spot in this no-man picture is quite a different story. Livvie's dilemma is not that she hasn't got a man but that the number-one gentleman in her life is not free at the moment.

In the old days when men were more plentiful than they are now, she set her cap, and a pretty cap it is, at Jimmy Stewart. Livvie adored him openly; he liked her; but the end was only separation. Then she went about with millionaire Howard Hughes. But Howard then was a playboy first, foremost and last. Jock Whitney (then between marriages) was next for Olivia. He liked her, but apparently the important question was never asked. And then, on her home lot (Warners) she met the brilliant young director John Huston, married but separated from his wife. If this marriage does not come off, it will be a body blow to Livvie.

With most of the unmarried men in the fighting services, the publicity romance is practically dead. Hedy Lamarr was linked briefly with Jean Pierre Aumont, but it was pretty obvious that they did not care two buttons for each other and the "romance" lasted about two weeks. Hedy, by the way, seems genuinely in love with John Loder and thanks her stars that

she is now one of the lucky few with a beau she can call her own.

The last splutter in publicity romances was furnished by John Payne and June Havoc when they appeared together in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." June made a pretty good job of it, too. The light in John's eye was no mere polite glow. And recently when John made a quiet trip into town, they had all their dates far from the click of news cameras. But don't lay any bets that theirs is one of those forever matters.

The predicament of the women stars here is even worse from a professional viewpoint. There just aren't enough men left to go around for the thirty to fifty odd pictures each studio has to make a year. You should see the big-shot actresses scramble for the few remaining eligibles.

Katharine Hepburn would like Spencer Tracy for every picture she makes here. She's had him for two already and wants him for the next. But fun is fun and Metro needs Spencer to support some of the other girls.

Joan Fontaine, who used to be a quiet little thing, is now vociferous in demanding important leading men for her films. For "The Constant Nymph," Joan invited Director Edmund Goulding to lunch and showered him with arguments as to why she would be good for the part opposite Charles Boyer. "But the girl must be a weak, undersized, puny thing with freckles," Goulding told Joan. He looked a little closer at her and shrieked, "By heavens, you're the girl!"

Claudette Colbert has the French woman's aptitude for making the best of things and she says that if she cannot get a man with a big name for her

pictures, she'll take a good-looking unknown with personality. It was she who chose George Reeves for her opposite in "So Proudly We Hail." She sat in the projection room and looked at thirty tests of unknown young men. Reeves's test was there by mistake. But when Claudette saw his face, she shouted, "Stop, that's the man!"

Betty Grable tried to wheedle Fox into getting George Raft for her next film. She succeeded with the studio but failed with Raft, who was afraid he would have to play second fiddle in the picture and wasn't willing to risk his romance for top billing.

Marlene Dietrich has always liked young men in her pictures, although an old-timer like Menjou could show her off to better advantage. But Marlene would rather appear desirable to a young man than the best veteran actor in the business.

Talking about Menjou, when the shortage of actors first became apparent, a producer said to Adolphe, "It looks as though you older guys will come back to films."

"If we do," replied Menjou, "it will be the first time that some of the leading ladies have played with men of their own age!"

The End.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ **COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES** ★

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L. E. Jones

What Annabella is doing while Ty Power is away in service won't keep her from being lonely, but it will save her from self-pity



Women Who Wait

If your man is away "out there" you are waging a private war of your own. If you're behaving like these Hollywood wives, that war is already won!

BY Adela Rogers St. Johns

I HAVE never been one to subscribe to the theory that Hollywood actresses are just like other women; that Judy Garland might be the little girl next door and that Hedy Lamarr has the same domestic tastes and Claudette Colbert the same temperament as your neighbor. Having lived in the cinema capital a great many years I am inclined to believe that screen stars are different or they wouldn't be screen stars.

But on my last trip out there after war had laid its hand upon us, I found that the vast and mighty demands of our country in these days of battle have gathered us all into a wave of kindred emotion that seems to me a very touching thing.

On the train somewhere between Chicago and Kansas City I got to talking in the dining car with a quiet little woman whose eyes showed the shadow of recent tears. She had been to the eastern seaboard to say good-by to her husband. With an apologetic little smile that asked pardon for her weakness she said, "I wanted him to go. I'm very proud of him. But—that can't change missing him, can it? I kind of hate to go home. We've had a tough time paying for our house these last five years and we did it all together and painted the kitchen and—you know. Now—it seems so empty without him. Of course I'll carry on—but there's no use pretending it isn't hard to do."

And out in Hollywood Brenda Marshall said to me, "What could make anybody think that an actress doesn't miss her husband just the same as any other woman? Of course our lives are busy—and what is called colorful. But—the home Bill and I built together is just as empty as any other home and I haven't been able to have dinner in the dining room since he left for camp. Dinner was always the happy get-together after the long day, the time when we were both just full of things to tell each other and now—somehow I'd just rather take a tray into another room."

Her husband, William Holden, is with the Army Air Corps.

Up in Canada, where I went to see my oldest son get his wings in the RCAF, I stayed in a delightful old hotel and I kept hearing the small-talk of a very young baby next door. I went calling and discovered the pretty dark wife of a lad who had also just graduated and won his coveted "overseas posting." She sat there holding her six-weeks-old son, prepared to go back to her home somewhere in Minnesota, and she said, "I'm so glad I've got the baby. You know how it is. It keeps you from being too lonesome—he does look like his daddy, doesn't he? I'll be so busy taking care of him that it won't seem so long until Ted comes home."

And out in Hollywood, dark-eyed Sue Carol, married to the new star

Alan Ladd, said the other day, "Of course Alan and I wanted a baby. So we are having one and I thank God for it. While Alan's away in service the baby will keep him close to me all the time. I'll be so busy taking care of our baby when he comes that it will help keep me from being too lonesome. Alan and I have always been very close—he's a gentle, rather shy person even if he is a killer on the screen. We've been everything to each other since we married and now he's gone, as I would have him go, to fight for his country. I think it will be wonderful for him to realize I'm taking care of our baby. It will give him a sure sense of the future to look forward to."

Van Heflin is a lieutenant in the Artillery and his wife, pretty Frances Neal, is expecting their baby before long. When that's over she'll go back to work for Metro, but the first thing in her life will be Van's baby. An American home ought to have a baby in it, two people in love ought to have a baby—and wartime only takes a little more courage in that as it does in everything else. There doesn't seem much doubt that Van Heflin will see combat service—he's in line for it—and Frances knows it will be lonelier than anything when he isn't there to stand by while the baby's born. Lonely because she won't know he's outside pacing a hospital corridor and that she will have to miss that supreme moment when he (Continued on page 91)

ould a wife have a baby if her
usband is in active service? Van
and Frances Heflin have one idea . . .



... Sue Carol and Alan Ladd another.
They both equal the same thing—a
woman's best chance at happiness



Jeanette MacDonald accepted the supreme
challenge now, while her husband Gene Ray-
mond is far away fighting in England



In some ways what Maureen O'Sulli-
van is doing for husband Johnny Far-
row is the greatest sacrifice of all



Betty Grable



Shirley Ryan



Martha O'Driscoll



Katharine Day



Carole
Landis



Ann
Held



Marjorie
Reynolds



Donna Reed



Something worth "harping" about is small Kerry Kelly. Of the day she was born Gene says, "Boy, did I ham up the occasion!"

The hero himself—Gene looking pensive, liking what he's dreaming of—his past success in "For Me And My Gal"; his current role in "DuBarry Was A Lady"

GENE KELLY doesn't have the soulful eyes, thick wavy hair and football shoulders of a Hollywood hero, but he does have something vastly more valuable—an indefinable something, an electric quality which blanks out his lack of good looks and glamour. In many ways he is a brunet version of Fred Astaire with the same liquid grace and perfect timing in his dancing and the same shy manner, quiet bearing and modest mien.

Unlike Astaire, Gene is no fashion plate. Candidly he calls himself "a walking slum." Recently he threatened to go to a swank Hollywood premiere in a plain business suit because his own dinner jacket was stolen a year ago and he had refused to buy another. Tearfully Betsy, his wife, called Dickie Whorf, one of the Kelly pals, about the dilemma.

"Nuts," said Whorf. "I'll loan him mine."

So it was that Gene paraded in Hollywood high society dolled up in his best friend's finery!

Aside from being a heckava nice guy, Gene also is one of those provocative exceptions which proves the rule about the long hard road to success.

He has contributed a just share of ambition and work along the way but the really choice smiles of fortune always seem to land on him. For instance, he left college to start a one-horse dance school; two years later he was the head of a chain of such schools and netting around \$10,000 a year profit. He was an absolute unknown when he decided





Gene met wife Betsy when he was dance director for Billy Rose. She thought he was a bus boy; he thought she was a dream. Below: The luck of the Irish deserts him at a crucial croquet moment



to tackle Broadway; two days after reaching New York he had a featured role in "Leave It To Me," which was followed by three hit plays including "Pal Joey." He came to Hollywood devoid of the supposed essentials of handsome looks and personal glamour; his subordinate role in "For Me And My Gal" created such an instant sensation he was rushed into top roles in two top M-G-M pictures and then was handed the starring part opposite Kathryn Grayson in "Private Miss Jones."

Not bad for a young man who just has skimmed by his thirtieth birthday! Yet Gene, in all honesty, professes to view the achievements as ordinary and himself as less.

"I'm just Joe Average," he said. "I've got a wife, a kid, a car and a house. There's a million guys like me."

BLOODY noses and blacked eyes were Gene's earliest memories of life in his home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The same dancing which brought him fame was responsible. Done up in prim little Eton collars, with his hair slicked and his ears scrubbed pink, he was sent to dancing school once a week by his mother. She believed in little boys' learning the niceties of life.

"The route to school was lined with kids whose mothers held less aesthetic views," Gene said. "Invariably the divergent schools of thought clashed and I had to do battle on each of six corners to prove I was no sissy."

On one occasion Gene and his brother (who came under the same maternal dictum) were jumped by a gang of seven kids. That called for quick strategy since they were so badly outnumbered.

"G'wan!" Gene disdainfully answered the challenge. "We're going to a party with cake and strawberry ice cream and everything!"

"Oh yeah?" said the gang, preparing to let fly. "Prove it!"

"Okay," said Gene. "Follow us and see. Maybe we can hook you some of the eats." The gang fell in line. Keeping up a patter about the delights in store, Gene led the beguiled enemy to the door of the dancing school and safety.

"The Irish have a way of meeting things," Gene observed.

In other respects his childhood was that of the average American boy. His father, James Patrick Kelly, was a salesman and earned sufficient to guarantee his family of three sons and two daughters the usual comforts and a modicum of luxury. He shared a room on the third floor of the big red brick home with his younger brother Fred and it was cluttered with the usual paraphernalia and trophies of adolescents—pennants, stolen No Parking signs, cigar box hoards of junk and white mice in a shoebox. He had the usual succession of mumps and measles and the one outstanding accident which always throws the family into a panic. It left a slightly curving scar at the left of his mouth (Continued on page 94)

Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Sure and everyone has—and
did a double-take pronto.
That's no blamey; neither is
this all-about-Gene story

BY KAY PROCTOR

Rita Hayworth



Colorful salutes To Rita Hayworth, now appearing in Columbia's "The Cover Girl"

Walter Pidgeon



... and to Walter Pidgeon, currently starring in M-G-M's "Madame Curie"

SHORT FOR RONNI

Tall — and true — story about a little girl with a big name, Veronica Lake, who's on the cover, in the money and out to win your heart



She takes excellent care of her hair

BY
SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

Off screen she loves pinafores and braids—and her husband Captain John Detlie whose pet name for her is Ronni





he is a good bookkeeper-budgeteer

She likes operas, symphonies

Her favorite meal is pepper steak

VERONICA LAKE'S real name is Constance Keane.

Producer Arthur Hornblow Jr. changed her name. He chose the Lake without knowing she was born at Lake Placid, New York, (and the date is November 14, 1919). He selected the Veronica from the name of a secretary, Veronica Grusling, without realizing that Constance Keane's mother is named Veronica.

She is five feet one and a half inches tall and weighs ninety-eight pounds. This makes her the shortest siren the screen has known from the days of Theda Bara to Hedy Lamarr. People expect a siren to be much taller, but she does photograph slightly taller than when seen in person. While Veronica was visiting New York and attending the theater, a woman commented audibly: "Hum, Veronica Lake, Junior!"

She is a natural blonde and always wore her hair with that long bob dangling over one eye. She didn't affect it to become a glamour girl. And about that hair: It's the most famous coiffure in the business.

Practically every radio comedian has had a gag about it. Fred Allen claimed a cop halted him for having only one headlight, demanding, "Hey, you trying to pull a Veronica Lake?" Tizzie Lish gave a recipe for Veronica Lake potato bread—made of one-eyed potatoes. It has even been a joke in pictures. Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett used it for a scene in "The Major And The Minor."

Recently some friends entertained a soldier. Veronica was in the party. She was dancing with him when another soldier in the place said, "Look at that dame! Who does she think she is—Veronica Lake?"

However in her next picture, "So Proudly We Hail," her famous hair goes decidedly up. She plays a U. S. Army nurse. Long hanging hair is against regulations and she must be authentic. Therefore her hair is parted in the middle and done up.

Off the screen she loves to dress in pinafores with her hair done up in pigtails. She never outgrows clothes and many outfits she wears were made by herself years ago. And, although she once won the title of "Miss Florida" in a bathing beauty contest, she has never been photographed in a bathing suit for publicity purposes.

She didn't want to be an actress when her family moved to Hollywood for business reasons in 1939. She didn't like the theater and seldom went to the movies. Her girl friend, Gwen Horn, however, wanted to be a movie star. Gwen answered a call at RKO for a girl to play a bit in "Sorority House." Veronica, who drove the car, went along. John Farrow, the director, insisted that she play a bit in the picture, too. From that day on, she wanted to be a movie star.

She played bits in a number of pictures. Directors would always say to her, "Get the hair out of your eyes." She would have to put up the hair before playing the scene. She wore the

hair over one eye for the first time in "Forty Little Mothers." "Let her do it," said Eddie Cantor to Director Busby Berkeley, "it'll help to distinguish her from the others."

THIS bit led to her getting a special screen test at Metro. The test played a number of projection rooms at different studios. She was signed by Paramount for a leading role in "I Wanted Wings" and from then on she was a star.

On the set she pays strict attention to work. She comes fully prepared and knows her lines and her part. She is not envious of other performers in the cast and she takes direction easily. She puts everything she has into her work.

She is married to Captain John Stuart Detlie of the camouflage division of the Engineer Corps, stationed in Seattle. She met him while he was in the art department at Metro and she was working at that studio. It was the haircomb that first attracted him to her.

When not working in a picture, she resides in Seattle with their baby, Elaine, to be near John. His pet name for her is Ronni and she has it lettered on almost everything she owns.

She smokes, but never has a match with her.

She takes especially good care of her hair. She brushes it fifteen minutes a day.

She eats prodigious amounts of food, but she (Continued on page 97)



Pauline Goodard

What Hollywood Thinks of Paulette Goddard

An "out in the open" discussion of the girl who has caused more undercover gossip than any feminine star

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

THE outstanding feature of Paulette Goddard is energy, energy expressed by vitality, ambition and drive. Sooner or later, almost everyone gets around to that in talking of Paulette Goddard.

Everyone knows her for that—and for her bright smile, her gaiety and her wit. After working in two pictures with her, Ray Milland claims there's nobody in films who can top her in repartee.

"Paulette can take it," says Ray. "And no matter what happens, she comes up smiling. Besides being the quickest witted woman I ever knew, she's the gamest. She took a terrific beating in 'Reap The Wild Wind.' She wore heavy costumes under those hot lights without a whimper. She was ducked in the water, mauled in the fights and knocked about in barroom brawls—and every time she came up smiling."

She's all girl to Bob Hope. He says: "To me Paulette is one of the most feminine stars in pictures. She may work her head off, sparkle with wit and be a pal on the set, but she can't make me take back what I said the first time I saw her."

What he said then was: "Paulette Goddard is the first real glamour girl I ever saw. I've heard about them, but she is it. She's got those lines and those sparkling eyes and all the things I heard about on Broadway."

The thing about Goddard that most impresses LeVaughn Larson of the Paramount wardrobe department, who has dressed scores of stars, is her sensitivity.

"Paulette never thinks of anything we are making up for her as something for herself," LeVaughn explains, "but always as something for the character she is to play. Although she has excellent taste in clothes, she will favor the same styles and materials that that character would select."

"That's probably because she is sensitive to the feelings of others."

"For instance, she was given a little stand-in who had never done that kind of work before. The minute this girl walked on the set Paulette sensed that she was nervous and felt out of place. So Paulette asked this girl into her dressing room, talked to her about the things she wanted to do and made her feel right at home. Now that girl is one of Goddard's most loyal champions.

Her name is June Kilgore."

June Kilgore's own side of the Goddard story? "She has such a good heart," said the little stand-in. "I'd been working for her only a short time when she gave me a dress. The last day we worked in 'Reap The Wild Wind' she gave me a beautiful knee-length red fox fur coat. I didn't know what to say and stammered over taking it, but she told me she had more than she deserved and felt I would appreciate it more than she would."

"She didn't give me those things because of anything I'd done for her, but just because she's generous. During the shooting of the picture 'Pot O' Gold' one of the girls complimented Paulette on the sweater she was wearing."

"The very next day thirty-two sweaters just like it, in different colors, were brought on the set. There was one for each (Continued on page 72)

Says Glenn Alden, make-up man for Paulette, "I've seen her heckle an interior decorator to save a dollar."



Women talk to their hairdressers; Paulette was no exception when she made a confidante of Hedvig Mjorud



A star's stand-in sees a side of her the public never guesses. June Kilgore, Paulette's stand-in, has a sweater girl story about Goddard that will surprise a lot of people in Hollywood



A GUY

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

went right on for three long months—with whooping cough!

You can judge people by the way they react to their physical handicaps. To me that whooping cough episode is the pay-off on Jo. Nothing can stop a man like that. Matter of fact, the experience left him with the same sort of trouble Bing Crosby has—"nodules" (I think that's the word) on his vocal chords.

During the show it was very painful, the constant coughing, the heart-breaking effort to make his voice heard in the last row of the gallery despite the constriction in his throat, that ever-present impulse to cough. But somehow it gave his voice a quality, and a certain agency representative was sure he'd discovered the great radio voice of the future. The agent had come to see Van Heflin, who played the other important male role, but he ended by wanting Jo. (Van Heflin did all right too.)

Jo agreed to come for an audition but secretly planned to put it off as long as possible, so he could take treatments to bring his voice back to normal. At last, several weeks later, he said he was ready for the test. It was arranged. Jo was delighted with his voice, quite free now of its whooping-cough rasp. And after it was over the agency man congratulated him, but touched his arm sympathetically as he said, "What's happened, Cotten—what has happened to your voice?"

Nodules or no nodules, he got the role opposite Martha Scott in the radio serial, "The Career Of Alice Blair."

YOU'VE read stories of boys and girls who became actors and actresses against the strident opposition of their conservative fathers and mothers. Well, Jo's parents couldn't be more conservative. There hadn't been an actor in either family, ever. They were good, solid-Southern, church-going people and when Jo was born to them in Petersburg, Virginia, on May 15, 1905, they probably dreamed that he'd go into law or maybe work for the Government as his father did. If anybody had told Mrs. Cotten that her boy was going to be a professional football player, a writer, an advertising salesman and an actor, she would have snorted and said, "Nonsense!"

But when the moment came, when Jo stood before her and said, "That's what I want to be, Mama—an actor," she didn't snort, she didn't even scowl. She said, "If that's what you want Jo, that's what I want too." And she proceeded to help him get what he wanted.

EDITORS' NOTE: When Major Ernest V. Heyn left his post as editorial director to go into the Army of the United States, he agreed, when time and duties permitted, to contribute occasionally to our pages. This is his story of a friend who happens also to be one of Hollywood's exciting new star personalities.

WHEN I was editor of magazines like this one, and especially this one, I had two rules for the folks who wrote the stories. One was to "get a human angle on the star, the basic theme of his life." The other was to "keep yourself out of the story."

And now here I am breaking the rules, one by one.

Well, not exactly. When I was asked to tell you about the man who's done so well for himself as the handsome menace in "Shadow Of A Doubt" and who has distinguished himself in varying degrees in "Citizen Kane," "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Journey Into Fear," which he also helped write, it was because Jo Cotten and I have been friends for a number of years. (I spell Jo without the "e" because Lenore does, and Lenore certainly ought to know, since it must have been she who decided, when she

married him in 1931, how people like you and me were to spell it when Jo became famous.)

Friendship, then, is my excuse for the first person singular. And as for the human angle, I've done the next best thing to getting one—I've unearthed several!

For instance: It seems incredible, but Joseph Cotten played in the Broadway stage play, "The Philadelphia Story," opposite Katharine Hepburn, for twelve long weeks, eight performances a week, suffering from an ailment which he'd caught from Lenore's young daughter, Judy, and if it had happened to me I'd have been in bed!

Even though the other actors in the show had to treat him like a pariah and turn the other way, holding their breaths when he spouted lines toward them, to avoid catching his germs, he

CALLED JO

Wherein someone who ought to
know better breaks a lot of rules,
thereby giving you some news you
never knew before about Cotten



Jo found Lenore as a friend, kept
her as his wife. Their home is
unpretentious—and strictly private

Jo's predilection for acting was no secret to anyone in Petersburg. They had come to the high-school plays and seen him in all manner of roles. So it was no surprise to them when word got around that he was heading for Washington, D. C., to study in the Robert Nugent Hickman School of Expression. Of course, they were sure it would break his poor mother's heart to have him turn out this way—an actor, imagine it!

Jo studied hard at the Hickman School, trained his voice over the rivets that were being driven into the building of the Mayfair Hotel across the street from the studio and then went to New York to become an actor.

He tried, long and as energetically as he knew how, to get acting jobs in New York. The people to whom he had letters had left the city years before. So nothing came of his efforts . . . nothing except a sense of futility and hopelessness. The winter was cold and there was a boom in Florida . . . maybe there'd be something doing there and besides, what did he have to lose?

He borrowed some money from a dear friend and headed for Florida. He spent five years there . . . all kinds of jobs . . . selling advertising on a Miami paper . . . selling vacuum cleaners . . . acting in a little theater (you might have known it!) . . . but no real spark, no burning ambition.

At last Jo was twenty-five. The Florida boom was over, long since, and people were even getting used to the stock market crash, which was almost a year behind them.

Then a handsome blonde showed up, named Lenore. A marriage that hadn't panned out was behind her, but there wasn't a trace of bitterness in her. She

was gay and bright and understanding. And little Judy, her daughter, was enchanting. Jo was delighted with his new friends. Someday, somebody (not I) will tell you the really enchanting and dramatic love story of Jo and Lenore. Let me tell you just this: I've never seen two people who I thought belonged together as much as these two.

In the summer Lenore went to New York, leaving Jo in Florida. A strange new ambition touched him. The thing to do was to go back to New York and try again. Jo set out, without hope, but with the warming prospect of seeing Lenore practically any minute.

OF course they were married, when the unpleasant business of the divorce had been straightened out, and then Jo had to be a success in the theater, he absolutely *had* to.

And he certainly was—but almost a decade later!

One of the letters Jo had, when he came up North, was to Burns Mantle, even then a well-known and popular drama critic. (Today he edits an annual collection of the best plays of the year and reviews the theater for the *Daily News* which has the largest newspaper circulation in New York or anywhere, I guess.) Jo mailed that letter to Mantle and was invited to come and see him.

Mantle said, dourly, "You know, I really wonder how anybody ever gets on the stage."

And Jo answered in his forthright way, "I don't know. You're supposed to tell me."

Mantle laughed and gave him letters to John Golden and David Belasco, the

famous producers, but added: "Letters aren't any good."

The letter to John Golden is still one of Jo's treasures. He never used it. He's saving it, he says, "just in case. . . ."

However, he did send the letter to David Belasco and got an appointment.

"What do you want?" Belasco asked brusquely.

"I want a job in the theater," Jo told him.

"All right," Belasco said unexpectedly. "Come to work Monday."

Then followed a series of understudy roles—"Dancing Partner" for Lynne Overman and "Tonight Or Never" for Melvyn Douglas—and then nothing, just that same sense of futility that every hopeful actor gets used to, like a lame man to a limp.

Leah Salisbury, the play and talent agent, knows about that. The story of Leah and Jo is one I like—another of those "human angles" in Jo's life. You see, an agent is a gambler, a person who decides someone is good, then gambles hours and money and endless arguments trying to put that somebody over. Leah Salisbury decided that Joseph Cotten was a good gamble. Not that much ever happened to Jo to kindle her faith in him, but she just believed in him. She arranged all manner of appointments and plenty of readings and movie tests. Today you say to Jo, "Who tested you?"

And Jo answers, "Name anybody." Everybody tested him, even Howard Hughes, for the role that Ben Lyon later played in "Hell's Angels."

All through these years of occasional jobs in summer stock, or as understudy, or in some minor radio role, Leah always had (Continued on page 88)

Mistakes

I wouldn't make again...

In which we make five Hollywood stars "sing"—

i.e., speak up about their slip-ups



Joan Fontaine

Looking back over my past I regret that I missed many of the normal activities and joys of youth. When I see the things young people do, the fun girls of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, have at barbecue parties, sleigh rides, dances, I can't help envying them. In my younger days I was shy and afraid of people my own age. I hardly ever associated with them, didn't go to parties, movies, dances with them, but stayed home reading heavy books. My companions were older people—much older than I.

Not all the good books in the world, not all the knowledge one can gain from them, can compensate for the lack of these usual diversions in a girl's life.



I missed them and they have left a void in my heart. Today, I still long for those silly and wonderful things girls in their teens do. In some ways

I feel ten years older. The responsibility of coping with the right scripts, with complicated salary matters and the thousand and one big and small things connected with a career in motion pictures make a girl prematurely old.

A slight mistake may have serious, even disastrous consequences.

But in other ways I haven't grown up at all, I suppose, and I'd like to cut up with young girls and share in their fun. After all, one is young only once and parties and dates and dances, sleigh rides, picnics, camping, are an invaluable part of youth. I didn't have them—a mistake I wouldn't want to make again.



Joan Crawford

The mistake I'll never make again (I hope!) is going off the deep end of enthusiasm for a person with no appreciation of courtesy. Not very long ago, a mutual friend of my husband's and mine asked us to be nice to a girl who shall be nameless. We should have known better when the secretary rather than the girl herself called to announce her arrival in town. But we went ahead nevertheless. When we did see her we gave her the advice she asked for—mind you, she asked for the advice. She was discouraged. We tried to buck her up and we arranged for her to have a screen test.

However, tests are expensive for any studio and they are never made sight unseen. We asked her to come to the



studio on a certain day. Her secretary called to say she could not make it that day, but would the next. When she arrived the next day, I had a fa-

mous cameraman and a famous director there to interview her.

"Where am I to make the test?" she asked.

We explained that tests were not made without an interview first.

"Is that the reason you dragged me all the way out here—just for a silly interview?" she said, and walked off the set.

Helping people with common decency who are courteous enough to appreciate what you do for them is a pleasure. It's more fun for me to give a person a boost than for the person who receives the boost. But I'm careful from now on. Phil and I will only help those who really want and need our help.

Lynn Bari

One mistake I'm sure I'll never make again is to try to make an impressive "entrance." My first and last attempt was too humiliating. For this special occasion—one of my first dates, the first time I had been to the Cocoanut Grove and my first formal gown—I had bought a very special, extravagant dress, a red one, with a short train. I was making what I thought was a poised and regal entrance—deliberately late, because I had read about "entrances"—but halfway down the stairs I tripped, fell down the remaining stairs and landed on the dance floor.



I was dreadfully embarrassed but managed to say, "Maybe Mack Sennett could use me as a comic double." All evening people passing my table

smiled sympathetically, or laughingly, or at least so I imagined. Afterwards I was sure that if I hadn't been wearing such a conspicuous red gown I might not have been so easily spotted as the girl who literally "tripped" down the stairs. Since then I've been much more conservative in my choice of clothes and I never try to make an "entrance." Before I enter any room in which a number of people are gathered, I stop and take a good deep breath and then make sure I know where I'm walking. And I'm usually one of the first guests to arrive.

Nancy Coleman

The greatest mistake I ever made was in allowing myself to be "pushed around." When I was on the road tour of "Susan And God" we played Los Angeles. At that time the search for *Scarlett O'Hara* was on and I was offered a test. I thought that meant going to the studio and having the test, but it wasn't so simple. I wore myself out making trips to the Selznick Studio in Culver City from Los Angeles in the afternoons and rushing back for the evening performance of our play. It went on day after day, through innumerable delays. The climax came when I sat in a producer's office for three hours, alone, just waiting. The producer had simply forgotten all about me.

I decided the fault was mine and made up my mind then and there that



from that moment on little Nancy would be the sort of girl who looked out for herself.

I lived up to my new resolution. As a result, when Warners offered me a contract I refused to sign unless the

contract stipulated that I should be given a test for the role of Louise in "Kings Row." That was the role I wanted to play and I didn't want to come out to Hollywood and find that someone else had been assigned to the role before I even had a chance to try.

And just recently I did some more looking out for myself. I had read the script of "Edge Of Darkness" and I knew I could play the part of the Polish actress. But everyone I spoke to about it said, "You aren't the type, Nancy." Even my agent refused to ask for that role for me. Instead of giving up I went to Director Lewis Milestone myself and pleaded for a test. He finally gave in and the result was that after he saw the test he agreed with me that I could play it.

Red Skelton

The mistake I'd never make again is to become a star. Before I entered pictures I was a clown in circuses or a judge of walkathons in carnivals—and most of the time I didn't wear shoes. I hate to wear shoes. I could sleep late, didn't have to go to night clubs and, above all, didn't need a car. I used to travel in box cars and let the railroad company worry about it—now I have to carry my A and B



ration books with me all the time.

Whereas before, Saturday night was good enough for me, now I have to

have a swimming pool. And I have to get some relatives. And have to write to Emily Post about the correct way of using forks—whereas the only fork I ever used before was when I pitched hay to the elephants. Now a valet wakes me up; before, a cop woke me up on a park bench. And now I've got to kiss the leading ladies. This being a Hollywood star is sure getting me down!

Kiss me for luck

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

The Story Thus Far:

THEY had known each other "when"—Betsy Bell and Phil Jordan, back in the days when they were both performers in a second-rate Hollywood night club, Phil in a clever pantomiming stunt with his brothers Roy and Chet, Betsy as the naïve little singer. For a brief moment, one evening, they had been close, too, when Phil had asked Betsy to "kiss me for luck" because the next night Haney, the big producer, was coming to hear the Jordan Brothers and that might mean that success was on the way.

But Haney had chosen instead little Betsy Bell and had carried her away to groom her for stardom, leaving the Jordans discouraged, disillusioned, with nothing ahead but dreary third-rate engagements in the sticks.

Success sometimes does a surprise act, though, and that's the way it had happened for the Jordans. For here they were now, called back to Hollywood by the producer Anton Van Dirk, called back to play in one picture, in two, pointed out as the new finds of Hollywood.

And little Betsy Bell, who had always remembered Phil, was a has-been, a girl who had been eased out before Success had even had a glimpse of her.

For Haney, after promising her the lead role in his new picture, had dropped her instead. There was no Phil for her to turn to—Phil was too busy squiring Doris Foster, the lovely blonde on whom her producer was betting, although she had not yet come through in any picture as a hit. She had beauty, a lovely ethereal beauty that had bewitched Phil, and she had intelligence, too, a cruel calculating intelligence that made her see she might go far if she rode along with that coming star of the Jordan team, Phil.

As for Roy and Chet—they were listening to the honied tones of their girls, Wilma and Lorna, telling them that they, not Phil, were the backbone of the act, begging them to break up the Jordan Brothers and try out on their own.

Phil sensed this a bit, but he still could not believe that there was any real discord among them. It was easy to forget their quarrels, too, when he was out with Doris. They had come to a small cafe this evening, where they might be alone, and the

floor show was on as they went to their table.

Suddenly the band was playing an introduction that sounded familiar to Phil. He looked up and saw, standing before the microphone, Betsy Bell.

Doris was watching his face carefully. "Someone you know, darling?" she asked.

"Betsy Bell."

"Oh, yes, Betsy Bell—I remember. A flop before she began, wasn't she? You know her well?"

"We worked in the same show . . . I'd like to see her a minute, Doris," Phil said. And abruptly he was on his feet.

Now Continue the Story:

HE knows her too well, Doris thought. He likes her too well. She spoke up suddenly. "Shall we go, Phil? I'm really very tired."

She seemed to droop before his eyes, to wilt like an Easter lily under a bright light. He felt contrite at having kept her out so late. He would send Betsy a note, now that he knew where to find her. He'd offer his help. . . .

The three brothers were in their apartment when the newspapers were delivered with the reviews of the second picture. Each sprang to open one. "Sashay Round Your Partner" was a success, if not the sudden bomb that the first one was. This reviewer didn't think it an unqualified hit, but "the brothers are still our choice for the best lunatics of the year." Every reviewer singled Phil out. "The middle brother, Phil, is easily the pivot of the team—"

"What about that fire engine sequence on my accordion? That wasn't anything, I suppose," Roy said. "Do I get a kind word for it?" Chet shrugged. "We're just spokes on the wheel."

Both of them had been hungry for separate publicity. Only Phil got any to speak of. But he hadn't wanted it. It didn't matter to him. He knew the boys were tops.

"I was a hit on that one shot radio hour," Roy informed his brothers. "They want me for more. Why should I neglect an opportunity for this?" and he waved toward the papers in disgust.

It was a long, long moment while Phil stared at his brothers. Jealousy was smeared all over Roy's sullen face. Chet sat with his feet on the sofa back, entirely indifferent. What goes on here, Phil thought. How can we work like this?

There is one time when a woman

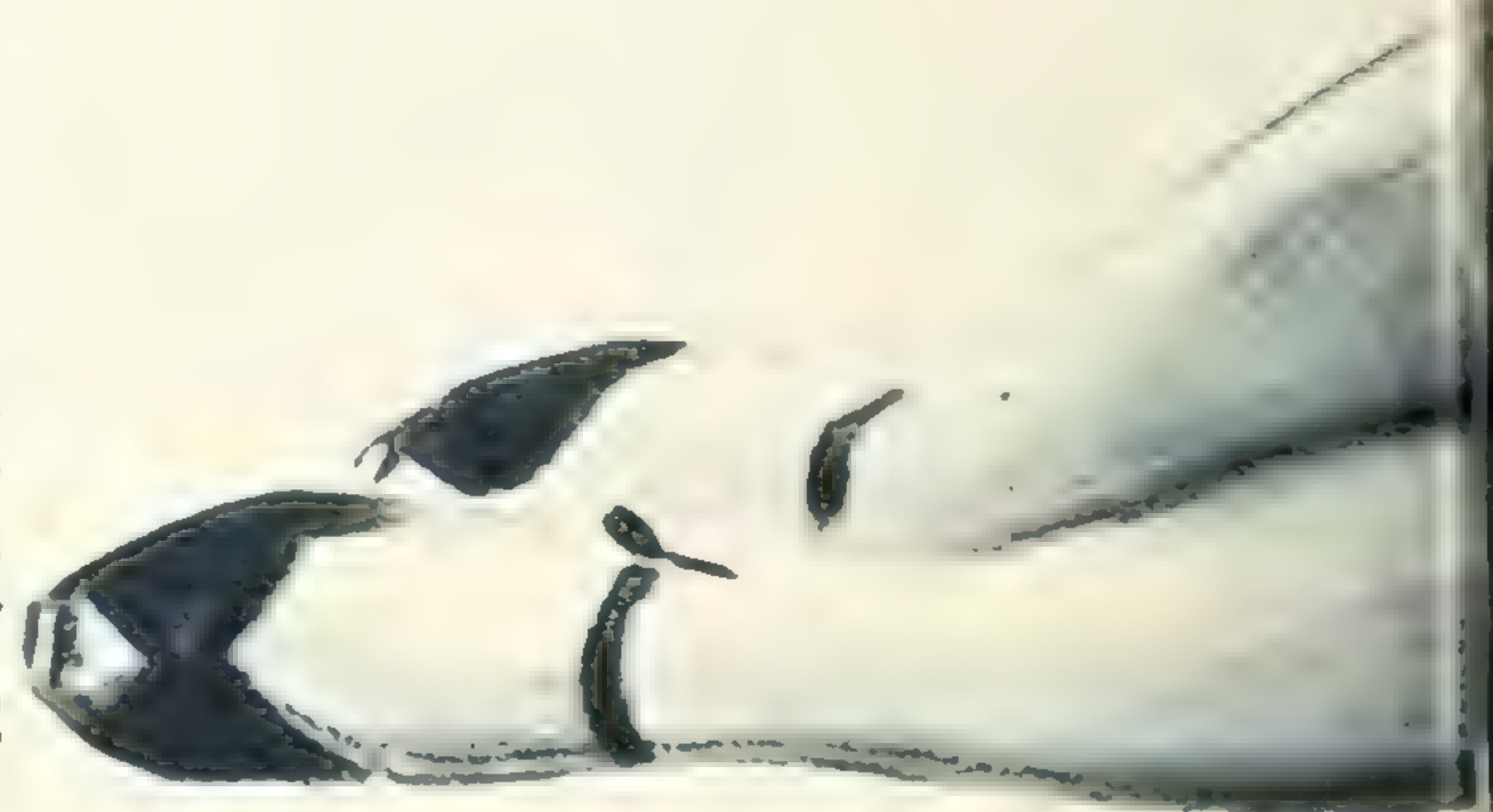
must be courageous enough

to confess her love for a man

Was Betsy wise enough to know

when that moment had come?

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER



"We're giving a damnsight more to the next picture than we ever gave," he decided. "You forget your radio until this is over."

Phil's hopes were not realized. The third picture was started with open wrangling, finished in active discord. Van Dirk recognized the lack of harmony and its danger, and perhaps for that reason finished shooting in record time.

The verdict of the projection room was "Stinko."

Van Dirk's verdict was as short and final. "Call their agent Sam Kent and tell him we're not picking up the Jordans' option."



Betsy came close to Phil, sat at his feet. Her eyes were wide and fearless. "There is a reason, Phil. Shall I tell you what it is?"

While he stood in the studio doorway talking to the script girl of other matters, having already dismissed the Jordans from his mind, the projection room telephone rang.

"Hi, Boss," cried the excited voice of an assistant camera man through the phone. "That Foster picture—you can chalk up another wow!"

"What's that?"

"Click!" Kovaler said. "The preview's over and the crowd's knocked out. Doris Foster's a hit, Boss. They're mobbing her in the lobby. She's with that Jordan fellow—the funny one—Phil. . . ."

Van Dirk hung up. "A miracle," he

laughed. "The well-known Hollywood brand." Doris Foster had at last justified the money spent on her. She was a hit.

It wasn't till late the next day that the message came from Sam that the Jordans' option was not to be picked up. At ten o'clock that night, Phil stepped into the apartment to hear the telephone ringing. He thought it might be Doris, just calling to say an extra good-night.

It wasn't good-night. It wasn't Doris. For the moment it looked to him like curtains. He sat frozen beside the telephone. Discord. That's what had done

it. The boys each fighting for a place in the sun, like kids. He'd have to pull them together now—get a fresh start. . . .

Phil called the bar and ordered drinks sent up. The boys hadn't come in yet. At one-thirty there was a knock. He wasn't expecting Success. She didn't come. A telegram had arrived instead.

Married tonight Sailing Hawaii midnight Promised Lorna give up career Three little Jordans cooking in a stew one got et then there were two. Chet

Phil almost couldn't comprehend this. It (Continued on page 84)

The Beautiful British



The lady is a symbol. Her name is Anna Lee. She is England in America—yours to know and cheer forever

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

UNIQUE is the word for Annie. She is blonde, blue-eyed, fragile of appearance and far lovelier than is necessary, even in glamour gummed-up Hollywood. You saw her first with Ronald Colman in RKO's "My Life With Caroline," which depicted her with no more brain than you could carry on the tip of a knife while riding a jeep at full speed. This was a gross libel, because the Lee lady is definitely on the cerebral side.

Her second picture was "How Green Was My Valley," in which she played Roddy McDowall's beloved Bron. After that came "Flying Tigers" in nurse's white, then "Flesh And Fantasy" and "The Commandos Strike At Dawn." But wait till you see her performance in "Hangmen Also Die!"

Now that you have the key to her identity, would you like the key to her life? It's the masculine department of the human race. Proof of this exciting statement will follow immediately.

Miss Lee (then known as Joanna Boniface Winnifreth) at the malleable age of ten was the only distaff member of a boys' school. It came about in this way: Her father was the rector at Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent, England, and he was also headmaster of the preparatory school. As there were no feminine educational opportunities located near by, Joanna was taught her lessons with the boys. Also, her hair was cropped exactly as theirs was and she wore the same school togger.

She played all the games—even to the English version of football—until one of the more embittered spinsters in her father's pastorate protested that this was shocking behavior for a little girl, particularly a parson's daughter. Miss Lee remembers to this day, with quiet wrath, her anguish at being kicked off the first team.

And, as it must befall each of us, Miss Lee's first daring adventure was inspired by a man. He was a gorgeous creature—a lion tamer in a circus. "As I recall him, (Continued on page 95)

Joanna Winnifreth who became Anna Lee, lovely to look at in "Hangmen Also Die!"

The Indomitable Dutch

The gentleman is an emblem. His name is Philip Dorn. He stands for Holland, for courage, for invincible hope

BY LEON SURMELIAN

FIVE sturdy boys were standing on the tower that was built out into the shipping waters off the Holland shore. With a shout the first boy dived off the tower. For a full minute the others looked on impassively, waiting for his head to come up beside a small craft a little distance from the tower. This was a favorite trick of their companion—to make them think that he was drowning. But when tiny bubbles began to appear on the surface close to the piles of the tower, the second boy plunged into the water. He, too, failed to reappear. The third youth went in after the second; then the fourth. There were now four ominous little streams of bubbles.

Cold terror gripped the heart of the fifth boy. Nothing but his indomitable will drove him into the sea after his chums. Straining his eyes in the murky depths he saw their four bodies, saw also the steel net which had caught them. If he could just summon enough strength to give it one good shove—there!

Slowly five heads reappeared on the surface. The fifth boy clambered out, hauled his companions onto the tower. Two were already turning blue. With the knowledge of those who live by the sea three of the boys worked quickly on the other two, administering artificial respiration. Presently the patients were breathing again. And the excited citizens of the little Dutch town proclaimed the fifth boy a hero.

That fifth boy? He was Fritz Van Dungen. You know him as Philip Dorn of Hollywood.

In real life Dorn looks like Gary Cooper, talks like Charles Boyer and his thinking has been definitely influenced by a Javanese holy man. All of this with a few minor differences, of course. For instance, he's six feet two, instead of Cooper's six feet four.

But he never convinced the estimable London ladies of that difference when they rushed up to him and said, "May we have your autograph, Mr. Cooper?" It seems Gary (Continued on page 82)



Fritz Van Dungen who became Philip Dorn, intense man of "Reunion In France"

SPEAKING OF GARFIELD

BY HIMSELF

A story such as this is a rare treasure. It has to do with the
heart, and the soul, and the mind of a man



Garfield, the actor,
giving a powerful
characterization in
Warners' "Air Force"



In front of the Garfield home, a simple, English-type house—John with Robbie, his wife, "the most important single element in my life," and their little daughter Catherine

"JOHNNY'S a changed boy," they say. "Garfield's different."

But I'm not. Something more exciting and a lot more important than that is happening out here. Hollywood is changing. The world is changing.

When I first came to Hollywood, I believed that motion pictures were the most powerful medium in the world. I wanted my share of the work to be an honest picture of America. Not hopped-up things built for the box office.

Back in those days they weren't making pictures like "Air Force." It's one of the first real examples of how Hollywood is changing. Howard Hawks told me the story one day in his office. I never saw a script. I never knew whether my role was a big one or completely unimportant. I only knew I wanted to be connected with this picture that couldn't fail to be great. Although the cast includes such people as Gig Young, Harry Carey, Arthur Kennedy, George Tobias, Jim Brown, John Ridgely, Faye Emerson, me—there's no star in the picture. The picture itself is the star. There is no magnifying of any personality. That's the right way to make a picture, I think. Subordinating the star roles to the action, to the facts.

At first I was pretty wide-eyed about it all. I remember the first Hollywood party I went to. Mike Curtiz took me. We were working late and dropped by after we finished. It was given at the Darryl Zanucks, in their stables. What a stable! Robert Taylor came up and spoke to me. Barbara Stanwyck went out of her way to tell me that she liked my work in "Four Daughters." I had

never been introduced to them. I thought Gee! We eat at drive-ins one night, my wife Robbie and I. The next night I meet Stanwyck and Taylor. I was thrilled. I wished it could be preserved, this starry-eyed stuff. Instinctively I knew—it's not in the cards.

Like became too easy. I didn't have to worry about where my next job was coming from or whether there'd be a next. I didn't have to worry about the rent or the laundry bills. I lost my drive, thought I was losing my objective. Disillusionment set in. Now I know that only the very young can be disillusioned. Because what you're disillusioned about are the surface things of life. As you grow up, you know that the structure underneath is swell and strong.

That's where Robbie has been the most important single element in my life. She's a sensible girl. She isn't affected by all the claptrap that affects me. It doesn't impress her or depress her. She takes the long view. Women like Robbie are like the earth. They can wait for things to germinate and then to grow. Kids are like that, too; my little Catherine, for instance.

So at the end of that first year I wanted to go back to New York.

If you've watched your mother die as I did. . . .

It was back in the days when I was seven, down in New York's lower East Side, a kid born to be a mugg or a gangster if ever a guy was. O'Flannihan, the copper, had to go to my mother, not once but many times, when things were missing from the

peddlers' carts. Well, I hadn't taken the stuff, but who was to say I hadn't, banana-snatcher from the cradle.

Physical illness killed my mother, no doubt. That's what the ambulance doctor thought, and that's what he wrote on the death certificate. But it may have been something else that killed my mother, that year I was seven. Worry, maybe. So anyway, she died. So you get the feeling you'd like to make something pretty fine out of yourself to make up for something you can never be sure about.

If you've ridden the rods, as I have, hobnobbed with hoboes, found them right guys, seen a pal fall between two freight cars and be crushed to death under the wheels, you find you've worked up an allergy for phonies, even on the stage or screen.

I remember what Angelo Patri told me that day I tried to run away from his school, jumped a fence and landed squarely in a flower bed. I expected trouble when he called me back. I didn't get it. For the first time, I didn't get it. Patri talked to me as I had never been talked to before. He made me see that flowers are tender, beautiful living things, to be cared for and protected. He gave me the idea that people are like that, too, and hearts, and ideals. And some of the things inside our own hearts and minds that we'd better not trample either.

But I didn't like any part of it. So I quit. I was running away from something again. It's always kid stuff to run away from anything.

I was running away again after my



John and Catherine getting cozy in a cozy spot—the den, filled with records and books. "I eat books," he says. "Trying to make up for the education that I didn't have."

first year in Hollywood. No one was sorry to see me go. No one inquired when I'd be back. Cagney told me later, "When you first came here, Garfield, you gave people the gifts of simplicity and naïveté. Then you took them back."

That's right, I did. I took them back. In their place I gave people suspicion and snarls and stuck that chip on my shoulder under their noses.

SO I went to New York, did a play, "Heavenly Express," put some of my own money into it, and it was a financial failure. I'm not sorry I did it. I had it in me, and it had to be done.

Then I got "hep." I woke up one morning and thought, "What have I been carrying on for?" It was like growing up.

What it comes down to is a word called Diplomacy. A word I'd never known. In the world I came from you said what you felt irregardless, and you said it out of the side of your mouth with your fists ready. But this is a different world. Here, you still fight for what you believe but you use the weapons of Peace, not War, that's the difference.

When we first came here, we bought an old, rusty light coupe of the vintage of '31; in fact, we arrived here in it. Well, my friends now make fun of my midget automobile, my concession to gas rationing. "The Cramps," they call it. I don't find it cramped. I've been spending my days in the tail of a bomber for my role of a gunner in "Air Force."

After the bomber, "The Cramps" is roomy as the land where the antelopes roam. I never wanted to ride in a limousine. But that's another way times are changing. With the boys riding bombers, who would want to ride in limousines today?

When we first came here, we lived in a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment and did our own work. Even that hasn't changed too much. We still don't own a house. We rent Helen Mack's place, a nice English house. It contains a bedroom, nursery, study, dining room, two baths and a banana tree in the back yard. Dessert at our house always consists of bananas in some form, either straight, soufflé, pie or jello.

I am having bookshelves built into the bathrooms. I eat books. Trying to make up for the education I didn't have.

My first big splurge after that surprise "click" in "Four Daughters" was to spend fifteen dollars on books. These included Stanislavski's "An Actor Prepares," Sigmund Freud, Irving Stone's biography of Jack London, a history of the motion picture, and a book of Goya prints. My favorite book of all time is Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe." I'd like to do it on the screen. Because it's my favorite theme, the struggle of the artist with his arch-enemy, the World. I also enjoy reading the Congressional Record. It is mailed to me by my friend Clifford Odets. When I am in New York, I go up to Odets' house and read it.

I know several hunks of Shakespeare

by heart. I like to recite it whenever I am alone. Sometimes I like to walk in the rain. That leaves me wide open, I know, that walking in the rain routine. All right, so I do it.

There is a bookshelf behind my bed, one of those acreage affairs with four posts, where I can head off at right angles if what I'm reading excites me. And I read myself to sleep every night.

OH, and look, for "color"—I wear both parts of my pajamas in loving memory of the days when I didn't have either part.

I'm afraid of the dark, and have a scar on my left leg. A girl gave it to me. When I was eight. She hit me with a sled. I was picking on her. She was six feet tall. I never owned a tuxedo until I came to Hollywood. I can cook, but I don't.

Which brings me back to what led up to all this: We still do most of our own work.

We're not fussy about food. We're strictly cafeteria people, and can cook our own. When we have a hired girl, I wash the dishes so she can catch the bus.

We haven't many friends. Few and close. We go to the movies pretty often, love it. My favorite actors are Jim Cagney and Spencer Tracy. Sometimes we go bowling. Other nights we stay at home, listen to some music, play with the baby. I'm not a "black-and-white guy." I love classical music but also go for swing, and like jitterbug. I smoke a pack of cigarettes a day, I also smoke pipes. I'm always buying pipes but never pay more than a dollar for one.

There is only one picture of me in the house. It is in our bedroom and it is turned around facing the wall. I don't know who did it. Whoever did must have had strong feelings on the subject, and I respect them.

All checks are made out by my wife, who is sort of my business manager. She receives a salary.

In New York, I like to ride in the subway. I always make myself up for the screen, same as I always did. Can't get used to people's fiddling around with my face. I never put sugar in my coffee.

I still have two special hates, Hitler and Tojo. Very special. I recently bought a Capehart, lots of records, lots of books, have my 1942 income tax in the bank. Those are the things I wanted to do, believed in doing.

And now that the financial pattern of the world is changing, now that actors get so much and no more or, however it works out, less than ever before, I think picture people are going to do things because they want to do them, believe in doing them, not just for the coin.

As this period in which we are living comes closer to its crisis, I begin to realize that it's a whole new era we're entering now. This is my spiritual home, this new standard of living and working.

It's the way I always wanted it to be—"No one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame" sort of thing.

Catherine is going to have a little sister or brother (I hope) come summer. Within the next six months I expect to be a member of Uncle Sam's forces. Just where I'll fit in, just what I can do, I don't know yet. But I want to do my best. It's a new life, a new world to live it in. But what would it be without freedom?

THE END



BLIND DATE

A pretty how-do-you-do to a pretty new face—Cheryl Walker. She's the little gal with whom you're going to have your first movie date in "Stage Door Canteen." She once was a queen; that happened when she was crowned of the Pasadena Rose Tournament. She once was a stand-in; that happened because she had to earn a living. Now she is a star; and that happened because Producer Sol Lesser had an eye out for good looks. So a hearty how-do-you-do to her because she's on her way. And after you date her in "Stage Door Canteen" her way will be your way!

You can look as

1. "It's a suit year," says Bonita who's starring in "Hitler's Children." This has a jacket with swirl buttons, white stitching, swagger skirt. Blouse: "Heart's Desire" with plunging neckline

The suit: In navy or black. Around \$35. 9-15. The hat: A felt padre hat with ribbon trim. In black, brown, navy, grey, cafe au lait, red. About \$6.50. Blouse: White, pink, chamois, yellow, blue, lilac. 12-20. 30-38. Around \$4



2. *Spring Tonic*: for under a coat, later as a summer suit—a saddle-stitched butcher linen, embossed buttons

The suit: In red, luggage, navy, kelly green. About \$10.95. 10-18; 9-17. The hat: A milan bonnet with high crown. In red, black, navy, brown, toast, foam blue, dusty pink, yellow and coffee. About \$10

3. *Young and gay*: A gored navy skirt; a red jacket with revers and pockets in navy. The square yoke and narrow extended shoulders give an expensive tailored look

Also in brown with beige jacket banded in brown. Twill Tricara. 10-18. Under \$18

smart as a star

You'll hold romance trumps in any one of these suits chosen by Bonita Granville for reader Lee Redgate

4. "*Gibson Girl*" to make you look as pretty as a picture. This blouse goes snugly under any type suit, is of soft rayon crepe with ruffled collar and cuffs. The intriguing bonnet is a homburg in white petticoat straw with a navy and red belting band finishing it off smartly

Blouse: 30-38. White only; Around \$4. Hat: Also in navy solid or with white trim; and in red solid or with white or navy. About \$6



5



5. *The slim-liner*: The skirt is gored, the jacket has regimental colored stripes, epaulets

The suit: Navy and black with red regimental stripes; powder blue with navy; aqua and beige with brown. 100% wool. 10-20. Under \$25. The hat: Felt bumper beret with white pique trim. In navy; or in natural straw with navy. \$8.75

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(City).....

(State).....

How to know a nip from a tuck—and how to
have clothes on a wartime budget that will have the
boys nip-and-tuck trying to date you

Put Easter in your clothes

BY SARA HAMILTON



An apron that works double quick to make last year's "just a dress" into this chic 1943 outfit: Ann Miller

HOW'S your spring morale? Are you balefully eyeing your purse, particularly the hole in it left by having paid the first quarter of your income tax? And are you wondering how you're going to give your wardrobe that spring lift? Or how, indeed, you're going to be some-



A small—and smart—new cape over a good old dress saves pennies, makes time in springtime budget tune

thing more than a blank in the Easter Parade, with nothing but last year's clothes?

Then take heart. For here are some style-saving tips that will not only make you a banner bearer for Easter and early summer, but will make your Uncle Sam love you. Because the girl who makes last year's clothes do can buy this year's War Bonds. And who would kick at being able to support the boys abroad and delight the men at home, all in one fell swoop?

They're Edward Stevenson's ideas, really. Eddie is one of Hollywood's youngest and most modern designers. He has designed for practically all the cinema glamour gals, who are, re-

member, working girls like the rest of us. He knows a nip from a tuck and when to nip and when to tuck, Eddie does. He knows how to achieve the chic it takes to cheek-to-cheek with a second looney.

Eddie has lots of wonderful, straight-from-Hollywood suggestions about getting sex into your clothes and salvaging last year's little numbers to boot. He says:

"Get out the little blue or black number that's hanging in your closet and strip off all gee-gaws. On its bare foundation fashion a yard or two of the best looking, attention-compelling print you can find, in a smart apron style—just like Grandma's old-fashioned gingham ones—and tie it around your waist. Take the leftovers and wrap them around your head as a turban. Wear black or blue shoes and carry a black or blue bag—and walk down



To make you a girl who looks different: A print turban, gloves, purse as a new fillup for an old outfit

the avenue like a queen of the May!

"If the apron-turban idea proves the success it should be, have another apron and another turban in striped or checkered taffeta for evening wear."

Stevenson contends too much attention is paid to plain sophisticated smartness, both in dress and coiffure—even when it's unbecoming or unflattering. "Forget it," he says. "Be pretty as well as smart. Remember—after a man looks at your legs he looks at your face. And a glad-mad hat, a soft coiffure, a rounded bosom, all make for prettiness."

HE goes on: "If your last year's frock or even a new one is smart enough without the apron, carry out the print turban effect with print gloves and purse. There are dozens of little glove makers or even dressmakers scattered about who can whip up a pair of gloves and cover an old shabby purse with your bright print material in no time—to make you the envy of every girl in the office."

"Linen is smart, too," Eddie says. "But everyone has a linen dress. So how about a gingham dress with a linen cape, linen gloves and a straw hat the color of the gloves and cape. Or—to wear with last year's linen dress—a gingham cape and gingham gloves."

"Or why not a blue linen cape and accessories to wear with a white linen dress, thereby killing two sergeants on leave with one stone? Or, if you live in a large city such as New York or Chicago where light street clothes are impracticable, why not the same effect with black and white or black and chartreuse linen?"

Speaking of the old black dress—and speak of it reverently, for it may be your best friend for the next couple of years—Eddie suggested taking out the worn sleeves and replacing them with glamorous new full sleeves of striped (Continued on page 73)

FOR THE *May Maid*

Grey stands for smartness . . . Kathryn Grayson of M-G-M's "Private Miss Jones" wears it meaningfully, combines two shades of it in a standout suit cut to beguiling slimness. The jacket is collarless with a squared neckline framing the crisp white piqué gilet. Darker grey wool bands the jacket front and the slash pockets to match the soft shade of the pencil-line skirt. Irene designed the suit; Kathryn sets it off with a gay little hat of grey wool trimmed with black patent leather flowers





Green stands for spring . . . A jumper dress in two shades of spring green that has all the freshness, the gaiety, the brightness of a new season. Irene-designed, Kathryn Grayson's has a softly flared skirt of kelly with wide shoulder straps and slash pockets in chartreuse. The drawstring neckline of the white crepe blouse is a "just right" note

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Pink stands for a proposal . . . a new proposal along an old line. A daguerreotype, 1943, conceived by designer Irene, destined to grace dance floors quaintly. Pale pink slipper satin makes the dress; self-cording outlines the bodice and hipline. Underneath—a dream of a petticoat of crinoline and a boned bodice. How the camelia stays on Kathryn's shoulder is a secret (but why don't you try adhesive tape?); how the dress will effect a stag line is a foregone—and very fashionable—conclusion





Song for Julie

A daddy-daughter duet that will linger in your memory. The song is by John Carroll, written before he went to war. In the singing you hear the echo of victory

A last-day-together picture of John and six-year-old Julie, daughter, too, of Steffi Duna, from whom John is divorced. As writer Eve Stanley listened, he told Julie many things on that day, as they played in the swing together and . . .

. . . climbed trees together and explored for a last time Julie's small world, the green back yard. He told her that now that he had finished "The Hit Parade" and was going away, she must mind Memere



Memere is John's French mother and his business manager, the person to whom he has entrusted his daughter until he shall come home to her again. But most of all . . .

. . . he left Julie his song. And when Hollywood listens to the soft echo of a little girl's voice singing it, it will know that in this duet there lies the promise of peace

Julie
 Julie, Julie, Julie
 Daddy's best girl you'll always be
 With your cute little nose
 And that mouth like a rose
 You'll always be my Julie
 Julie, Julie, Julie
 I know you'll be waiting for me
 Brush your teeth and your hair
 And mind your Memere
 Till Daddy comes back to Julie
 John Carroll



We might say, grandly, that this is how you can perform miracles.

Or we might say, simply, as does Pat O'Brien, that this is what you need . . .

BY GLADYS HALL

Your Secret Weapon



A bravo for "Bombardier"; for Pat O'Brien who worked in it; and for all the men who ask their women to do what he believes in

A FEW years ago little Mavourneen, eldest of the three dearly beloved O'Brien children, had a convulsion. Doctors started coming from all directions. Nurses were summoned, went to work. Eloise O'Brien, heart numb but fingers nimble, worked with them. Suddenly, the rigid child relaxed. Relieved, but admittedly unable to account for the swift, beneficent change, the doctors said, "She will be all right."

But where was Pat? Devoted father that he is, where was he?

Eloise found him, a few minutes later, in the hall closet with his rosary.

"There was nothing else I could do," he said.

Eloise smiled at him through tears. "Nothing else," she told him, "was necessary."

To Pat has been given the gift of faith. It is an instinct with him, as deeply rooted and as ineradicable as the functions of breathing, eating, sleeping. It comes, primarily, from his religion. But his parents put it into his hands.

"My dad taught me," says Pat. "He taught me everything I knew. How to shoot marbles. How to hold a baseball bat. How to be a guy."

"When I enlisted in the Navy during World War One I was eighteen. Before I left, Dad asked me to promise him that I wouldn't smoke or take a drink until I was twenty-one. I made him the promise—and kept it."

"Later, my mother told me that his friends had joshed him about me. 'Oh, come now,' they said, 'don't tell us that boy of yours doesn't even smoke corn silk! Don't tell us that in these days of Prohibition and bathtub gin, he doesn't take a drink.'"

"“I don't believe he does,” your

father told them,' said my mother. She added, 'Your father has great faith in you.'

"That faith of theirs I'll carry with me all the days of my life."

"And what has this case to do with the war and things as they are today? You think that with such mothers and fathers, those kids out there don't know God's arms are around them?"

"When you talk to the nurses, *women*, who read of the atrocities, know the dangers and, knowing, plead to be sent to the Bataans, the Corregidors, anywhere a task force must go, you know they must have faith in something. Maybe it's just pity for their fellow man. Maybe it's courage of a very high

order. Or maybe it's as one of them said to me: 'I suppose we're like women who know what childbirth is, yet suffer it voluntarily because they have faith in the giving of life. The difference with us being that we believe, also, in the saving of life. Which is, perhaps, not so different after all.'

"No, not so different. And come to think of it, what's the difference what you call your faith? Would faith be ashamed to be called pity for your fellow man? Would God be displeased if we called Him by the name of Courage?"

"I THINK the seventh of December, a year ago, did something to a lot of kids. Maybe it gave them a new religion of their own. For I believe that every youngster, every potential candidate for combat, has faith in—well, let's name it 'victory,' this time. If he didn't have, he'd be a pretty unhappy guy in camp. He isn't. He's lonely, often, but not unhappy. I visited every camp in the country. I talked with the kids, always ate with them rather than with the officers, and ninety-eight percent of them say, 'I think it's great.'

"They say that, knowing what they've got coming to them. World War One was, comparatively, an adventurous war. You enlisted because the band was playing, the parade was swinging down the street. There's no glamour in this war; not even a parade. They know that, too. They know it's a different kind of war, mechanized and monstrous. But they still want to get into the fight."

"Yeah, knowing what they know, hearing the stories they hear, seeing the casualties they see, when they still want to go, (Continued on page 77)

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DEAR Bette Davis:

This letter will be full of nothing but trouble that I've had since I started with my love affairs.

I am greatly confused as I seem to be in love with two brothers and the two brothers seem to be in love with me. They quarrel over me; when I go out with one of them I am almost sure I love him best, but I get the same feeling when I go out with the other one.

The younger brother is more of the quiet type. If he sees me walking on the street, he'll only say as much as "hello." But when he goes out with me he shows me a great deal of love. The older brother pays attention to me regardless of where I am and acts a little more jokey than romantic, yet shows interest in me.

Please write and tell me what I should do—depart from both of them, or what? I'm afraid I am causing trouble for both brothers.

Nancy Lou J.

Dear Miss J:

If, as you say, both brothers are in love with you, yet you cannot make up your mind between them, it would be better not to see either of them. This situation, as you say yourself, cannot but eventually cause enormous trouble between them.

However, I would judge that the brother you describe as the "quiet" one is really in love with you. At any rate, he would make the better husband. It may be fun right now to go out with the brother who seems "more jokey than romantic," but over a long period of years this joking might wear rather thin. This type of man is apt not to confine his joking to you alone, but usually has fun with everyone he meets. Remember this in trying to solve your problem, because of course only you can solve it.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have a very serious problem to face and I believe you can help me.

I have been married eighteen months and I have a baby boy eight months old. I had the baby because I thought a child would change my husband, but it hasn't. He still thinks he is single and wants to go out night after night, alone.

I don't believe in tying a man down, but I think I am entitled to a little freedom, such as going to the movies. My husband even objects to my taking a walk, wheeling the baby. When we have arguments about anything, no matter how small, he beats me unmercifully.

On his free day from the factory,

Riverbottom scene:
Writer Fredda Dudley
and Bette Davis
read Photoplay-
Movie Mirror mail

After the appearance of my first
column I received a great
many letters asking if
"I should like to
be a columnist." I should like to
be a columnist, but I don't
know how to do it. I select those
letters which I feel are
representative of the problem
I am dealing with in the next
issue. I don't have time to
completely edit my material
or to give me Fredda Dudley
to help me.
Bette Davis

he never stays at home but always goes out with other men. I have thought repeatedly of leaving him, but he threatens to take the baby if I do. At present I am only staying with him for the sake of the baby, but I don't think I can stand his abuse much longer.

My problem is this: Should I leave him and let him take the baby, or should I fight for my child? I think I would die if he took my baby away from me. Please advise me.

Mrs. T. W.

Dear Mrs. W:

To begin with, I'm sure you will agree with me that a marriage is a good marriage, worth preserving, only so long as it contributes to your dignity as a human being.

If your husband continues to behave like a single man, and if he continues to abuse you, you should certainly divorce him (or separate if your religion forbids divorce). When I suggest this drastic

step, I presume that you are doing absolutely nothing to exasperate your husband, or to cause him to abuse you and leave you alone night after night.

You tell me that you are remaining with your husband and enduring his brutality only for the sake of your child. We all know that the most desirable environment for a child is that in which a normal home is maintained, presided over by a congenial father and mother. However, I am firmly convinced that enormous damage can be done to any child, no matter how young, when it is subjected to constant quarreling and contention between its parents. It may well ruin his or her life.

If you have witnesses who will testify to the manner in which you say your husband has been treating you, there should be nothing to hinder your getting custody of the baby. He certainly, as you describe him, is hardly a good father for any child. In making your decision, I feel that you should consider only the development and happiness of your son.

Bette Davis.

Your problems answered by Bette Davis

A strange dilemma in this month's letters—that of the wife of a Mohammedan

KKNOWN throughout the country as the greatest advice star in Hollywood, Bette Davis now volunteers to answer your letters through these pages. Write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your problem seems to her to be a universal one, she will answer it here. All names of persons are changed.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you in the hope that you will be able to help me. Fear and worry are killing me. Twenty-three years ago I married a man of Mohammedan race. I have four girls and one son. We once owned a small home, but lost it through my husband's vice, who spent his nights away from home.

I raised my children myself and worked far into the night. When the children started to school, my troubles began. They were taunted, black-guarded and asked, "What are you?" They said, "You aren't white and you aren't black. If you don't tell, we will beat you up after school."

Due to this constant picking, they have become nervous wrecks and fear has kept them friendless. They spend their time in the house and you might say we live in a world of our own. The youngest girl is sixteen, the next seventeen, the next nineteen. Then comes my son twenty, and my oldest daughter, twenty-two. My son and oldest daughter support us as we haven't seen their father for twelve years.

It breaks my heart to see other young girls go out and enjoy themselves while my children never go anywhere. We have been advised to move into a small

country town where we could have a garden and flowers, but I don't know where we could find such a place.

I am a lone, unhappy, miserable woman. Dear Miss Davis, please write to me and tell me what is best to do for my children and myself, for I am afraid some kind of disaster is bound to happen to us as the situation is getting beyond our control.

Mrs. Hester F.

Dear Mrs. F:

You state that fear for your children is killing you. Personally, I don't think you should censure yourself for the difficulties they find themselves in after twenty-three years. You must have been very much in love with your husband or you wouldn't have married him; therefore you have nothing of which to be ashamed. No one really understands the nature of love; it seems many times to spring up between two people of totally different race and creed, without explanation.

You have surely done well by your children to have taken care of them and brought them up without the help of a father in the later years. Now, you must allow your children to solve their own problem.

Fifty percent of solving any situation lies in first accepting the facts of the case, especially if there is absolutely nothing that can be done about changing those facts. Your children's father was Mohammedan, therefore they must, in order to

protect themselves, be proud of his race. If they adopt this attitude, it will be impossible for others to ridicule them. It seems to me that they should find out as much as possible about the history of the Mohammedans. Any public library will undoubtedly prove to be a treasure house of exciting information about the forebears of your husband's race. With so many American troops in Mohammedan countries, your children would soon find themselves in the midst of interesting discussions, I should think.

Frankly, I don't believe your children's situation can be solved by moving to another community. Your same problem would most likely exist wherever you went. It is a situation that your children must solve right in their own home, by meeting it with courage and pride.

Bette Davis.

Dear Madam:

I am twenty years old and in service. I had a hard time trying to convince a young lady to begin a love career with me, but eventually I did. It has been for the space of six years since we began.

Since I have been with the chains of war bound around me, I don't hear from her. I have scrutinized my life to see if I can find a fault, but the only reason I can find is that I am working for Uncle Sam.

Perhaps she is discouraged with me

because we can't walk in the park, or can't talk face to face or over the telephone as we used to do. May I look to you for advice?

James C.

Dear Sergeant C:

I suspect that the difficulty lies entirely with your being with Uncle Sam, a matter over which you have no control.

Your girl has probably been as lonely as you have been since you went away and I imagine she is extremely discouraged about not being able to see you more often. I imagine you'll just have to be patient with the non-progress of your love affair until you can see her again.

My only suggestion is—deluge her with letters. She will then know that you haven't forgotten her and that is automatically a help always.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of eighteen years, have golden blonde hair, green eyes, fair complexion and a pug nose. I'm five feet and an inch, weight 100 pounds. I have a little girl one year old. I have no parents and my husband will soon be in service. The prospect is so lonely.

Miss Davis, would you help me? I want to be an actress or a dancer in the movies.

I have nobody out in California, so could you or would you let my baby and me come to you for a few weeks so I could have a chance? I'll even scrub your floors.

Toni L.

Dear Mrs. L:

To be lonely is one of the most tragic things in all the world, but the solution is not coming to live with me.

Your offer to scrub my floors is very generous, but I'm sure you can find something to do in the city in which you are living that would be far more interesting—and easier on your hands.

As to becoming an actress or a dancer in the movies—prove yourself on the stage first.

You will be able to overcome your loneliness, I'm sure, if you will keep busy at some war work.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of sixteen. Last summer I was sick and lost all my hair. I would like to know if you could get me a wig. The color of my hair was dark brown, my face is oval shape and my head is the size of Virginia Weidler's. I would be glad to pay any expense.

Jean B.

Dear Miss B:

I suggest that you write to Mr. Perc Westmore in care of Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California.

Give him your complete head measurements and the color of hair desired. Also, supply him with a picture of yourself, taken before you lost your hair. In this way he will be able to design an appropriate hairdress for your type of face.

If you do not hear from Mr. Westmore, please let me know.

Bette Davis.

Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:

I've been married almost six years to a man thirteen years my senior. We are very much in love and I am happier

today than I was when I married.

I read in a movie magazine where a star's standing was judged by his "fan" mail. So I wrote a "fan" letter to Dennis Morgan, wanting to do my part toward boosting him to success. As an answer the studio sent me his photograph.

My in-laws were at my house the day it arrived. Then the ribbing really started and several days later they brought me a clipping about "females" making fools of themselves over male stars.

I want to know if you think I did right or wrong. Don't you think it possible for the average 'movie-goer' like me to be interested in a male movie star because she likes his work and wants to help him to success?

Mrs. J. M.

Dear Mrs. M:

All I can say is that when "females," as your in-laws call us, stop "making fools" of ourselves over actors—again your in-laws' idea—our actors will most certainly be in the soup.

The value of Dennis Morgan, or that

NEXT MONTH ON THE COVER

Hollywood's Number One

Box-office Girl

Betty Grable

and another private-life story
uncovering the cover girl by

Sidney Skolsky

Hollywood's noted columnist

of any other actor, is judged by his studio according to the number of people who go to see his pictures and how many of those people write and tell him so.

Mr. Morgan sent you his picture, I'm sure, so that you would know how much he appreciated the boost you were giving his career, and those who place any other interpretation on it do not understand the importance of fan mail in Hollywood.

Believe me, all of us on the screen are grateful to people like you who write us.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

Within a short time I am going to make my debut in the opera, "La Traviata," in which I will sing Violetta.

Because of financial reasons, my gowns for the opera are proving more expensive than I can afford.

During one of the scenes in "Now, Voyager," you wore a sequin cape which would be an ideal costume for the first act entrance. I was wondering if you might allow me to borrow it.

Martha M.

Dear Miss M:

I inquired at the wardrobe department about the sequin cape, only to learn it will be impossible to loan it you.

The war has affected the studios quite as much as it has other industries. As you know, there are many materials no longer available, so the studio must conserve those they have. There is now a strict rule in the wardrobe department that nothing is to be loaned under any circumstance. I tried a mild sort of wheedling, without result. I am so sorry. My best wishes for your success,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I should like to employ an agent, but there are some things I should know about agents first, I think.

How does one go about employing an agent? In general, what are agents' fees for beginners? What service does an agent render?

Alice Z.

Dear Miss Z:

Employing an agent usually comes about in this way: Some agent becomes interested in your career and seeks to sign you as a client. It is then your prerogative to hire him or to look around for someone who, you feel, could do a better job for you. At this point one thing for you to consider very seriously is securing an agent who is truly interested in you and in advancing your career.

I believe the law allows an agent ten percent of your salary.

An agent's duties resolve themselves into the complete management of your career. He advises and guides you in a million different ways. He assists you in straightening out contractual difficulties, helps you in the choice of scripts and arranges your personal appearances and your work on the radio.

If an agent does not help you with all these things, he is not being fair with you and so is not worthy of your employ.

Bette Davis.

My dear Miss Davis:

Unlike many girls I know, I do not wish to become a movie actress. My ambition was to become a model, but nature has seen to it that I'll never have a career of that sort.

I am still in my teens, but out of high school. I am just too tall: five feet eleven inches. Crowding six feet as you can see. I weigh 150, but everyone tells me that I am proportioned excellently.

On the whole, though, I feel very conspicuous at all times. This is not intended for a "sob story" so please don't accept it as such. I'm going to try to build some kind of career, but heavens only knows what it shall be. Could you advise?

Zora W.

Dear Miss W:

Height has little to do with a girl's beauty; pride of carriage and grace of movement are real determining factors.

I have talked to several persons about careers for tall girls and I have learned that in Earl Carroll's famous club in Hollywood there are two girls who are an even six feet tall.

At Paramount Studios, Ginger Rogers is currently working in a picture called "Lady In The Dark" and in the dream sequence a chorus of fashion models is used to create a superb effect. Every girl in that sequence is six feet tall in heels.

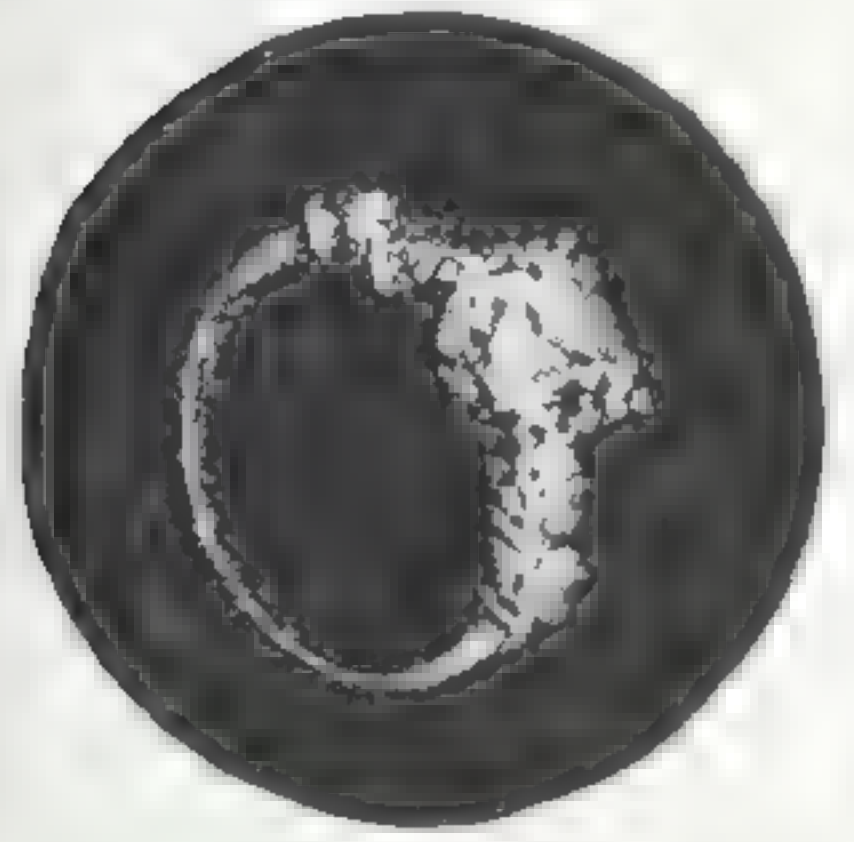
So I don't believe height should deter you from seeking any career that appeals to you, particularly that of a model. You should be ideal for this work.

Bette Davis.

The End

MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."



HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA'S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues it off again.

Do this every night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why Martha loves Pond's—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.



A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCE', now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

GETTING READY FOR A "CROCODILE" LINE—Martha rounds up a little group for practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aidier, Martha is especially interested in war-time care of small children.

"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." You'll find Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

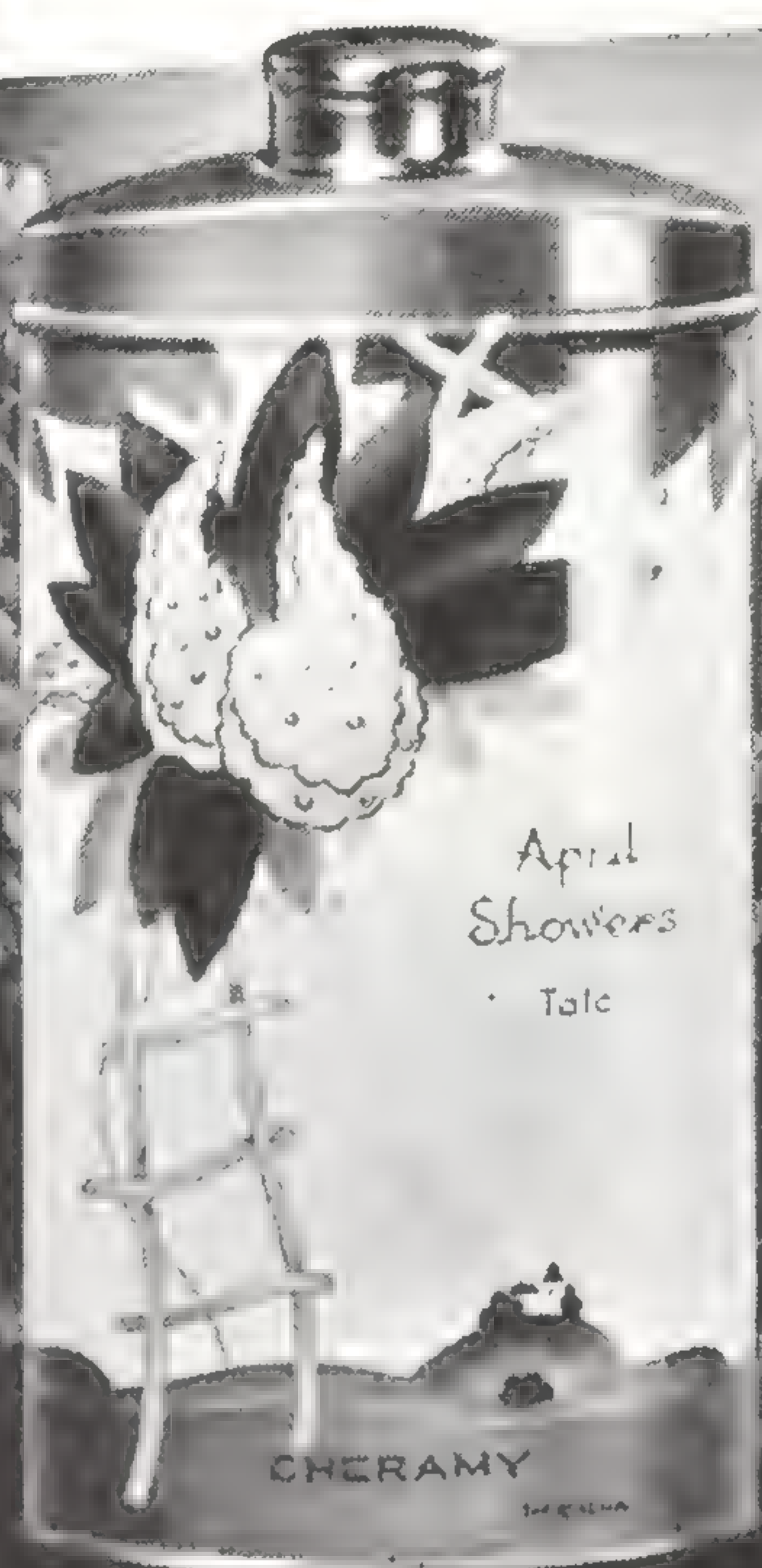




A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!

Whisper your allure...your gay enchantment...with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand...and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allure-ment-linger about you, always! *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERMAY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

The Winners!

Bowing to the stars who took the bows—and the Oscars for '42—at the Academy Award dinner



"Big night" in Hollywood in a war-time mood was the annual Academy Award dinner at the Ambassador Hotel. Gone were the bright lights, but still loud were the cheers for these '42 winners. Judged the top woman star for her performance as "Mrs. Miniver" Greer Garson took one Oscar; another went to Jim Cagney as the best male star for his role of George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Because he proved himself in "Johnny Eager" Second Lt. Van Heflin was handed the "best supporting actor" award

Among the highlights of the seven-hour program which included the unveiling of the film colony's service flag by service men Ty Power and Alan Ladd was the handing of the Oscar to Greer, in black chiffon and lace, by Joan Fontaine in the same dress she wore as last year's winner. Teresa Wright, judged "best supporting actress" cried on the platform, laughed happily afterwards with her husband Niven Busch



Marquerite Chapman

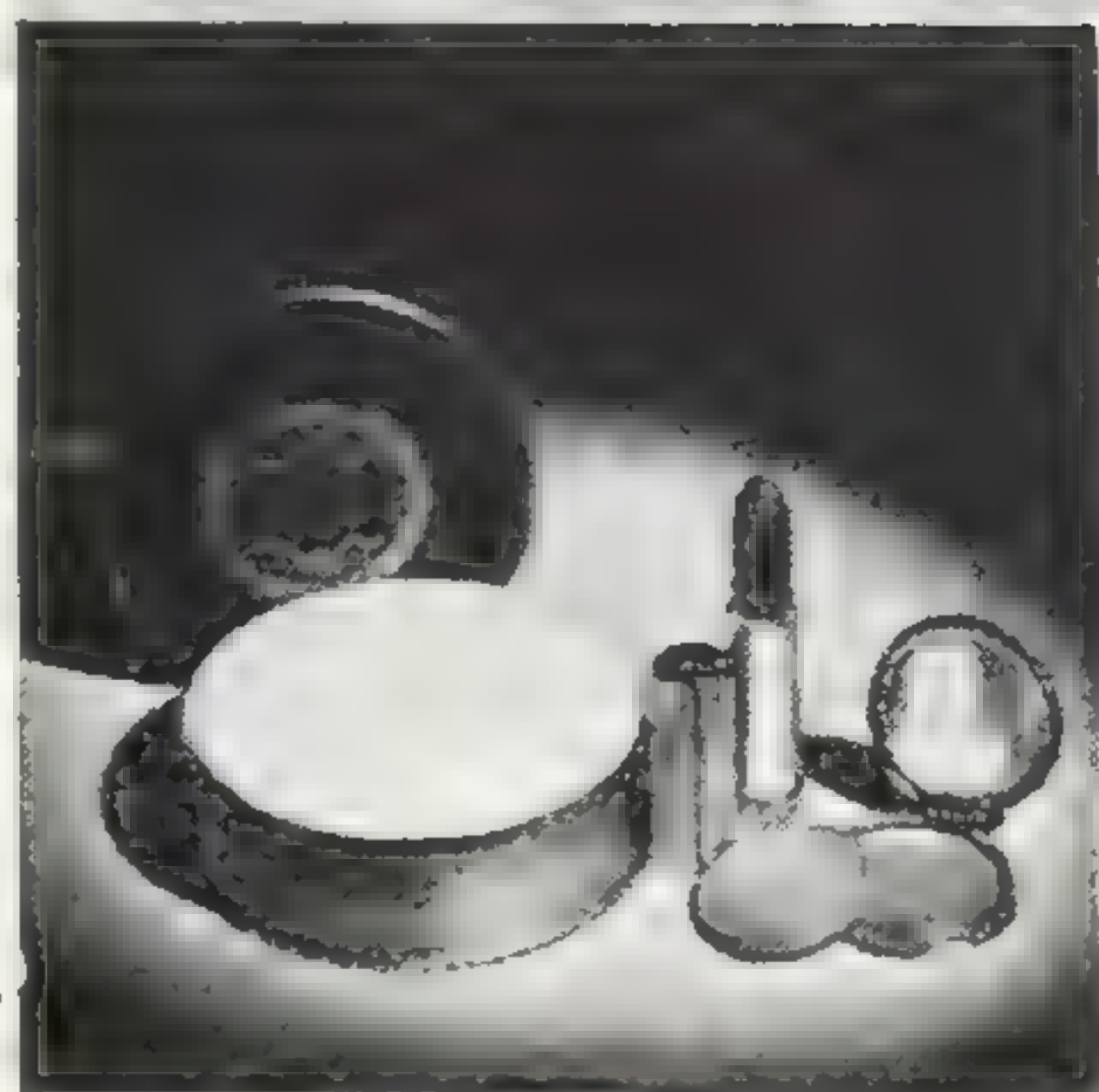
IN COLUMBIA'S
"DESTROYER"

*Max Factor * Hollywood
Face Powder!*

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

ARE you blonde?...or brunette?...or brownette?...or redhead?...whatever your type, there's a Color Harmony shade of this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* to accent all the natural beauty of your type.

So, make this Hollywood secret yours now...discover how perfect a face powder can be. See what an attractive, youthful-looking color tone it gives to your skin...how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and note how the unusual clinging quality keeps your make-up beautiful for extra hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...\$1.00.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Catch the Gleam in His Eye

WITH COLOR-BRIGHT HAIR



*Try this Thrilling New
"Make-Up" Hair Rinse!*

BRUSH ENCHANTMENT into your hair with Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! See it shine and gleam with the flattering color-brightness of youth! At home, after your shampoo, dissolve Marchand's delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Cuts soap film...enlivens the natural color-tone...does for your hair what rouge and lipstick do for your face.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a bleach! Not a permanent dye! Can't harm your hair—safe as lemon or vinegar. Goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Twelve different shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

**6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c**

At all Drug Counters



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The Dennison Handy Helper says:
"WRAP IT TIGHT—MARK IT RIGHT"

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BRIEF REVIEWS



It comes up a lot of fun: Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean showing why "It Comes Up Love" is a mark-it-well film

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **AIR FORCE**—Warners: One of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed, with suspense riding with the crew of the *Mary Ann*, an American bomber, from the moment it lifts into the air through the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor to Wake Island and Manila. John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner, and Gig Young, Jim Brown, George Tobias and the rest of the cast deserve special mention. (April)

✓ **AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE**—Universal: Deanna Durbin, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married Commodore Harry Davenport just before he went down with his torpedoed ship in order to get her eight war-orphan companions in the U. S. Soon enough she finds herself in all sorts of difficulties and head over heels in love with Edmond O'Brien, grandson of the late *Commodore*. (April)

✓ **AMERICAN EMPIRE**—Harry Sherman—U.A.: A Western in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas. Leo Carrillo is the rustler who steals their cattle until the shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoo. Frances Gifford is Foster's wife. (Mar.)

✓ **ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE**—M-G-M: Andy has three days left in Carvel before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford is back as Polly. (Mar.)

✓ **ARABIAN NIGHTS**—Wanger-Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jon Hall, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. (Mar.)

ARMY SURGEON—RKO-Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty are stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse Jane Wyatt. Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

BEHIND THE 8-BALL—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again in this story about a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production, with the murderers turning out to be spies. Carol Bruce sings and Grace McDonald dances. (Mar.)

✓✓ **CASABLANCA**—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. Superb. (Feb.)

CAT PEOPLE—RKO-Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

✓✓ **CHETNIKS!**—20th Century-Fox: A thrilling story right out of the headlines about Yugoslavia guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler. Hiding in the hills, Mihailovitch, Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town in which his wife and children live, until he recaptures it. (April)

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery, an unbelievably brash, reckless American (Continued on page 104)

SHADOW STAGE

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Here's **ROSALIND RUSSELL**... *lovely as
Springtime
itself*

Here's the **BEAUTY** soap
she uses every day!



CHARMING ROSALIND RUSSELL, STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"



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FACIALS** ARE A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY CARE!
THE CREAMY **LUX
SOAP** LATHER
CARESSES SKIN
SO GENTLY AS
YOU SMOOTH
IT ON—



RINSE WITH WARM
WATER, THEN SPLASH
WITH COLD.

PAT THE FACE
GENTLY DRY WITH
A SOFT TOWEL.
THIS DAILY **BEAUTY
CARE** LEAVES SKIN
LOVELY TO LOOK AT,
SOFT TO TOUCH!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*

*The hats are all right but
my hair is ALL WRONG!*



ANN: "No hat seems to look well because my hair's so dull and drab-looking! Oh dear! and I did want to look my best when Jim comes home."



MISS BETTY: "Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? Many of the girls with the loveliest hair who come into my shop tell me they use it after every shampoo. It rinses away the dull soap film, you know. And it makes your hair actually radiant with highlights—so much softer and silkier, too...a perfect setting for the new Spring hats."



ANN: "Jim loved my new hat and he raved about my hair. Said he never saw it look so 'alive'—so full of sparkle and color. It's a million thanks from me to Nestle Colorinse. And here's something else I've discovered. Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing makes hair still lovelier."

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

Nestle
COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores
and drug stores

What Hollywood Thinks of Paulette Goddard

(Continued from page 43) of the girls in the picture. I've heard that Paulette gets her happiness out of giving other people pleasure. And I know it's so."

Now for a different viewpoint. It's that of Producer "Blank," veteran movie-maker who doesn't think people are likely to impose on Paulette or that she is too soft-hearted for her own good. He says: "Everything Paulette Goddard does furthers her career in one way or another. And never by coincidence. I'll defy anyone in Hollywood to point to a single Goddard break that was due to chance. Every one has been the direct result of a campaign mapped out by as shrewd a brain as there is in pictures—her own. Goddard never makes a move that isn't calculated to bring her a little closer to her goal—the pinnacle of feminine stardom."

"Paulette is too smart to admit she has such an ambition. She will tell you that she just wants to do as good a job as she knows how. But she is always on her toes and never misses a trick because she aims to outshine every woman star in pictures."

AN extra girl followed out this line of thought. She said frankly that she hadn't been able to get anywhere in pictures in seven years because she couldn't do what Goddard does—play the game, be smart enough to handle people without their knowing they were being handled.

But Roseanna Burke, another extra who has worked in Goddard pictures, came to the Goddard defense with this.

"That girl will never be more than an extra because she's envious and bitter. It never occurred to her that Paulette encourages people because she wants to help them. I've spent days and days on the set with Goddard and I'll tell you she doesn't fawn around anybody. One of the reasons mean stories get out about her is because she is so independent with the people on the top. Her favors go to people who couldn't possibly help her: To extras and hairdressers and stand-ins and old-timers down in luck."

Fred Astaire, who took quite a little persuading before he was willing to dance with Paulette in "Second Chorus," admitted that once he began rehearsing with her he was amazed at how quickly she caught on. He felt it was her natural athletic ability, her love of music and an inherent gaiety that made her love dancing so much she took lessons at night after working all day with him—until he learned she had been doing it with feet raw and bleeding. Then he decided it was just plain courage.

HEDVIG MJORUD, hairdresser responsible for Paulette's hairdress in her Paramount pictures, adds a little more color to our personality portrait of the dynamic Goddard.

"Two things about Goddard that stand out are that she will do what she says she will, regardless, and that she's not obstinate and will listen to reason," says Miss Mjorud.

"If you tell her you need an hour and a half to do her hair she'll give it to you—and not try to cheat five minutes on you. She strives to get everything done the best it possibly can be. She's like Irene Dunne in striving for perfection in personal things."

"Goddard will listen to reason. In

trying to cure her of her love for a lot of curls I asked her if she wanted a dolly-dimple hair-do. She laughed and told me to experiment. I talked her into a simple hairdress.

"Her not being stuck up is one of the reasons I like her so much."

The famous Cecil B. De Mille, star-maker, paints the set of Paulette's chin for us. He says: "Once Paulette Goddard grips an idea, no amount of discouragement can make her let go. With her mind on a goal, she moves steadily forward over any obstacle. No amount of disappointment or punishment can dissuade her from her purpose. That quality will carry her far."

Glenn Alden, who makes Paulette up for her pictures and stays on the set with her, gives us this picture.

"One of the most interesting things about Paulette is that she's very thrifty and very generous at the same time. I've seen her heckle with an interior decorator to save a dollar and then turn around and buy everybody on the picture a fine portable radio."

"Another unusual thing about Paulette is that she uses practically no make-up. Stars usually require a lot of corrective make-up. Paulette needs no make-up but lipstick and eyebrow pencil and absolutely no corrective make-up of any kind."

Martha Linden, one of the thousands on autograph seekers who haunt every preview, premiere and night spot in Hollywood, is just fourteen. But she has been trying for over two years to get an autograph of Paulette Goddard.

She says: "Paulette Goddard won't give any of us an autograph. She jumps out of her car and rushes right in wherever she's going, brushing right past us. And she won't give autographs in restaurants or other public places."

"Once when her car was delayed in traffic I got a chance to speak to her in front of Ciro's. She took hold of my hands and closed my autograph book. But she was so pretty and so friendly and laughed so nicely when she did it that she's one of my favorite stars, even if she wouldn't give me an autograph."

Perhaps it will make Martha feel better to know there's a reason why Goddard won't give autographs. Once she was fooled into signing something she shouldn't, thinking it was just an autograph. Since then she has had thumbs down on distributing her signature.

And now for the last strokes in our personality portrait—and the opinions that really count.

Mr. John Q. Public, in the person of James Spear of Minneapolis, was interviewed in the lobby of Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater. Said Mr. Speare: "I like Paulette Goddard on the screen. She's not my number one feminine star—but she's so healthy and happy looking and has so much of what a man likes to see in a girl that she may be, one of these days."

Miss Pauline Public, in the person of Ellen Wilstach of Dallas, Texas, interviewed in the foyer of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, said: "To me Paulette Goddard typifies the American girl-woman of 1943—and I think there should be more like her on the screen. I'm not sure that she'll ever be a great actress, but I think she really feels what she acts in pictures."

Now you can frame that picture with what you think of Paulette yourself!

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Put Easter in Your Clothes

(Continued from page 58) or dotted material—maybe taffeta—gathered in at the wrist.

He's enthusiastic, too, about the eye-appeal you can have with a bolero, gloves and hat fashioned from striped cotton—as accessories for a plain frock. Can't you see yourself in this honey of an outfit?

Eddie says Joan Fontaine wears a strip of blue and white striped taffeta under the too plain neckline of a dark blue silk dress and ties it in an immense bow and then has gloves made to match. He suggests a bit of the same taffeta on your last year's blue hat to make the entire outfit a 1943 husband-snatcher. If the notion of having gloves made of one's own material proves too much he recommends cutting flaring cuffs out of the striped material and sewing it onto the cuffs of old gloves. The effect is almost as good.

"Like everything else," Eddie says, "sex in clothes should begin with a firm foundation. Go without malts," he urges, "and save for a girdle that more than fits—that slenderizes, glamorizes and harmonizes your figure as the right girdle will."

He goes on to say, "A too small girdle is as unflattering as one that's too large. And keep far away from a girdle that stops midway and lets the rest of you spill over."

"If, on the other hand, you're one of those slim numbers you can forget all about girdles to concentrate on a good—but really good—brassiere. A good brassiere solves its own problem."

If everything that can be done about your figure is done and you still lack the proportions of Grable there is still no need for discouragement, according to Eddie. "Draw attention away from your figure," he suggests, "by a sassy outfit, by a snappy go-getting hat. Oh, what the right hat can do to keep a man's eyes off a bad pair of legs. A bit of soft maline wrapped under a little round chin can lull any man's suspicions to sleep. A bright gay flowery hat, if you're the type to wear it, atop any plain dark outfit is a godsend. And a fuchsia bonnet, malined and flowered, will compel a man's eyes to climb upward like a homesick angel."

If your legs aren't wonderful, there still is no reason for you to despair. Take Eddie's word for this too. You can do what some of the stars do. You can camouflage your legs with shaded hose.

Take a pair of hose and dip a small area in the back or sides in any safe kind of dye or rinse suitable for silk, but of a tone several shades darker than the color of the hose. Let these areas blend softly with surrounding areas. In other words, darken the part of your hose that covers the chunkiest part of your leg. This will make shadows that will improve your legs' contour magically. Try it on an old pair of hose one day, just for fun.

"Also," Eddie says, "consider your individual type and play up to it like mad!"

"If you're the smallish girl who carries a lot of youthful dignity—the Joan Fontaine type—favor softly feminine sport clothes, cotton lace for day or evening. Be sure, however, that your cotton lace evening frock has a full, graceful skirt. Choose a big piqué hat and a piqué dress of some heavenly

MOM WON'T MIND
— WE USE
FELS-NAPTHA



Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . . though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

Take those two Turkish towels, for example—the Pride of the Linen Closet—to tell the awful truth. In some homes they'd cause a first-class 'conniption'. But not here.

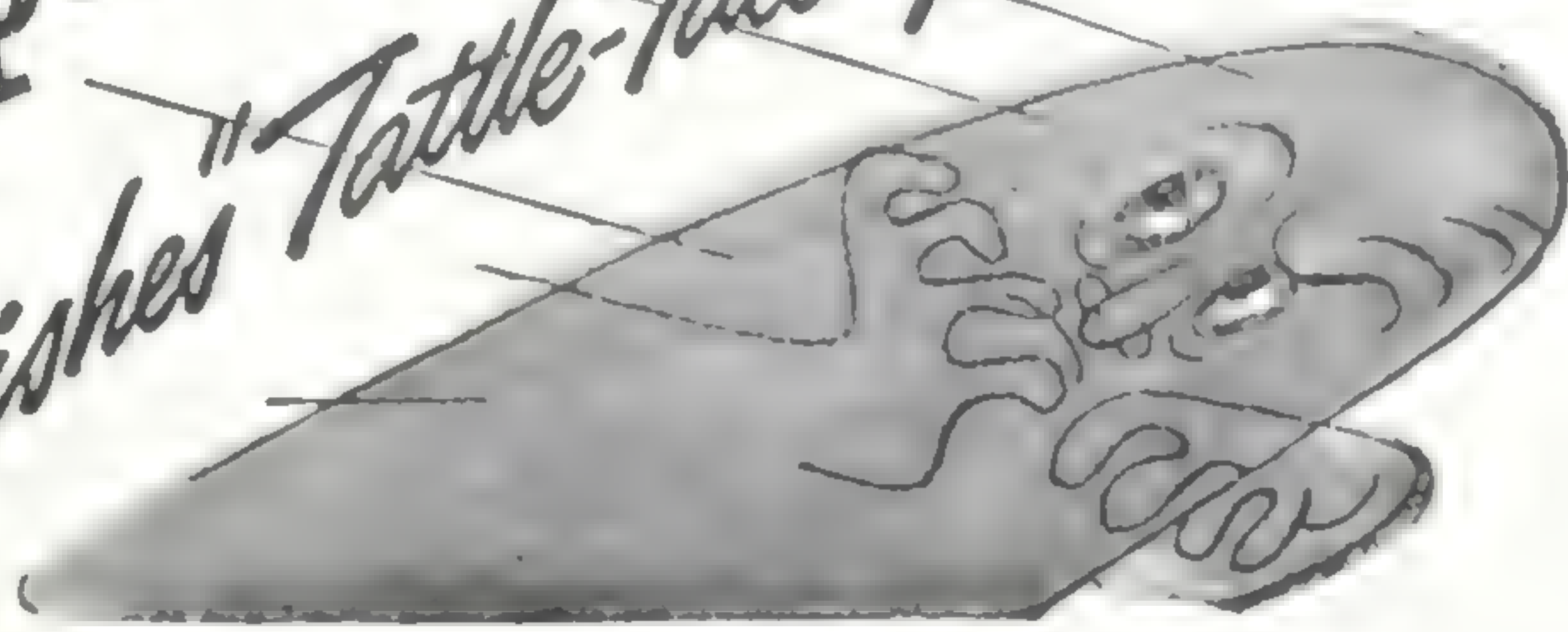
This Mother knows that no youngster can grind dirt in too deep for Fels-Naptha Soap to reach it. She'll soak those towels in rich Fels-Naptha suds. She'll let this grand, mild soap and gentle naptha go to work. Then, a light rub, a quick swish—and out they'll come, as fresh and white as the day they went in her hope chest.

Mother—have you a little 'Junior' in your home? Then you need a lot of Fels-Naptha, too!



Fels-Naptha Soap

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





Does your hair OFFEND?

If you're attractive, yet still lack partners at a dance—perhaps there's a reason. Does your hair offend?

You must know that your scalp perspires, too, and that oily hair, in particular, collects unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hair-brush, your pillow.

You can play safe so easily. Simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It was especially developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and clean. Since it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, it works wonders for oily hair and scalp odor.

The delicate pine scent in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit tonight—be sure your hair can stand a “nasal close-up”!



Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.



shade for day wear. And for you a home-made crocheted blouse would be fun with a linen suit.

“If you're the tall willowy type, like Lucille Ball, you're lucky. Among other things you can wear big, big hats. And I'll never forget how wonderful Lucille looked in a black and white striped taffeta dinner frock I designed for her when she went out on a personal-appearance tour. It always delights me to watch Lucille strut before a mirror, incidentally, to see if there's plenty of swish to the skirts of her suits and dresses. The maximum of movement in the skirt is what Lucille always demands.

“ANN SOTHERN, of course, fits the average girl to a T. She's average in height and weight. Ann loves all the things I've been talking about. Odd bags, gloves, outrageously flattering hats, usually large, against plain backgrounds.

Ann's one really good chunk of jewelry, her clever neckline things, her bags and shoes, her smart coiffure make her a pretty sight indeed. Annie

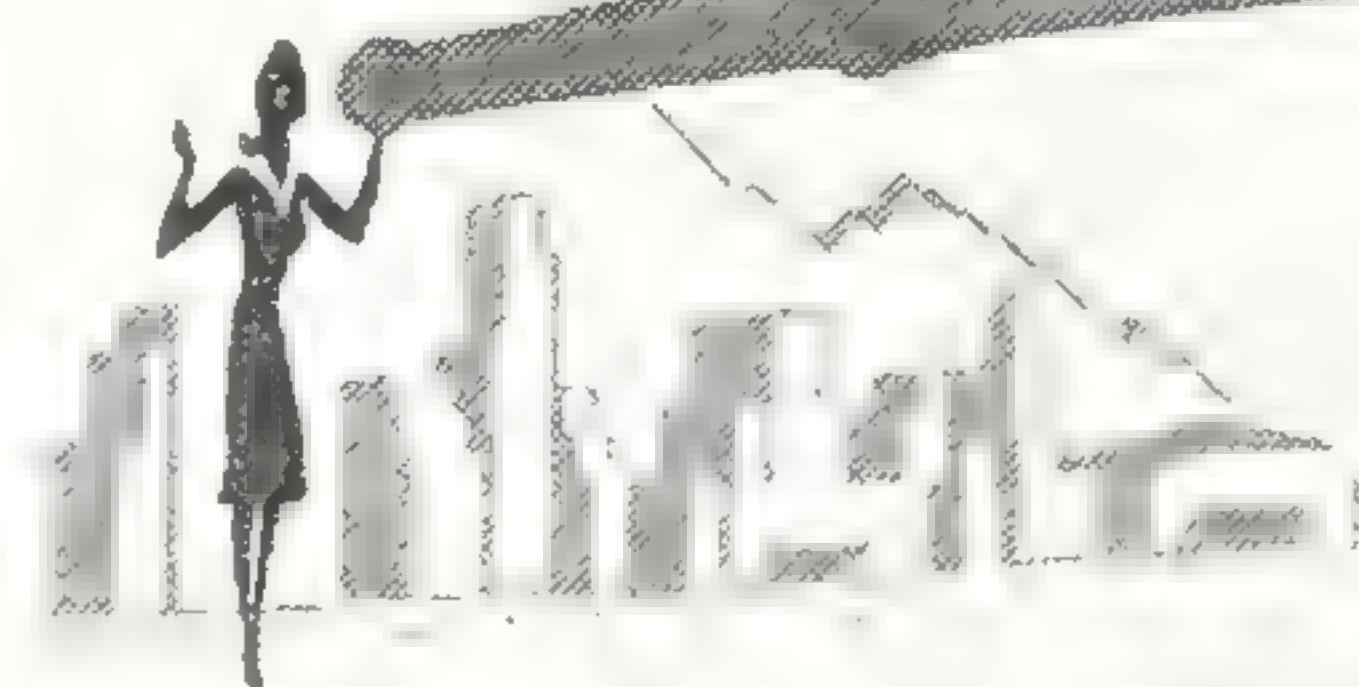
isn't afraid of clothes. She'll wear and dare and dare and wear until the cows come home, and demand fashion to follow her. It does too, in droves. If I said to Ann (and get this, girls), ‘Get out your grandmother's old crocheted shawl, dye it a brilliant color, sew on a few sequins from an old evening gown and wear it over a piqué dinner frock to Ciro's,’ Ann would do it. What is more she would create a sensation.”

You can dream up “oomph” making effects too, you know. And once you get the habit you'll be surprised at all the ideas you'll have—all the beaus too. To quote Eddie again:

“If you want to get along in the world meet life with a challenge. Dare to be different. Don't be afraid to try out new things. See to it that you're so overwhelmingly pretty that no man is going to have any wish to outsmart you in any business problem or personal one, either. Get sex into your clothes, in other words. It's your patriotic duty to keep alluring. Ask any service man.”

Or, for that matter, ask Stevenson.
THE END

HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE



Hollywood stars are awed by noted astrologer Matilda Trotter; these are her startling predictions for May

SINCE 1943 is a year of fireworks for the Hollywood stars, just as it is for the rest of the world, we thought you'd like to know the most spectacular predictions of the month. So here we go. But please bear in mind that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, our astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because accurate information concerning the star's birth was unavailable.

Lana Turner: Perhaps too much has already been written about Lana this year, but so active is her chart for May that I must include her in the Predictions of the Month.

Just as the eclipse of the Sun on February 4 brought things to a focus for Lana—namely the discovery that her marriage to Stephen Crane was not legal and the subsequent annulment of that marriage—so, the full Moon, the week of May 19, should bring all matters to a crisis in Lana's life.

The stars adjure Lana to take no drastic steps either now or during May, for the unexpected will come to pass around the time of the full Moon.

Orson Welles: Orson is going to do it again! Be prepared for publicity concerning him in May which will lead to even more startling news in June.

The transiting Mars in his eleventh house of ambitions, wishes and those in authority conjuncting the lucky Jupiter in friendly aspect to his radix Neptune, the planet which rules the movies as well as the occult and mysterious, indicates that with Orson's own brilliant efforts and the backing of powerful interests he will bring forth something during May and June which will be of value to the world at large.

Orson is not to be sneezed at. He is a true genius as well as a good showman, and those who pretend not to be impressed by him would do well to keep their mouths closed and their eyes open.

George Raft: Here is a birth year I am not certain of, but if the year given me is correct, May will be a terrific month for George.

For the first time in his life the slow moving Uranus, planet of sudden and disrupting events, has come to an exact opposition to his radix, Mars, and in friendly aspect to his Sun. This indicates a breaking-up of a restraining condition of long standing—the moving of an heretofore immovable force.

This should take place around May 4 when the Moon will be in his eighth house, the house that governs divorce, alimony, goods of the dead and money paid out for legal matters.

For George, the stars indicate a smash-up of existing conditions highlighted by much gossip and conjecture.

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NATURAL—for pink and white blondes
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DUSK ROSE—for rich, rosy-tan skin
DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes

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Lynn looking lovely in a hat you can whip up for yourself in nothing flat

Here's Your Hat!

You can have one like Lynn Bari's for a few pennies

to measure 4 inches. 1st row: Sc in 2nd ch from hook and in each ch across. Ch 3, turn. 2nd row: Dc in next sc, * ch 1, skip 1 sc, dc in each of next 2 sc. Repeat from * across, ending with 2 dc. Ch 1, turn. 3rd row: Picking back loop of each st make sc in each dc and in each ch across. Ch 3, turn.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately until piece measures 21 inches or the measurement of head size. Fasten off.

Sew the two short sides neatly together. Do not fasten off but make two rows of running stitch across joining and draw up tight (this is center front). Fasten off.

Cord: Wind Red into 3 equal parts making 3 balls of it. With 3 strands of Red, make a chain 32 inches long, turn. Make dc in 4th ch from hook and in each ch across. Fasten off.

Find the 2 center rows of spaces at center back of Crown. Lace each end of Cord through each of these 2 center rows starting at lower edge. Pull ends of Cord up evenly and gather the center 2 rows of spaces up tightly. Lace remainder of Cord through the end spaces of every other row on both sides of Crown until Cord reaches center

front of Crown. Try hat on and adjust Cord so that hat feels comfortable. Sew ends of Cord securely to top edge of center front.

Front Trim. To begin, with White ch 2. 1st rnd: 8 sc in 2nd ch from hook. Join with sl st. 2nd rnd: 2 sc in each sc around. Join. 3rd rnd: Ch 3, dc in same place as sl st, * ch 1, skip 1 sc, 2 dc in next sc. Repeat from * around. 4th rnd: Picking up the back loop of each st around, make sc in each st around. Join.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rnds alternately 4 more times. Fasten off.

Attach 3 strands of Red to front loop of sc on 5th rnd, ch 3 and make dc in each front loop around. Join. Fasten off.

Work another rnd in the same manner, making dc's in front loops of 9th rnd.

Place Crown on head, then drape front trim at center front of hat to suit individual taste. Remove hat and sew securely in place.

Index: ch—chain; sc—single crochet; dc—double crochet; st—stitch; sl st—slip stitch; rnd—round.

CROCHET YOUR way to greater charm. It's very simple. Even those not adept with crochet needles can duplicate the hat which Lynn Bari of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello" is wearing.

Lynn's hat is white with touches of scarlet. It may be you'll wish to use these colors. Or you may prefer to choose your own.

You'll need four balls of J. & P. Coats Knit-Cro-Sheen, three white and one red and a steel crochet hook No. 0. For explanation of abbreviations used in the following directions see index.

Now then, using a triple thread throughout, to begin the crown ch 24

Your Secret Weapon

(Continued from page 63) it's got to be because they have faith in something. You do not offer up your life for nothing. Being better than a fool, you do not die in vain. Talk with some of the lads who have been out there and have come back wounded and you'll find they have the same point of view.

"Well," said one boy, plenty smashed up, 'twenty-five years ago, my dad went to war. He didn't accomplish what he went for—and died for. But maybe I can, now.'

"That's why I spoke of my dad, my faith in him, his faith in me. It's the most important weapon that comes off the assembly line. Because this kid had faith in his dad, he wouldn't let him down.

"Going to church is a way of exercising those faith muscles. That's why I believe it is more important than it has ever been before for those of us in civvies no less, perhaps more, than those in uniform.

"I had a demonstration of the truth of this. While we were making 'Bombardier,' we were on location in Albuquerque, near the bombardier school there. A lot of the kids said to me, 'I saw you in church on Sunday.' (The services alternated, Catholic and Protestant. I stayed for both.) The way they said it, something like a note of having been reassured in their voices, made me realize that it gives them something when we go to church. The comfort of knowing, perhaps, that we believe in what they must believe.

"Another youngster said to me, 'The Land of the Rising Sun has a slogan, 'We Live To Die.' Look, if the flag of that yellow land is going to rise over Sheboygan High School, I better get out there and do something about it!'

"His faith wore another symbol. His high school was for him the symbol of the realities he believed in.

"Or, as one fledgling volunteer said to me, 'Wait until I get into this!' That was faith by yet another name: Faith in himself.

"WHILE we were on location in Albuquerque, we attended the graduation services at the bombardier school there. I heard those kids pledge, 'I guard this bombsight with my life.' I watched their faces. I felt an iron hand around my throat. 'Not only faith in themselves,' I thought, 'but in a purpose, a great purpose—that out of all this must eventuate something right.'

"And the fact is that faith, whether it be in adventure, in courage, in pity, in your mother, your father, your wife, your school, yourself, is all of one piece and adds up to faith—in God."

THE END

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the June issue of
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on the stands

MAY 7

—or as soon thereafter
as war transportation
can get it there!

NONE OF YOUR LIP!

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DRESSES—I BITE ON A
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PREVENTS LIPSTICK STAINS
—SAVES CLEANING BILLS!

(from a letter by R. M. H., Alliance, Ohio)



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LAUNDRY PAYS FOR A BIG SUPPLY OF
KLEENEX! (from a letter by J. C. K.,
Virginia Beach, Va.)



Well I'll Be...
said the Duchess!
NOW I FURNISH GUESTS WITH KLEENEX
TO REMOVE FACE CREAMS AND OTHER
COSMETICS. IT SAVES MY GOOD LINEN
TOWELS...SAVES ME MONEY!
(from a letter by E. G., New York, N. Y.)

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—soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more Delsey*
Toilet Paper after the war

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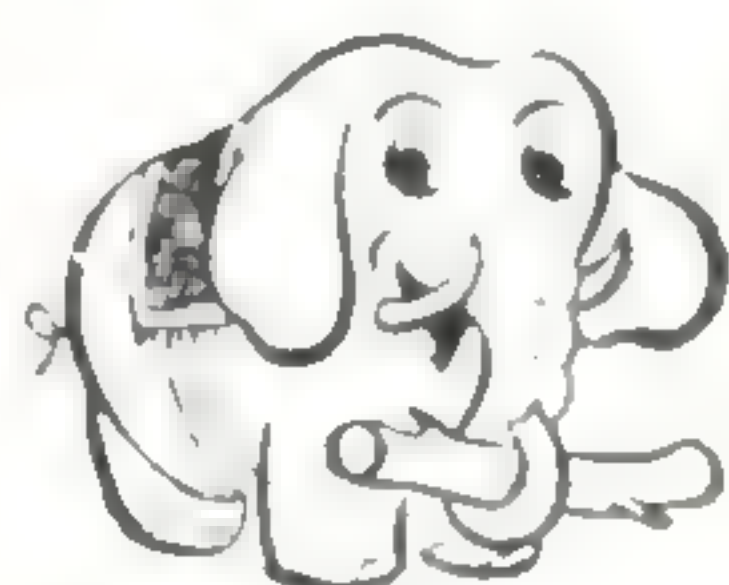
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PAPER NAPKINS

The Ten Best Husbands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 27) in his heart, Dixie comes first with Bing and always has.

No. 4: Walter Pidgeon. I wouldn't call him a perfect husband, but he had understanding enough to know that he had the perfect wife. Pidge's first wife, whom he adored, died soon after their daughter was born. He was what we call a bachelor for many years and then he married Ruth Walker during an unsuccessful portion of his career. In fact, when they were married, he was studying music in Chicago, after he had tried and failed to find success in Hollywood. They went on to New York, where he did several stage plays and he established himself so firmly as an actor that Hollywood howled for him. He returned, and the first picture here put him over.

I wonder if any of you know what the wife of a successful star has to put up with here. Unless a wife is aggressive, she's just so much excess baggage. And of those who courted Pidge (and many did), a lot of them didn't even know Ruth. Naturally, there were misunderstandings, which led to a separation. She went back to her home in Connecticut and was willing to give him a divorce.

After living alone for three or four months, Walter realized it was no fun without Ruth and, before she could bring the action, she found him on the doorstep in Connecticut one morning, begging her to come home. She did, and hasn't regretted it—or if she has, I haven't heard about it.

No. 5: Gary Cooper. He arrived here just about the time we were starring Rex, the wild horse, in a movie, and it became a running gag as to which was the hardest to catch—Rex or Cooper. Cooper did his first acting on the back of a horse in "The Winning Of Barbara Worth." From that he went right into super-sophistication in a little thing called "Children Of Divorce" with Clara Bow, Esther Ralston and yours truly.

For the first time in his life, Gary was called upon to play a love scene, which was the hardest thing he had ever attempted. He said he couldn't do it, and he couldn't—not until Clara was put to work on him. After that, he did all right, both in the picture and off screen. His romance with Clara lasted for many months—until he came across that little hot tamale, Lupe Velez. Theirs was the maddest affair we've had in our town. I can hear their screams yet, when he was trying to catch a wild eagle on the crags of Catalina Island, which he succeeded in doing only after his arm had been cut to ribbons.

When Gary's romance ended with Lupe Velez, he bought a ticket on a boat that would take him to a far-off place. He landed in Italy and was picked up by the movie-colony hostess Dorothy di Frasso who took him on a lion hunt to Africa. It was after he returned that he met his wife Sandra Shaw, who came to our town with her old nurse, a police dog, a contract in pictures and a firm determination to land Gary. She did. It's been a wonderful marriage for both.

There's a little girl who's the apple of Gary's eye. Their home life is ideal. When he's making a picture, he sticks strictly to business. When it's over, he lets her take him any place she likes—whether it's back East to visit her mother and friends, Sun Valley, or

Mexico. I call that an ideal working arrangement.

No. 6: Frank Morgan. The Morgans have been married twenty-nine years, have a son George, about twenty-six. Frank, who always had an eye for beauty and blondes, confines his pursuit of them to his radio show and tall tales which fool nobody—least of all, Mrs. Morgan, who still remains the No. 1 blonde in his life. Frank maintains the way to keep a wife happy is to tell her his secrets, so he keeps her busy by allowing her to read all his fan mail, which can get pretty monotonous, especially since he's taking the bows.

No. 7: Fred Astaire. He was the perennial bachelor dancing partner of his sister Adele, until she married Lord Cavendish. Remained one for so long most of us feared he'd go on batching it. He might have if he hadn't met his wife, Phyllis Livingston Potter. She's mighty interested in his career but seldom comes to the studio. Their home life is ideal. She has a son, aged ten, by her first marriage; another, about five, by Fred. She's the business manager of the family, runs her home beautifully. Many people here think she's antisocial, which isn't the case. She just doesn't care for night clubs, but they entertain at small parties at home and dine with friends in theirs. She isn't easy to meet but, when you get to know her, is a perfect darling and makes you realize that Fred chose not only wisely but darned well.

No. 8: Don Ameche. Don and Honore were wed in 1932. They have the same kind of quartette the Bing Crosbys boast of—four boys. Don was brought to Hollywood in 1935 by Metro, after getting a two-weeks vacation from his air show. It took him six days to make the test and have Metro executives decide that he had nothing for the screen (showing how wrong they can be when they make up their minds). At the end of six days, Don moseyed back to Chicago to spend the rest of his vacation with his wife. They had never been separated before and while here he phoned her twice a day. And declared after the test failed he'd never again go anywhere his wife wasn't welcome. "I won't go unless I can take her along." He still means it.

After their second boy came (both were Caesarian operations), she was told that was the limit and she couldn't have any more. She said, "I'm willing to take the chance," and went right on having babies. A few years ago they had their first long vacation, went to Europe. As soon as they arrived, Don had an operation for appendicitis, so they still haven't seen Europe—which he says is just as well, because when this war is over, they'll take the boys along and have more fun. Their family motto is, "One for all and all for one." They live by it.

No. 9: Joel McCrea. It was a love match for Joel and Frances Dee, and has remained so. Joel, who was born and grew up in our town, had plenty of opportunities before Frances came along. He was an athlete, our best swimmer, good dancer, shy as a deer. And when he finally landed on the screen, after playing many small parts, he got to play opposite such sophisticates as Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackail, who were much attracted by this young, good-looking giant. There were many

bets made among them as to which would have the power and glory of landing him.

Whether they used the wrong methods, or Joel didn't fall for their charms, the fact is, he remained whole-hearted until little Frances came along. Then it was all over but the shouting and wedding bells. They have two children, a huge ranch which is self-supporting. Frances makes an occasional picture when the spirit moves her and the part's right. I've always maintained that Joel was a better farmer than actor, but even so, he's much sought after as a leading man. And from where I sit, it wouldn't surprise me to find them dancing together at their Golden Wedding anniversary.

No. 10: Joe E. Brown. A couple of years ago, the Joe E. Browns celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by having another wedding—their own. When they were first married they were too poor for a church wedding, but Katherine always dreamed of one and, by golly, she went ahead and planned it that way. So there she was, in white satin, with a veil, bridal bouquet, trimmings and her own two children as flower girls. Many Hollywood sophisticates went to laugh. They stayed to weep a bit, because it was a moving occasion. After the ceremony there was a huge wedding reception.

Even when Joe was trouping in vaudeville, the children were always sent to the finest schools. Nothing was too good for Katherine and that remains so today. Their son Don, recently killed while training to be an air pilot, had been to England, where he became very well acquainted with their youth movement. It was his ambition to start one of his own here. It was Don's belief that youth was made to live—not die. But when war was declared, he was one of the first to go into training. Joe, his father, is carrying on. He's in the South Pacific, entertaining our armed forces. Katherine swears no one ever had a more devoted or perfect husband.

So you see, with all our marriages, divorces, scandals, silly headlines, when it comes to happy marriages, Hollywood can hold its own along with Main Street.

THE END

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It Looks like Love

(Continued from page 25) realized that he was an intelligent and attractive man but that he was too suave for her simple tastes.

There also was the time her marriage ended. She was divorced from Herbie Kaye. You remember, a case of incompatible careers. It was necessary for Herbie to travel constantly with his orchestra and Dottie was tied to Hollywood. She will always be grateful to him for his fine friendship and for his faith in her career, for which he was responsible.

Naturally, the divorce saddened Dottie, but she's a fighter, fortunately. She doesn't crack up when she's hurt. She has her bad times at home and keeps going. You learn to do this when you come up the hard way, as she did, even though your nature repeatedly makes it impossible for you to stand clear of smashups and heartache.

WHEN Dottie returned to Hollywood from Arrowhead Captain Howard telephoned. They dated for his first leave. They went dancing. Both love nightclubbing. You should have heard the buzz at Ciro's when Dorothy arrived with Captain Howard of the Baltimore Howards. She smiled. She glowed. And when the Captain made it apparent that he wanted to talk to no one but her and dance with no one but her and look at no one but her, that the few hours' leave he had wouldn't be nearly long enough—well, Dottie smiled and glowed some more.

Dorothy's never been social, though on her recent Bond tours she's been wined and dined by the most influential people from coast to coast. She's never evinced the slightest yen to play tennis with Hollywood's British set, to eat smorgasbord with the Scandinavian elite, or to be among those present at the smaller precious parties in the Beverly and Holmby Hills. She's never, bless her, talked about restoring her family fortunes or homestead. She's always been healthful and intelligently frank about having run an elevator in Marshall Field's and having had to scrape together the money for the bathing suit she wore in the contest which started her toward Hollywood. She hasn't even had pretensions as an actress. Once, when she posed for a publicity picture in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral with a dog pausing at a tree and a critic criticized her, pretty unmercifully, she said simply, "I'm not really an actress, I suppose, so, of course, they can get after me if they want to." Her personal representative, however, went to that critic and told him, with blazing eyes, how unjust he had been.

THOSE who know Dottie and those who work with her are friends in the best and deepest sense of the word.

When Kathleen Coghlan of the studio's publicity department married recently it was Dottie who stood up with her.

She never underestimates the person who is taking it hard. And she realizes the importance of little things. . . .

When Harry Ray, her make-up man, came back from the funeral of an old and dear friend, Dorothy was on the set waiting for him. "Hey, dreamer," she yelled, "come on over here and fix my make-up." She gave him no time to think. He knew what she was doing for him, smiled at her understanding and went into action.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

When her hairdresser accompanied her to New York she was introduced everywhere as Dottie's friend. Dottie gave her a pair of silver foxes so she would look sumptuous too. And when they went out evenings Dottie saw to it that she had flowers. . . .

Her stand-in has been with her over six years. During that time Dorothy often has stood in for herself. "Go ahead, Earlene," she's said time and time again, "take that new job that's offered you. It means four or five pay checks to you while I'm between pictures. I can stand in for myself during the few more days we'll be working."

WE could go on and on. Needless to say those who know Dottie would die for her. When they were filming "Aloma Of The South Seas" and Dottie's eyes became swollen and tired from the smoke of the chemicals they used in the volcanos Al Santell, her director, insisted she go home. He changed the entire set-up so they could work without her that afternoon. And the whole company pitched in and worked like mad, completing nine pages of dialogue, to prove to the Front Office that no time had been lost because Dottie went home.

Dorothy may never have been in the social swim but she's always been in the human swim. It would, of course, be someone like Captain Howard, someone too sure of himself to worry about pretenses, who would appreciate her; sense her native graciousness too.

Which reminds us of a typical Lamour story. One night, at a dinner party, a man went out of his way to blast beauty contest winners, insisting they never were any good, never did justify their big build-up.

The hostess, fearing Dottie's feelings would be hurt or that Dottie might take umbrage, looked at her appealingly. Dottie didn't see her, however. To save everyone embarrassment, she was too busy smiling sweetly at the old boor and telling an amusing story which—on the surface anyway—substantiated everything he had to say.

At first, likely enough, it was the pride so warm and bright and steady in Captain Howard's eyes that intrigued Dottie. Also, likely enough, she was a little dazzled that her man was the cynosure of eyes wherever they went and that she was envied by all the men-killers and more than one member of the social set. Soon enough, however, it wouldn't have mattered to Dottie who he was. She was for him, plenty.

Not once has Dottie discussed this romance. Even her friends at the studios cannot get her to talk about it. She's also steadfastly refused to give any story about her feelings, the Captain's feelings, or their plans. When they go out together she discourages the lens boys from taking pictures.

Still there are ways of knowing when a man and a girl are in love. You can tell by the way they smile at each other, by the way they dance when the orchestra plays "There Are Such Things," by their dear flagrant pride in each other, by the glow they wear.

Besides, except for an occasional dinner with Wyn Rocamora, her manager, Dottie goes nowhere except with the Captain. He manages to get to town whenever his leave permits and fortunately there has been the odd day between scenes of her current picture, "Riding High," when she was able to visit him in San Bernardino. Be-

sides there can be, as there undoubtedly are, letters and telephone calls.

It was after Dottie and Captain Howard had known each other about two months that he was sent to San Francisco. Dottie planned to go off on a camp tour while he was away. Then word came he was ill with pneumonia. Dottie heard nothing anyone at the studios said to her that nightmarish morning. And although she's never refused to do anything possible to entertain the boys in service, she pled for a postponement of her tour. There was then only one thing she was capable of doing, rushing to San Francisco.

At first she could only visit him for a few minutes each day. The rest of the time she sat in her hotel window, overlooking San Francisco Bay and the soft hills far away, tortured by that icy thrust of fear which so often is the price we pay for loving. Immediately he improved, however, she put the time she could not be with him to better use: she visited San Francisco's military and naval hospitals. It was the cases from which many would have hurried away that she sat with longest.

These are uncertain times. Even if Dorothy or the Captain could be induced to talk about their feeling for each other and their plans for the future it would be impossible to say what the outcome of this romance would be. We only know—and on this score there is no need for their affirmation; we have seen their hearts shining in their eyes—that it's one of those wonderfully happy and exciting things. And we hope it will endure if this is it, if this is the thing that will bring Dottie the happiness she so deserves.

The End



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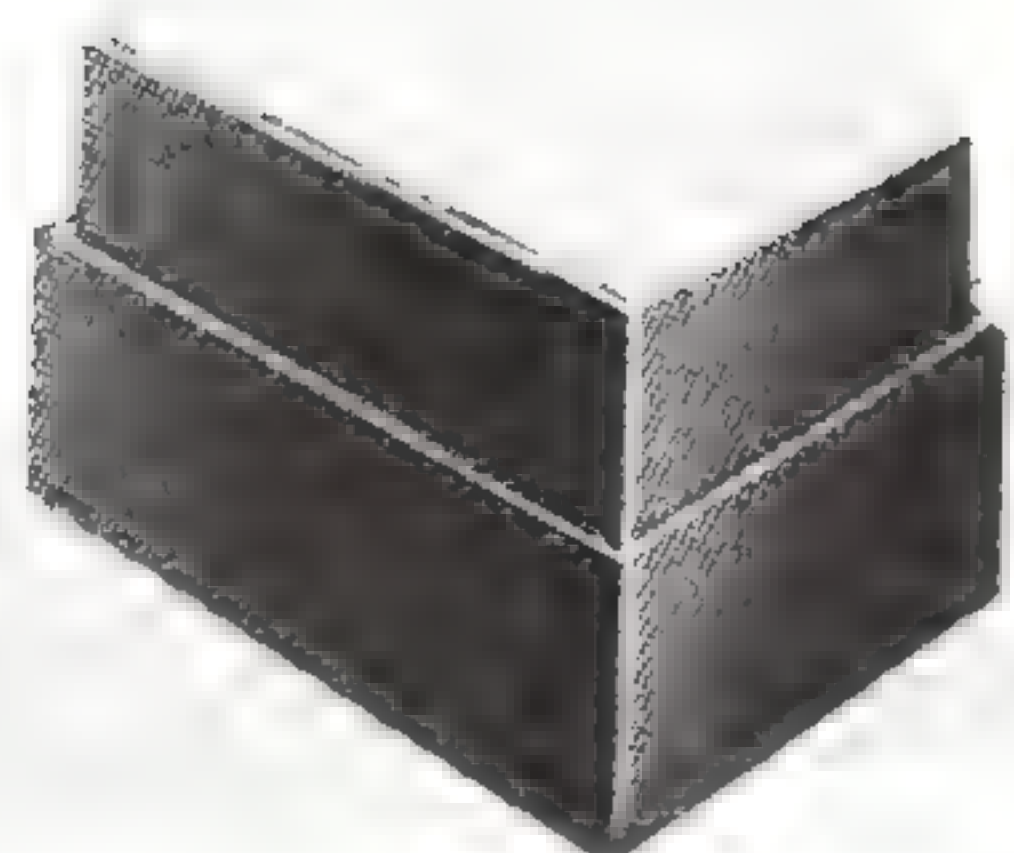
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The Indomitable Dutch

(Continued from page 51) Cooper was in London at the time. "Four days later he left," said Dorn with a dry twinkle in his Dutch blue eyes, "and nobody looked at me any more."

Regarding his similarity to Charles Boyer, the modest Hollander says this in his deep, quiet voice: "If you had seen Boyer in Paris, you wouldn't mention us in the same breath." This from the man who was the leading star of the Dutch theater before he came to Hollywood!

THE Javanese holy man requires a little more explanation—one that starts way back when Philip was growing up.

His father built boats with his own hands—fine seaworthy craft of a gay rakish beauty. His parents, pious, ultraconservative folk, had opposed his acting ambitions. They wanted him to be an architect, or at least an artist, since he could draw such fine pictures of ships. They sent him to the Academy of Fine Arts and Architecture at The Hague. But Philip wanted to be an actor and so, after two years, he ran away from school and for several nights slept in the dunes. His worried parents couldn't find him. The bodies of some drowned men were washed ashore and they went to the morgue, looking for his body. When he reappeared after two weeks, they let him apply for a job in a theater, lest he run away again. He was fifteen, was hired as a juvenile and made good.

Under his real name, Fritz Van Dungen, he toured the overseas territories of the Netherlands with a dramatic company. Actors from the homeland were warmly received in these distant colonies of the kingdom. The arrival of Dorn's troupe was a social and cultural event for the nostalgic Hollanders in the Tropics.

THE peculiar timbre of his voice, which is unmistakably that of a thinker, is in part at least the product of his years in the Far East. "When I first went to the Netherlands East Indies I felt perfectly at home, while the other actors in my troupe found their new environment very strange. But for me it was like coming home. It seemed as though I had lived there before. You may call it reincarnation if you wish. I learned the Malay language in two months. Everything I saw was familiar to me by some mysterious inner knowledge. The two and a half years I spent there were, spiritually, the most formative in my life. We in the West have little idea about the profound wisdom of the East.

"It was there I learned my philosophy of life. For in Java I met a man who had been sitting for twenty-four years on a tiger skin. He lived in a cave and looked like an old Christ. He taught me a lot. He was waiting for death—Toengoe Matti, as he said in Malay. He wasn't afraid of death. When I returned to Europe I was a changed man for having known him. Nothing could bother me any more. I had learned to wait."

Dorn developed a passion for Oriental art, investing his guilders in Javanese, Chinese, East Indian and other Oriental stage costumes, props, musical instruments. He insured his collection for \$83,000, "a lot of money for a Dutch actor," and prepared to leave for Holland.

"After our last performance I gave

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a farewell dinner party. We were eating, drinking and enjoying ourselves, when I was informed that the ship on which I was to sail had caught fire and was burning. Two hours before the fire had broken out I had cancelled my insurance, thinking the insurance of the ship company was enough. However, I learned to my chagrin that it wasn't effective while the ship was still in the harbor. Everything I had in the world was destroyed in the flames. My savings of a lifetime were gone and I had to start all over again."

But even a disaster like that couldn't get Dorn down. Back in Holland, he entered pictures and one of the directors he worked with was Henry Koster, a great admirer of Dorn's.

After his first picture, four Hollywood studios bid for his services, and he turned all four down. But the threat of war and Henry Koster's persuasions eventually brought him here. "I didn't think I would last six months in Hollywood, so I made my trip in the nature of a vacation. To me Hollywood was like Monte Carlo and everybody was a gambler here. You could be great stuff in ten minutes, or remain neglected for ten years."

WELL, he has been in Hollywood now three years, and is here to stay. He lives with his actress wife in Brentwood, in a house they own. They frequently entertain Dutch sailors and soldiers. He is deeply tanned and his brown hair is a little bleached.

Twice he volunteered to serve in the armed forces of the United States, but was turned down because of a leg injury he suffered during his first American picture, "Ski Patrol." He has taken out his first citizenship papers and hopes to be able to fight in another year, when his leg injury will heal. Meanwhile, he is making one picture after another, the two latest being "Random Harvest" and "Reunion In France." Currently he is being starred in the Serbian saga, "Chetniks!"

When you talk with Philip Dorn you feel the inner power of the man. He looks invincible. To his native Dutch stubbornness and courage, he has added the wisdom and tranquillity of the East. If you ask him what is the guiding principle, the philosophy of his life, he will tell you, "Waiting." He considers waiting a great art.

THE END

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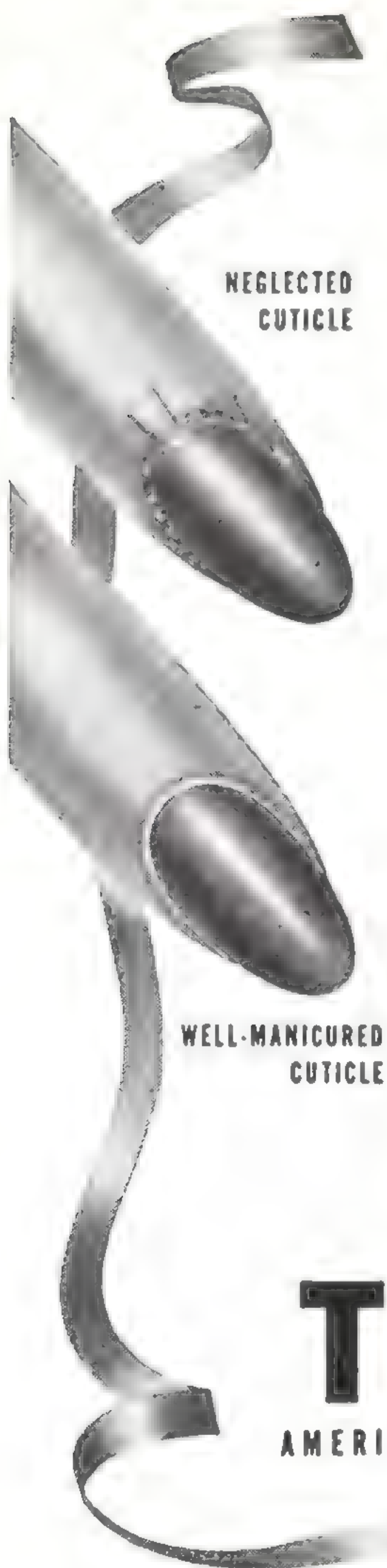
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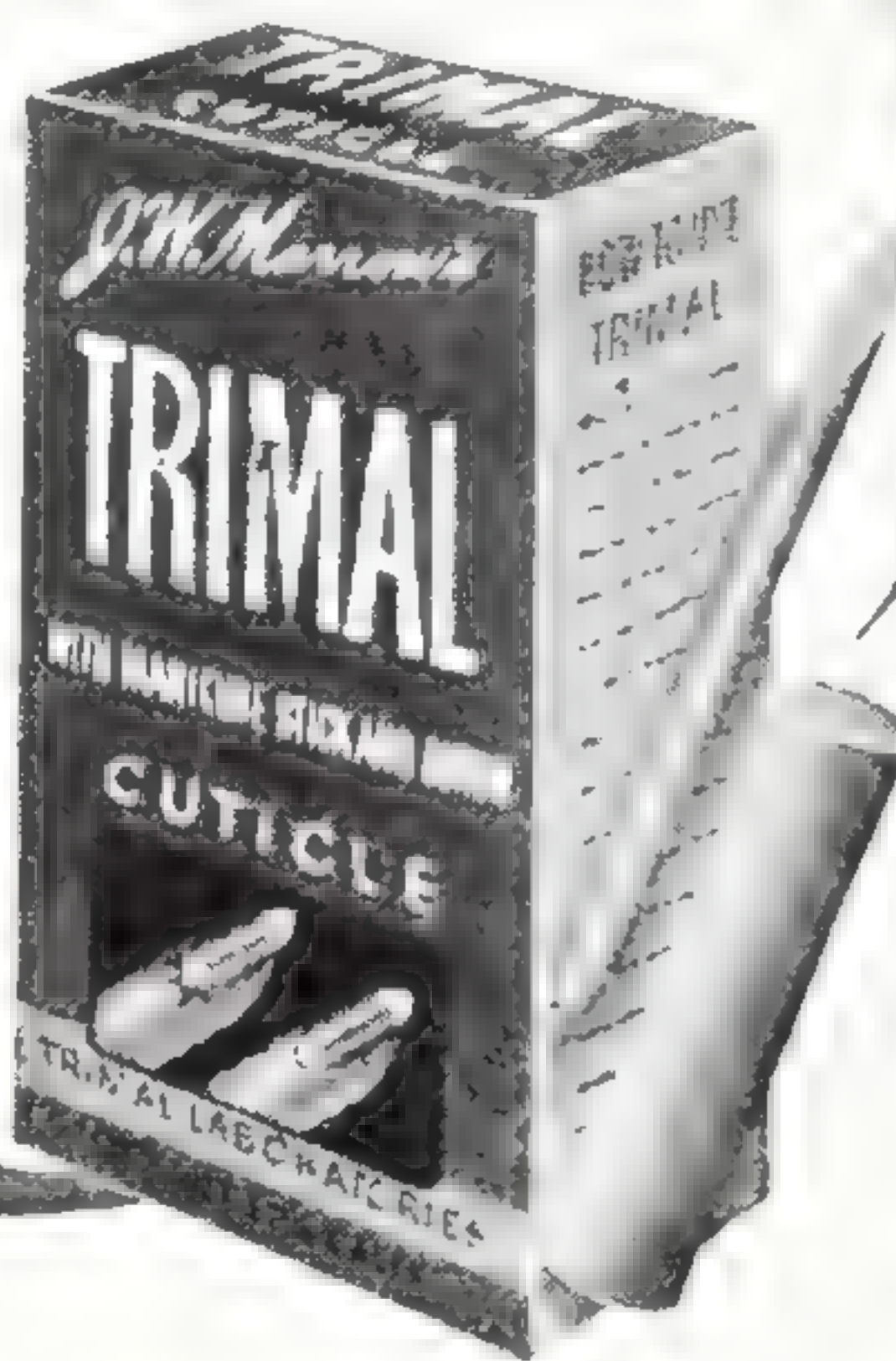
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Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 49) wasn't funny, yet it seemed like a gag. In his heart he knew that Chet had really done this monstrous thing. Had the boy known that the third picture was a flop? How long had he been planning this? He couldn't have known that they were through at the studio, or he wouldn't have deserted now.

Roy returned after two. He scarcely looked at Phil, and would have gone into the bedroom without a word, if Phil hadn't stopped him.

"What do you know about this?" he asked, handing Roy the telegram.

Roy read it without change of expression. He didn't meet his brother's eyes. "Good for Chet."

"You think it's smart for him to run out on his brothers when they're in a tight spot—a flop?"

"I think if that's what he wanted to do—what did you say? Who's a flop?"

"Us. The Jestling Jordans. No dice on the last picture. We're out."

Roy grew pale, was actually speechless for a moment. "Nuts! I had a solo that was a hit."

"That's what you think."

"Chet couldn't have known. Wait! When did you get the news? No—how'd he know if I didn't? Oh, well, what's the difference now? He's married, and if he don't want to string with us—okay."

Phil was puzzled by Roy's casual reaction. He began to suspect that Roy had known of Chet's plans. Then why had he kept quiet?

Phil drank himself to sleep toward dawn, and found Roy gone when he awakened at about noon. Doris had been on his mind while he slept, for his first thought was of her, and at once he called her.

Her maid said tartly, "There's people from magazines talking to Miss Foster now. She can't come to the phone."

He was taken aback, but realized that she must be greatly in demand. "Will you tell her I called? I won't be home, so I'll call again."

SAM didn't take his feet down from the desk when Phil entered his small, stuffy office. He greeted Phil sardonically and waited for him to talk.

"I'd like to know what happened on that picture," Phil said.

"You tell me," Sam demanded.

"Did you hear about Chet?"

Sam brought his feet down and leaned across his desk. "The Jordans was one team I thought never would split up. Got any plans?"

"That's what I'm here to talk to you about."

"Well," Sam began, "what the papers say about you, what everybody always said about you, I can certainly get you plenty work alone."

"That's out," Phil said definitely.

Sam shrugged. "I just thought—the team being broke up anyway."

"Out, Sam. Roy and I stick together."

"Sure Roy does?"

Something in Sam's tone stopped Phil. "What are you getting at?"

"You might as well know from me, if Roy ain't got the guts to tell you. Couple weeks ago Roy was in here asking me to book him alone."

"What for?"

"Radio, first. I got him booked already, thirteen weeks. So what do you want to do now?"

What he wanted to do didn't matter

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to Phil. Just at this moment he wanted to take both his brothers and smash them up against a wall. He was fighting mad. He was going to find Roy and have a showdown.

Phil went straight home and found Roy packing.

"So you're running out, too?"

Roy shifted, sat down on the edge of the bed. "Wilma and me, we're going to be married."

"Maybe that'll take the wind out of you. That's not what I mean. You're running out on the Jordan Brothers," and as Roy moved to speak, "You shut up and listen to me. It's the last time you'll have to. What Chet did wasn't so bad. He's not going out on his own. He just stopped. What you're doing is a dirty double-cross."

"I know it's tough on you," Roy said coldly. "You needed Chet and me. Now Chet's out. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Phil. You kept us together a long time. Now we got to separate. I killed 'em on the air. I have to find my own place."

"I can't get along without you?" Phil stood paralyzed in the doorway, still watching Roy complete his packing. This was betrayal.

HE stepped to the telephone, called Sam. "Book me alone," he said.

Roy put out his hand hesitantly. Phil took it.

"No hard feelings, Phil?"

"Whatever way you feel suits me."

"I'll let you know where I put up, until I'm married."

Everything was gone, but not quite. He still had Doris. For her, he had to prove his work. She'd be on his side, but strangely he thought of Betsy, and how he had told her one night if one of them stepped out the others would sell hamburgers, do anything but never team with outsiders.

He called Doris again.

"She's having new pictures taken," said the maid. "I guess she couldn't come to the phone now."

He saw her finally three days later. Then he waited for her at the studio and drove home with her. It was the only time she had. She was so very, very busy but warmly sympathetic. She was sure he had a glorious future in any of the acting fields he wished to enter. She simply wouldn't have a minute for ten days and then she was afraid she'd be going on a personal appearance tour. She'd call him before she left.

"You're not discouraged, Phil, are you? After all, you didn't really need your brothers. Promise me you won't worry?"

She sealed the promise with a kiss, rather hastily given, because just as she lifted her face, the houseboy came running out to say that her producer was on the telephone.

WITHIN two weeks Sam got Phil a spot, one specialty for one picture.

Phil knew he was showing considerable fear during the shooting. Perhaps Roy was right. Maybe he could do nothing without his brothers. He was not astonished to hear later that the projection room had ordered his specialty cut out entirely. No—it wasn't bad. They had to sacrifice some footage and his turn could be easily lifted out. He was through.

Doris had gone and had not called him up before she left. No word had come from her. On the day when she reported back he could not get near

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(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

I felt his stare . . . and felt like screaming



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her, or get a message through. At last he understood. She couldn't afford to be seen with a failure.

There was no consolation in the fact that Roy wasn't doing much better. Roy hadn't married Wilma yet. They were waiting for him to finish his thirteen weeks and then go to New York. Every Tuesday Phil turned on the radio at eight o'clock, but Roy's work wasn't the talk of the country.

Spring came to Hollywood in colorful slacks, soft pullovers. Success marked time, however. She was "at liberty." She didn't seem to care.

There was a bit of nostalgic excitement when Chet returned from his honeymoon and the three brothers met for dinner. However, Lorna was with them, of course, and at once she announced that they had bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and would retire to it. They did retire to it, and Chet was content to be merely Lorna Langen's husband.

Frequently now Phil thought of Betsy. He understood what she had suffered. He couldn't go to her because Doris had finished with him.

BUT since Phil would not go to Betsy, Betsy came to him. It was one of his most bitter moments when the desk clerk called to say that a Miss Bell was waiting in the lobby. Would he care to come down?

She was lovelier than ever and when she smiled and put out both her hands she seemed to be offering him all she had.

He squeezed her little gloved hands. "It's white of you to hunt me up like this, Betsy."

"I waited and waited to hear from you after that night you saw me singing, but you didn't—"

"You saw me?"

She nodded. "I always look over the audience. I seem to know when a friend—is in the crowd."

They sat down behind a clump of palms. "What made you come today, Betsy?"

She smiled, but there was neither pity nor maudlin sympathy in her face. "I know how things are, Phil. Somehow—you and I—our lives seem to go in the same design."

"You look fine."

"I am fine. I saved some money—"

"Comes a time when money doesn't count."

"That's true. What does count with you now, Phil?" She saw the bitterness in his face, the deep lines of despair.

"Loyalty," he said sharply. "That's all that counts. You don't find much of it in the world. You're loyal, Betsy." Suddenly he began to talk, quickly, quietly, urgently, telling her more than he dreamed he would, telling her everything, even his fears, his uncertainty, his blasted confidence.

She took off her hat and freed her curls, shaking them out. Then she laughed. "If you're a has-been, I'm one too, and I'm not twenty-two yet. Oh Phil, don't talk like that. You have experience and skill and years of work behind you. That's not wasted."

"That's not enough."

"You've got me in your corner, Phil."

He took her face between his hands. "I never knew a girl like you, who didn't have a bit of resentment in her heart. You're not even sore because I didn't keep in touch with you. Where's it going to get you, to be in my corner?"

She rested quietly under his touch.

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"How can I tell until the fight's over?"
 "You still think I can fight?"
 "I do, Phil. Oh I do."
 "Let's go somewhere and really talk."

They met again for lunch the next day, and Betsy had been thinking. "They wanted you alone in New York once. Why don't you give up the idea of getting into pictures?"

"I'm not so set on going into pictures."

"Then what is it, Phil?"

He didn't answer. She knew, though. Now that the first resentment at his brothers had worn off, he had no heart to continue alone.

Every day they met, and always she urged him to start a fresh career. Yet he couldn't see it her way and sometimes she wondered whether she was going to be faced with the need to propose to him, or tell him first that she loved him. She'd do anything to get him started, but she couldn't do that. Because maybe he didn't love her, and then her declaration wouldn't accomplish its purpose and would make an idiot of her besides.

They were out walking, one day, Phil still resistant, when he said suddenly, "Can you drop by at Roy's hotel for a moment? I got a phone message that he's sick. I better see if he's called the doctor."

Betsy stopped and waited. Not ten minutes later he reappeared, frowning hurriedly. "The boy's got a bad throat infection. I ought to stay here—"

She agreed by all means. "Can I do anything, Phil? Will you call me if you need me?"

Two days later he stood in the lobby the same way. She had been waiting for him. His face was gray, seamed, incredulous. "He's dead, Betsy. Blood poisoning. Roy's dead. We'll never be a team again. We're really—broke up."

BETSY took Phil home to her apartment after the funeral. It was in a small court of shallow bungalows, each containing two apartments. They were cheap, and Betsy took an apartment there, two rooms, bath and tiny kitchen.

She made him a hot drink, persuaded him to stretch out on the sofa. He didn't quite seem to know where he was, but that didn't matter. He was where he belonged, here with her, safe in her heart, protected in the small haven she had made out of her disappointment—gay yellow gauze at the windows, simple furniture painted in plum and apple green, a cheap room but clean as an Iowa corn field, and full of hope. Now that he was defenseless, nonresistant, with the shock of Roy's death still on him, maybe she could persuade him to do what she knew to be right. There was only one right thing, to go on, to make a new career for himself.

"I'll never work with anybody again," he said.

"I'm not asking you to work with anybody."

"So I'm a floperoo. There's no reason why I should hustle and bustle to get somewhere. What's the use?"

She came closer, sat at his feet. Her eyes were wide and fearless, her voice clear and soft. "There is, Phil. Shall I tell you?"

For the exciting climax that occurs after Betsy's frank confession to Phil, watch for the last instalment of this unusual Hollywood love story in the June issue of Photoplay—Movie Mirror

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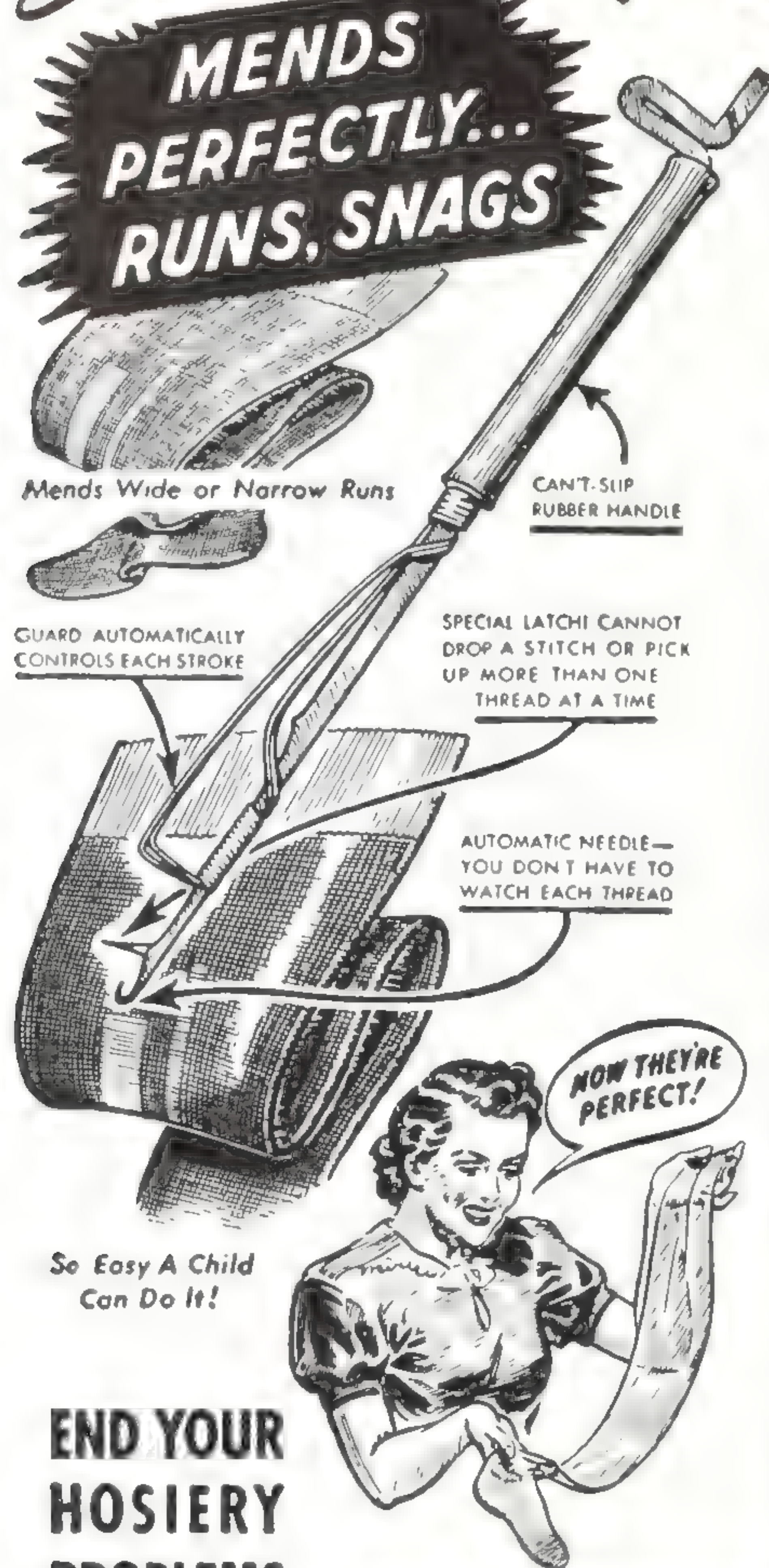


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A Guy Called Jo

(Continued from page 45) a six-months contract with Jo. An agent gets ten percent of an actor's salary, but in Jo's case it didn't amount to postage stamps.

Finally Leah Salisbury said to Jo: "Look, I think the thing for you to do is go to Hollywood. I'll stake you, Jo. Just go out on speculation—and when you click you can pay me back."

But that's not the way Jo does things. So he thanked Leah, gratefully, but refused. Months went by... years... and so little turned up that Jo and Leah even forgot to renew their contract.

Through acquaintances, Jo and Lenore met Orson Welles. They became fast friends and soon Welles was talking to Jo about his plans for a group of young actors and actresses who would create the Mercury Theater in New York. Jo began to feel that things were getting hot for him, because Welles let him know that Jo would be invited to join the group. So he went to Leah.

"Listen, honey," he said. "What's about our contract?"

Leah Salisbury, who had no immediate prospects for Jo, didn't want to discourage him, so she fixed up their usual contract and they signed it then and there. This may be the first time that she knows that Jo was all set for the Mercury Theater when that contract was signed.

I could write a whole story on Jo's friendships. That's one of the most important human angles in his life. But many stories have been written about his friendship with Orson Welles and Alfred Hitchcock and, of course, Katharine Hepburn.

MY favorite story about Jo and Lenore and Katie Hepburn is quickly told. While Jo and Hepburn were on tour in "The Philadelphia Story" they found themselves back in Lenore's home town in the Middle West. People hadn't been very nice to Lenore about her marriage to "that Bohemian." Two friends, Elizabeth and her husband, had stood by Lenore through thick and thin, shutting their ears to the town's sneaky aspersions. They hadn't cared if Jo wasn't a success, they refused to be stuffy about the fact that Lenore's second husband was a down-and-out actor.

But when the Cottens came to town with the successful run of "The Philadelphia Story" all the people began to change their attitude. They wanted so much to entertain Lenore, her clever husband, and, incidentally, the famous Miss Hepburn. Invitations came pouring in from all of Lenore's old "friends."

Jo had an idea. Why not turn down these invitations and accept the modest one from Elizabeth and her husband? So Hepburn agreed to be the special guest of honor at the home of the Cottens' steadfast friends. It was the biggest event of the season and Elizabeth was the most envied hostess of the year. The famous Katie did herself proud. You know how little she likes parties and people and adoring fans. But she went to town that night, for the sake of Jo and Lenore—and the loyal couple who had stood by them in darker days!

What I like best about Jo—if you want my opinion on these several "human angles"—is his most revealing and significant trait—an honest forthrightness. When he was a boy he looked with wonder at his comrades

who seemed to get along so well. Their talk bewildered and amazed him. In those days it was called "a line."

He remembers one afternoon saying to a pal, "How about our going to a movie tonight?"

"No," said the pal. "I've got a date with that new girl from Richmond tomorrow and I've got to go home and figure out a line to hand her."

If his life depended on it, Jo would never build a friendship or a romance or even a career on a "line." He wouldn't know how to go about it.

CASE in point is his eventual visit to Hollywood. Even though he'd been Hepburn's leading man on Broadway he'd headed West without a contract, supposedly a fatal thing to do because it implies that you're easy to get.

A certain producer wanted Jo for a role and offered him the not inconsiderable weekly salary of \$1500. Jo read the script. He hated it.

"It's terrible," he told Lenore, "and if I play in it, I'll be terrible."

It was all right with Lenore for Jo to do whatever he thought best, regardless of that tempting salary.

So Jo turned it down—cold! Overnight, Cotten—the man who had to tell the truth no matter what it cost him—was considered hard to get—and so was very much wanted!

If he'd planned it you'd say he was smart about Hollywood, knew how to "treat 'em." But I think he's just instinctively natural and guileless and so gets what he wants without half trying.

He lives in a pleasant and unpretentious house out at Pacific Palisades and when the studio photographers want to get photos of him and Lenore and Judy in their sacrosanct home, Jo gracefully leads them out into that charming garden, and before they know it they're on their way back to the studio with swell pictures—but none that invades the Cotten privacy.

Jo does things simply, naturally, good-naturedly. I've heard him ball out Lenore for overdoing, or for getting too strung up over somebody else's problem, and I know that neither she nor anyone else who gets such treatment from him could ever be angry with him.

"Now take it easy, Lenore," he will say. "Just sit there for a minute and don't do anything."

And it's pretty typical of him that he says he's working his way up to be a carpenter—one of these days he's going to have the darndest work room in his Hollywood home.

You see, there's a complete set of human angles on this fellow Cotten.

Yes, there's a complete set of human angles on this fellow Jo Cotten, but somehow my mind goes back to those nodules on his vocal chords which may have done as much for him as they did for Bing Crosby.

Recently, Jo and Lenore went to the Shubert Theater, which is just where Jo (Whooping Cough) Cotten played in "The Philadelphia Story" and they saw their friend Ray Bolger in "By Jupiter." It's a very funny show, and they roared their heads off and Jo's nodules started acting up again.

When I talked to him on the phone the other day he sounded very hoarse, and I think he still has those lucky nodules—so God's in His heaven and all's right with the Cottens.

THE END

Ever see a Blue Blonde?



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KEEP NEAT WITH...



Actors are wonderful husbands

BY
LENORE COTTEN*



Lenore, wife of Jo and author of this tongue-in-the-cheek insight into Hollywood married life; Jo; and Lenore's Judy, daughter by a first marriage

SOME stockbrokers make careless husbands, some salesmen are unfaithful to their wives . . . but *all* actors are bad husbands. That seems to be a legend. If you are contemplating becoming an actor's wife dire warnings rain down on your head. Actors, everyone will tell you, are irresponsible and vain and extravagant, they keep irregular hours, they're Bohemian, they're rich for a month and poor for a year, they're improvident, they're never home in the evenings.

But just let the warnings pass in one ear and out the other. Above all, don't argue. Your friends are quite right and, if you are wise, you'll thank your stars they are. For contrary to legend, these very things make actors delightful people to marry, these very faults are apt to prove endearing.

"Actors are irresponsible." Well, that is true, in a way. Of course, actors almost never miss rehearsals, or performances, no matter how ill they may be; they seldom fail to get up at six in the morning to get to the studio for a seven o'clock make-up call. But these things, to your friends, seem nothing at all beside the fact that actors usually make a mess of their check-book stubs, fail sometimes to get home to dinner on the dot, forget to have the oil changed in the car. They even say, "Oh, let's not even think about that for another month. Let's let everything slide and go to Mexico for a spree . . ." That is being *extremely* irresponsible, and it is to be hoped that no one ever reforms them on these counts. It makes them so awfully pleasant to be married to! It means that their wives can make unholy messes of *their* checkbooks, can forget their budgets and lose their address books, come home late from tea with the girls, and not only run no risk of being scolded but demand and get a most soothing lot of sympathy!

Actors are vain. Well, so they are and what about it? In the first place, they have to be a bit vain. It takes

lots of self-confidence to play a love scene with a glamorous movie star. An actor is apt to keep groomed within an inch of his life, wear wildly extravagant clothes and have his shoes handmade. He is also apt to insist that his wife have the feminine equivalents of all these things. It's obvious that all this makes actors poisonous as husbands and no sensible woman should even think of marrying one!

Then there's an actor's extravagance. That means that when he's making money, he will give it away or lend it, remembering his own lean days. That he'll buy a house and fill it with lovely things. That he'll give the people he loves more presents than they can find room to put them.

AS for the rest of the charges—Bohemianism and restlessness and irregular hours and what not, they can all be lumped together and dismissed with a private grin. But when sympathetic friends look at you with great pitying eyes and ask you how you stand the hectic hours, the late parties, the mobs of people in and out of your house, the moving about, it is best to shake your head in dumb despair and refuse to answer. For they won't believe you if you point out that your irregular hours are quite regular to you, that theater people and movie actors behave in your house much as their bridge-club friends do in theirs.

So, at least in the opinion of an actor's wife, actors are wonderful husbands. Granted that it takes a bit of nerve to marry one—as much, probably, as it takes to marry an explorer, a painter, a scientist. For an actor, like these others, is a dashing and adventurous fellow in a world of sober, hidebound men. He scrapes up to buy a polo shirt one year and ten polo ponies the next. And it is all delightful and exciting, and you cross your heart for luck, and pinch yourself twice a day to make sure it's real. And this, mind you, because you married an actor!

* Who is Mrs. Joseph Cotten

Women Who Wait

(Continued from page 32) would come in to see his first-born. But—that's war. And they'll have the baby and the home will be more a home, of course, even with Van away.

"The baby will just be an additional tie that will reach from me to him and him to me wherever he is," said Frances.

A GROUP of young women I know who work in New York took a little farm together not too far out in Jersey. Two of these girls have husbands already somewhere in the Pacific. They have divided up the housekeeping duties of their farm and they have a small victory garden. Week ends they work in it and as the spring evenings get longer they'll have time to do a little cultivating after they get home. As they explained it to me it's not only somebody to talk to, somebody for companionship, but if you get interested in the other fellow's problem you aren't so concentrated upon your own. It makes you feel better to be part of all the other women.

And out in Hollywood, Annabella has done the same thing since Ty Power walked down suddenly and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Ty's sister, Ann Hardenbergh, a young service wife who's expecting a baby, lives with her now. The Power acres have been turned into a Victory Garden and Annabella and Ann are raising peas and corn, beans, artichokes and rhubarb. After work they get their hoes and go to digging in the earth.

"If all service wives would double up," Annabella said, "they'd have a lot less time to be lonely. Somehow you can make an effort to do something for somebody else that you would not make for yourself. We all help each other. I like helping Ann to make preparations for her baby. In the Marine Corps a man is sure to get active combat service. I—of course I am so proud that my husband won high honors at boot camp. He had to earn them, I know. Now he has gone to Officer's Candidate School. I like to talk to his sister about him, she knew him when he was little and she can tell me so much about him."

I HAVE two brothers in the Marine Corps and both of them did their boot camp at San Diego. One of my young sisters-in-law wrote me the other day that when she went to visit my brother over a week end at San Diego they went to chapel and that as long as she lived she would remember that service. It was, she said, one of those things that made faith a real and active thing in your heart and made you get out your Bible and put it beside your bed so that you could read the Ninety-first Psalm every night before you went to sleep.

Annabella went to that chapel service, too, and she said, "It moved and thrilled me more than anything that has ever happened in my life. You get a feeling in your heart that there is active power and protection in prayer. It helps so much."

Not very long ago I spent a week end up at the Bear Mountain Inn, which is near my youngest son's school. The stone bungalows are scattered among the trees along a mountain side and when I couldn't sleep I put on a dressing gown and went into the community living room by the fire. I thought it was so late that I'd be alone.



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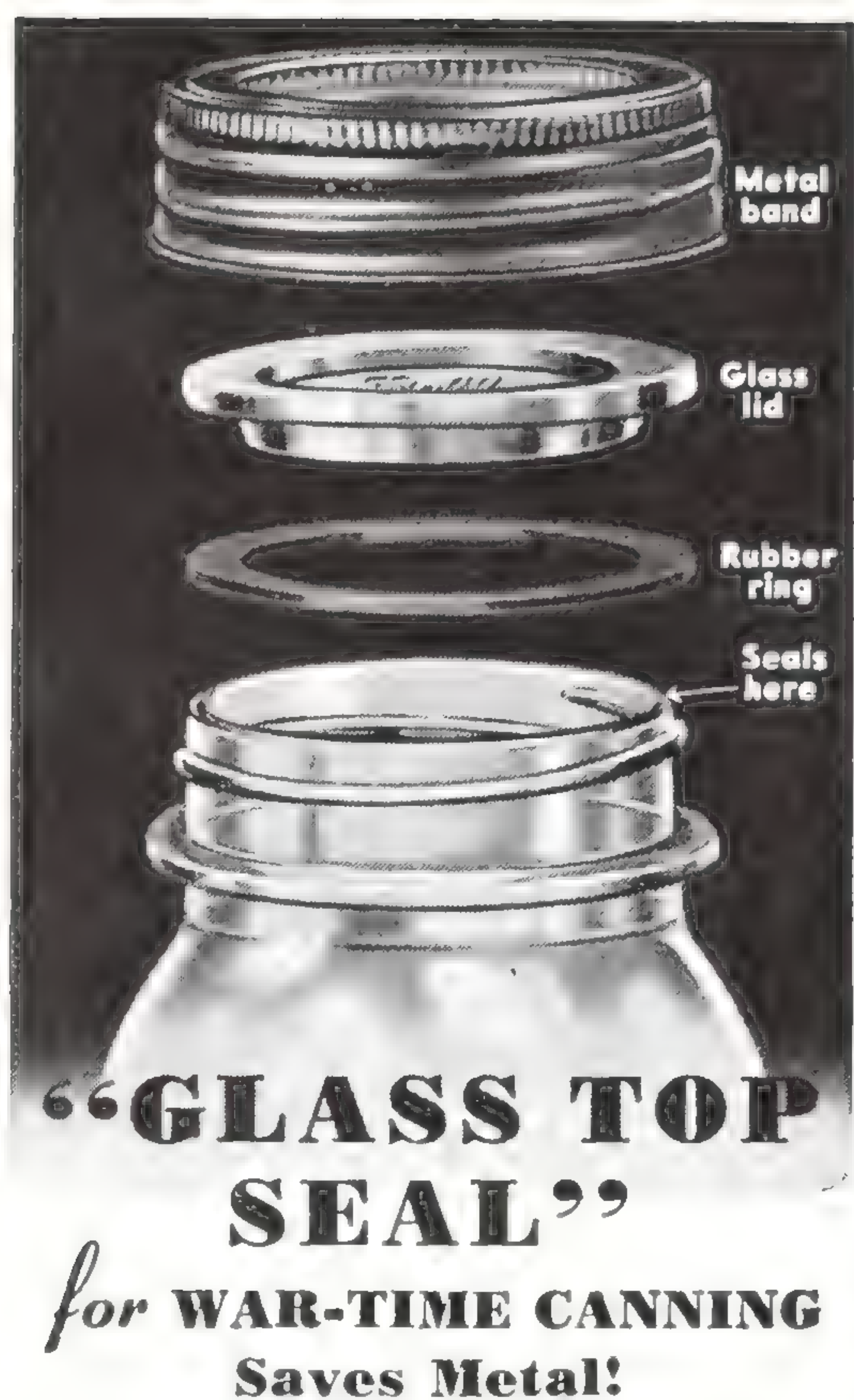
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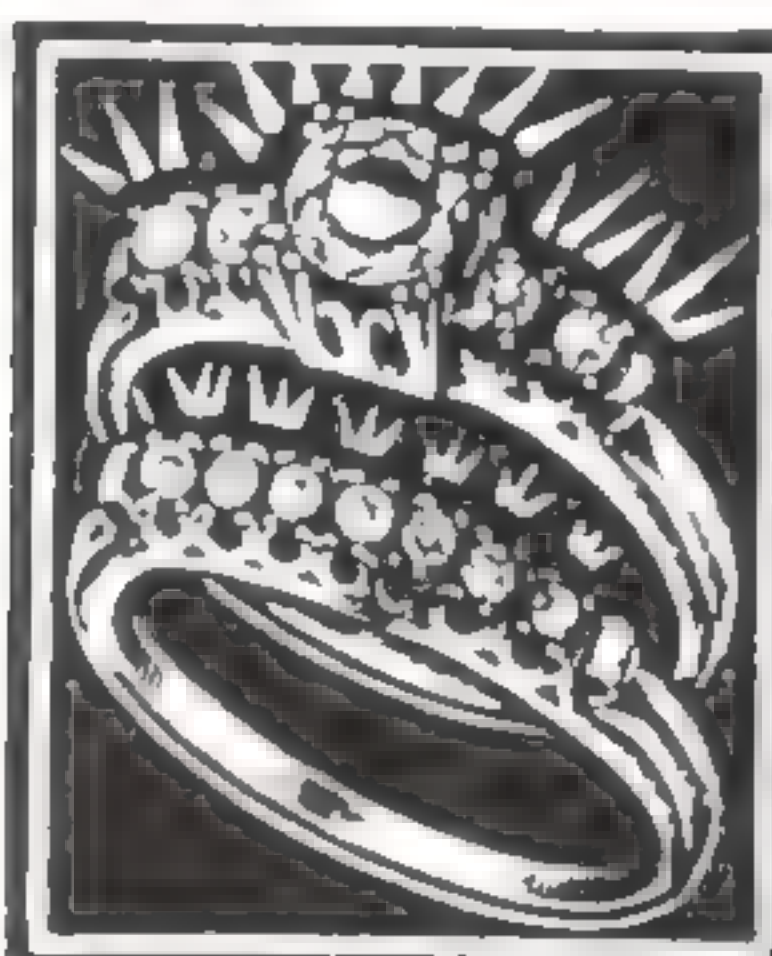
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but I found another woman there, a tall girl still in ski clothes. We got to talking and I found that her husband was in our Air Force and had long been ferrying bombers across the Atlantic.

"But," she said, "I know that I haven't any right to add to his task by letting him ever think I am worried about him. I think that's the most unfair thing a wife can do. He wants me to go ahead with my life. He says after all that's what we're fighting about, so that wives can live normal lives and safe lives and not be kicked around by Germans or Japs. So—that's why I'm on this ski trip. We always did a lot of skiing. When he comes home, he'll say, 'Have a good time skiing? That's swell. That's healthy. Glad you went.' I couldn't possibly clutter up his mind with thinking about me as moping, I couldn't ever let him think I was scared for him. It wouldn't be fair."

And out in their home in Hollywood Jeanette MacDonald, wife of Captain Gene Raymond who is somewhere over in England with a combat bomber command, spends five hours a day getting ready to sing *Juliet* at the Metropolitan Opera. If there was one thing more than another that Gene Raymond loved about that swell girl his wife, it was her singing. What I like about this is that Jeanette has accepted the supreme challenge at this particular moment when her husband is right in the thick of things. It's no small adventure for even the greatest movie star to walk upon the boards of the Met as the star of an opera. She is, as my boys say, leading with her chin. But Jeanette has accepted that right now.

"I wanted to do it myself of course, but I wanted also to do it because I knew it would please Gene," Jeanette said. "I knew it would tickle him to think that I was not only going on with my life as he would wish but that I was trying to do bigger and harder things all the time. It would make him feel that I wasn't worried about him, that I had complete confidence in him. That's pretty important. No matter what a man says, he must be weakened if his wife shows any signs of lacking confidence in him. So—I've been very busy."

Mrs. Gene Raymond has certainly been that. Besides making personal

appearances at Navy hospitals, Army camps and canteens all over the country, she made a concert tour for the Army Emergency Relief and netted the largest single sum that fine organization has ever received from an individual effort. Somewhere in England, Captain Raymond must be sticking out his chest a bit when he thinks of his wife.

EIGHT hours a day—sometimes ten hours a day—Madeleine Carroll works at the job of being national chairman of the Merchant Seaman's Institute. Believe me, she works. I've been there with her and seen the job she is doing. It's magnificent. Not only for today but for the future, under the direction of Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, Madeleine Carroll is helping to build this great service for the men of our merchant marine.

Her husband, Stirling Hayden, is now with the Marine Corps, though for a while after he left Hollywood he was in the merchant marine.

I liked very much one story Madeleine told me. She had gone to meet her husband for a three-day leave and they parted in a railroad station. It was—well, we know now, so many of us, what those good-bys are. A great many American women have said them. Madeleine sat on the edge of her lower berth smiling bravely out the window at her husband on the platform. As the train pulled out, she couldn't keep back the tears and she was upset because it was pretty public. People were staring at her curiously and she thought that wasn't exactly fair. It seemed to her that her heartache should be her own, for in that moment she was, after all, just a woman and not a movie star.

So it seemed—until she saw right across the aisle another girl who was crying, too. Their eyes met—and they moved at the same time. Each meaning to console the other. Each wanting to stretch out a hand to help another wife, understanding each other as only two women going through the same moment of good-by could. Madeleine Carroll is a reserved person naturally. And yet in that crowded train she found a real friend—another Marine wife, that's all.

A number of years ago I sort of chaperoned the courtship of John Far-



Two heads together to make a great motion picture of "Mission to Moscow"; Charles Einfeld, Director of Publicity and Advertising for Warners, gets a happy talking-to from Hon. Joseph Davies, former Ambassador to Russia and author of the best-seller "Mission To Moscow"

row and Maureen O'Sullivan. The lovely little Irish lass used to spend week ends at my Malibu house, which was next door to Johnny Farrow's. I don't think I've ever seen two people more in love than Maureen and Johnny. It's one of Hollywood's really happy marriages.

John was one of the first to go—into the Royal Canadian Navy. And one of the first to be invalided home. Months in a hospital when they told Maureen he would die within six months.

That made John fighting mad. He left the hospital and went home to Maureen. She took him into the desert and nursed him. Today he is on the road to perfect health, is even able to go back to work and direct such pictures as "Wake Island" and "China."

But—he wants to get back into service, any branch of the American armed forces that will take him. That's all he thinks about. Daily he tries to restore his health, to get back into shape so he can go back to the fight. He has a long fighting record behind him.

IN some ways, I guess that's the toughest of all—going back, letting the man you love who has miraculously escaped death, who is home once more safely, return to the danger zone. Nobody knows yet whether Johnny Farrow will be able to make it. But he keeps trying and—Maureen keeps helping him.

If that's what he wants to do, if that's what he feels it is right for him to do, Maureen is the wife who will stand shoulder to shoulder and help him. That's her contribution to the great fight to save humanity from a return to the dark ages—and no matter what contribution her husband may make, hers is as big.

In the great charity work for service men going on you see the busy, enormously efficient figure of pretty Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. whose husband was one of the first men in active service in this country.

Out on a little ranch in the Valley, you find Mrs. Henry Fonda, raising chickens and carrying on the model farm Henry installed before he went to war. Mary Pickford, so long America's sweetheart, does every kind of brilliant job while her tall and handsome husband, Captain Buddy Rogers, is with the Ferry Command at Pensacola.

AND when Louis Hayward decided, long before December seventh, that he must get into service, the girl who sat up with him nights, studying, brushing up his math and his photography, was his wife, Ida Lupino.

Now she works at her job and at being a pal to soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen while Lieutenant Hayward is away on active duty with the Marines.

Well, I have a daughter-in-law who works at the Sperry bombsight plant. She helped her husband to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force long before we were at war. She carries on valiantly with her war job through what have already been long years.

All in the same boat, you see.

We can, I think, be as proud of the women of Hollywood as we are of all our women today. And wish them luck and maybe remember them in our prayers for all the women who wait. Waiting, as you all know, takes the supreme courage.

The End

CONSTANCE LUFT, HUHNS,
Head of the House of Tangee



Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

GOING "all out" ALL DAY?

You Should Use a Satin-Finish Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities...now that you're on the go all day every day...many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that ONCE ON, STAYS ON! If that is *your* wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself...creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve...And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee's UN-powdery face powder for every complexion!

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...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

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Remember, the Beech-Nut Gum he *can't* supply is going to our fighting men.

Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package...
with the red oval*

(Continued from page 37) which still turns white when he gets fighting mad. "I'd love to ascribe that scar to some great dramatic event," Gene said, "but actually I fell off my tricycle when I was a sprout of five."

GENE'S interest in dancing was re-awakened at Peabody High School when he discovered an ability to dance helped land bigger parts in school plays. To the amazement of his family, who remembered his bitter tirades anent dancing school, he voluntarily sought further instruction and soon became one of the most adept pupils of the class. It was football, however, not dancing, which brought him his first taste of fame and glory. For a solid season he had been warming the bench as the substitute halfback of the school team and was still warming it when the final game of the season was in its closing moments with Peabody High on the losing end of the score. Suddenly the regular halfback was carried from the field with a broken ankle.

"Okay, Kelly," the coach said wearily. "You might as well go in."

Kelly bounced off the bench. On the first play he intercepted a forward pass, ran for a touchdown and then kicked the winning point between the goal posts!

"Boy!" he recalled. "Was I a great guy—for a day!"

As is common with many Catholic boys, Gene's first ambition was to be a priest. He switched to journalism when he entered Penn State and, at midsemester, reversed his course in favor of engineering. The following year at the University of Pittsburgh he decided on law, completed the four-year pre-law course and attended one full week of law school in 1933. Suddenly he chunked it all in favor of dancing.

"It seemed like a good idea," he said.

ACTUALLY it was a good idea. In college he had helped pay his way during vacation by mixing concrete by day and drugstore sodas by night. During the school year he had resumed his own study of dancing and, as a paying sideline, had taken on the instruction of fellow students. By graduation time he had two hundred paying students on the books and Pittsburgh co-eds had better dancing partners.

Gene decided the setup had commercial possibilities and opened a full-time school of the dance. Both sisters and one brother joined his staff as instructors and Mrs. Kelly became business manager. The venture flourished and soon three Kelly schools were coining money. Again Gene succumbed to a sudden impulse.

"For no good reason I suddenly began to feel hemmed in," he explained. "I wanted new horizons. So I left the family to run the schools (they're still doing it!) and gambled on getting a job in New York."

The luck of the Irish was with him. He got a dancing role in "Leave It To Me." Left that show after two months for the juvenile lead in "One For the Money." Later he met William Saroyan, became a pal of the brilliantly eccentric playwright—and wound up with the lead in Saroyan's "Time Of Your Life."

The Kelly independence was never more clearly demonstrated than when

he flatly refused Hollywood's first two offers for his services. The first time he was visiting on the Coast when a studio approached him.

"Can you pay me \$10,000 a year?" Gene asked.

"Jumpin' jive, no!" the studio emissary gulped. "You're an unknown!"

"Unknown or not, that's what I'm making now with my dance schools, so no thanks," Gene said.

The second offer, made at the close of "Time Of Your Life," was refused because Gene honestly felt he was not ready for a screen career. To get ready he played in summer stock around New York in 1940 and became dance director of Billy Rose's famous Diamond Horseshoe Revue. It was there, incidentally, he met Betsy Blair, a lovely redhead about whom he gets positively lyrical. Betsy and the baby, in fact, are the only subjects on which Gene is verbose. She had just finished a Broadway play and was after a job in the Rose revue.

"I was clowning around in a sweat-shirt and an old pair of slacks when she came in," Gene recalled. "She thought I was the bus boy and very snootily demanded to see the director."

Gene let it ride; he loves a gag.

Betsy got the job and, in 1941, the job of being Mrs. Eugene Joseph Kelly.

His sensational success in "Pal Joey" brought Gene his third offer from Hollywood. This time he accepted it, and, in his usual impetuous fashion, expected to go to work immediately upon detrainning. The two months he waited for his role in "For Me And My Gal" were pure misery. So was his first sight of himself on the screen.

"Shocked is a better word," he amended. "The sight of my funny Irish kisser magnified that many times sent me out of the theater with the screaming meemies!"

A few months ago their first child was born, a lovely daughter whom they have named Kerry Kelly.

"Did I ham up that occasion!" Gene admitted. "I was guilty of every cliché in the book from pacing hospital floors, pestering doctors, driving nurses crazy with questions and finally collapsing in tears when they told me I was a father and everything was fine. It was corn right off the cob!"

LIFE in the Kelly household is a little complicated these days regarding Kerry. The fond parents are torn between raising her "scientifically" or picking her up when she cries. So far science is taking a beating; Gene goes nuts at the first wail of his young daughter and says, "The heck with what the book says, I can't stand to hear her cry!" Fortunately, Betsy is in accord with his views.

No one can pass him in The Game, in which he is the acknowledged Superman over all contestants in the Kelly circle. The Game, sometimes called Indications, consists of one team's guessing famous quotations which the other team pantomimes.

The other night Dickie Whorf, Nancy Walker, Frank Albertson and the others were playing.

"By gosh, we'll stump Old Superman this time!" they chortled as they devised a dilly. It was Freud's rather obscure line: Dementia praecox is very unfortunate hanging on the family tree.

Gene guessed it in forty seconds flat!

THE END

The Beautiful British

(Continued from page 50) he must have been a most frightful ham, posturing and grimacing and flexing his muscles," Miss Lee said reminiscently. "But I thought him all romance and alluring masculinity."

When the circus moved away Miss Lee followed her hero and volunteered to become a permanent member of the circus staff. Her description of her ability as an elephant-feeder, apprentice bareback rider and general handy man was so eloquent that she was about to be employed when her father appeared on the scene, garbed in the drapes of wrath.

HOWEVER, being the child of enlightened parents, Joanna was given a chance to explain her outrageous conduct before punishment was meted out. She said that she wanted to be an actress. That it wasn't primarily the charm of the lion tamer that had lured her away, but impersonal admiration for his art. A family council finally handed down a decision: When Miss Lee had passed her senior Oxford examinations, she might decide for herself whether she wanted further education along the lines of the liberal arts, or whether she wanted to study mathematics.

Those interested in numerology might find something significant in the fact that, at her fourteenth year, Miss Lee's life altered drastically. Her father died, so she and her mother moved away from the vicarage and Anna was placed in a girls' school. She still considers this one of her most terrifying experiences to date. She was one hundred per cent nonconformist; she couldn't get used to feminine clothes, and she had to stand a good deal of ribbing about her cropped hair.

She was thoroughly miserable. To this day, she is slightly chary of women. She likes them; she thinks they are too, too clever to wear those odd hats and those quaint, back-breaking shoes. But for exciting conversation that she really understands, give her a pipe-smoking stag session.

THERE was one small triumph in this grey year. She heard about a nearby rifle match, and entered. She was the youngest entrant by many years, and the only female. You guessed it. She still has the trophy.

And, at the end of the year, she passed her senior Oxford exams with honors and thus won the right to enter the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Arts in London. After a year of study, she secured a job as understudy with a theatrical company. Her job was to appear occasionally as a male corpse. Quiet and restful work, of course, but lacking a future.

At approximately this time, the recurrent male theme again repeated itself in the Lee life. She had a sweetheart stationed in Hong Kong and she heard of an elderly woman who was planning a trip to India and wanted a vigorous, intelligent young companion. Miss Lee immediately cornered the job. They spent some time in Tokyo ("I was horrified at sight of the place of women in Oriental society") and an even longer period in Hong Kong. Incidentally, they were in China long enough for Miss Lee to transfer her affection from the gentleman whom she came originally to visit to another colorful chap in the Service of the King. Then they moved on to Ceylon, Singa-

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—quick glamour "pick-up"



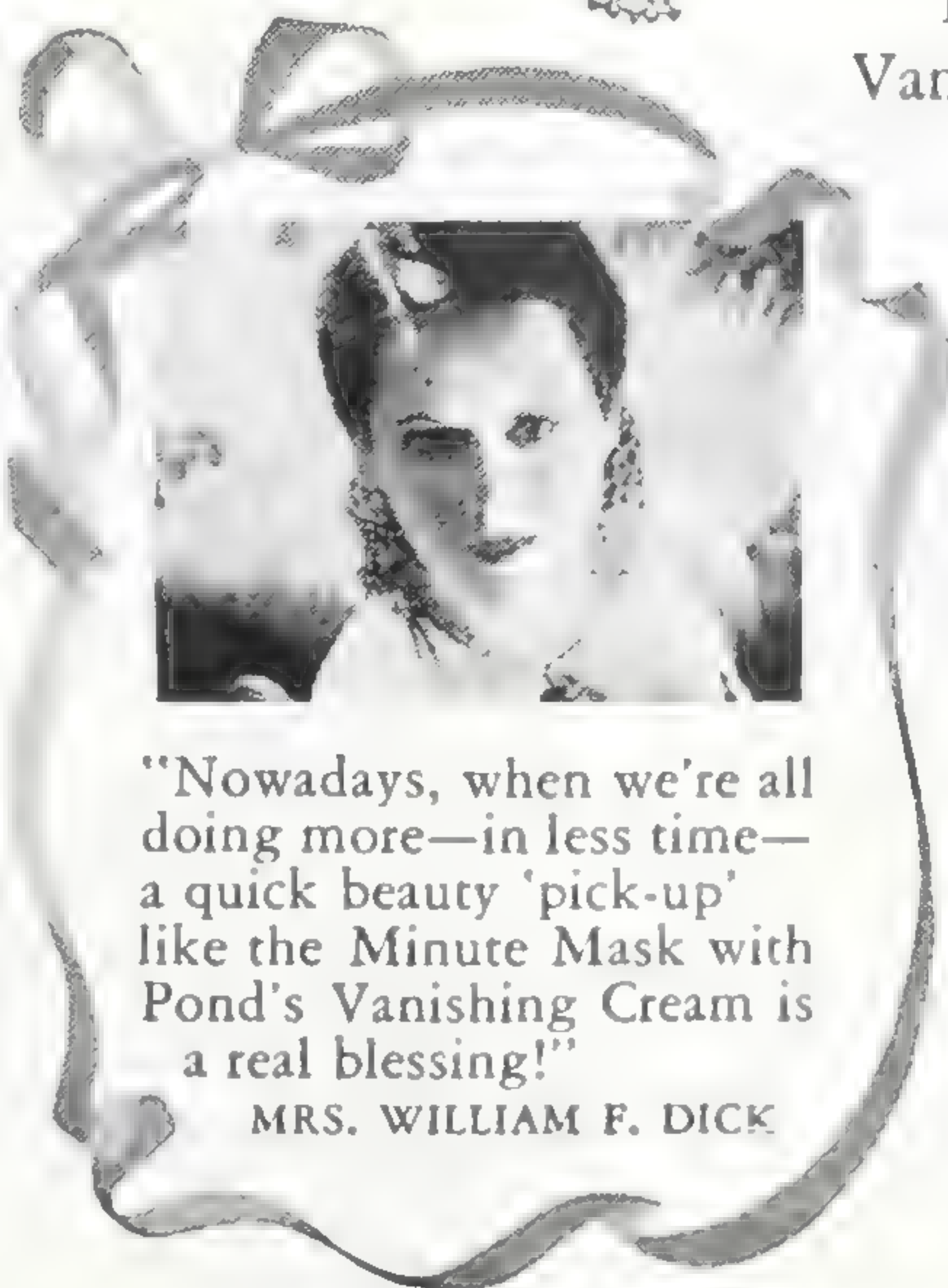
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Chamberlain's

LOTION

pore, thence to Bombay, Agra and Delhi. ("I want to go back to India someday. It is fabulous, fascinating and beautiful.")

UPON returning to London, Anna did some modeling. For years she was celebrated as the possessor of the most photogenic hands and feet in England. There is, in an Edinburgh gallery at present, a portrait of Miss Lee, barefooted.

From modeling, she took the logical step to bit parts in pictures, working with a girl named Estelle O'Brien. At that time, and to this day, Anna insists that this certain Miss O'Brien is one of the great beauties of our day, a girl with smouldering dark eyes, a high, childishly rounded forehead, a bee-stung mouth, and great wings of sleek, black hair. Miss O'Brien has done okay in American pictures under the name of Merle Oberon, now Lady Korda.

From bits, Miss Lee progressed rapidly to small parts, then to leads. But do not make the mistake of thinking that the boys' school motif had disappeared from her symphony of fate. Anna was cast as the *only* feminine character in a picture to be filmed in the North African desert. The remainder of the cast, you ask? Forty-two good men and true.

After a few weeks of desert heat, wind and sand, these forty-two gentlemen were about as friendly as parboiled cobras, so Miss Lee spent a good deal of her free time strolling about the desert with a rifle cuddled under one arm. While she was walking through the "cool" of the evening (the thermometer had done a dizzy dive down to 100 degrees) she was approached by a newcomer immaculate in white helmet, white shirt, white shorts, white socks and white-and-tan sport shoes. Additional dividends included his handsome face and physique, his cheerful grin and his cultured English accent. Considering current grime, beards, perspiration and tempers, this apparition resembled something out of the "Arabian Nights."

It developed, after a moment's conversation, that he had been flown down from England to check up on the

progress of the film. His name was Robert Stevenson and in practically no time he had decided that Anna Lee's social title should be the same with a Mrs. prefix. They were married December 7, 1934.

Joanna Venetia Invicta Stevenson was born in March, 1938, and shortly afterward the three Stevensons came to America pursuant to an offer from D. O. Selznick, who wanted to sign Mr. Stevenson as a director.

While Mr. Stevenson was working at RKO. Lewis Milestone—a fellow director at the same studio—was frantically seeking a leading lady to play opposite Ronald Colman in "My Life With Caroline." He had some English films run off and spotted "just the type" in a playful picture called "A Young Man's Fancy."

Mr. Milestone struck up a hot cable correspondence with London studios trying to locate this dream girl and finally received the information that the lady could be reached through Mr. Stevenson.

The story goes that Mr. Milestone went charging out to the Stevenson set, his hair awry, his complexion gleaming. "Look, Bob," he demanded breathlessly, "I'm having a terrific time trying to locate a girl named Anna Lee. Finally got a London report that you can set me on her trail. Have any idea where I can get in touch with her?"

Stevenson nodded toward a near-by chair. "Anna Lee is Mrs. Stevenson and she's seated over there," he replied with an Englishman's unshakable calm.

All of which explains why lucky American audiences are learning that "Lee" stands for Anna as well as Robert E.

By the way, the Stevensons are now four. Caroline Lydia Boniface Clementina was born January 24, 1942. There is an early suggestion that she may resemble her mother and follow the Lee tradition, because of the garment she has chosen as her all-time favorite. It is a small boy's cap which she appropriated after it had been forgotten by a pint-sized gentleman guest.

C. L. B. C. Stevenson will undoubtedly want to go to Harvard.

THE END



Beery into beauty: Wally gets inveigled by Betty Gill and daughter Carol Ann (right) into premiering Gloria Bristol's new beauty salon

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Short for Ronni

(Continued from page 41) never gains an ounce. She eats between meals, practically everything in sight. She eats before going to bed, usually cold fruit juices. Her favorite meal is pepper steak, French fried potatoes and either iced tea or hot chocolate. She is a good cook. She is also clever at handiwork. She makes rugs and knits. She is also good at bookkeeping and keeps a budget.

She is quiet and soft-spoken and always has been. She speaks so softly over the telephone that she can scarcely be heard. On the screen it sounds sexy.

She went on several Bond tours, sold millions of dollars worth of War Bonds and was startled, herself, by the fact that her voice, which is soft in ordinary conversation, booms out strong and clear from a platform. The biggest thrill of her Bond tour was christening a mine-layer at the shipyard in Jacksonville, Florida. She was afraid she wouldn't sock it hard enough to break the bottle of champagne. But she did, with such force she spattered everybody standing near by.

She laughs with one sudden, shrill, high, loud giggle. It is often embarrassing to her.

She doesn't care about night clubs, and seldom goes. She dislikes card games and social butterflying. She is very suspicious of people who suddenly become friendly in a day. She is irritated by men who wear plaids and checks in wild colors.

SHE likes operatic and symphonic music and goes to the ballet whenever possible. She also goes for what she calls "nice popular music." Her favorite song is "The Turkish Street Song" or "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." She takes a cold shower every morning and a hot tub every night. She sings in both. She hates to dry herself thoroughly after a bath, but pats herself with a thick towel.

Her signature is the simplest and most unfancy one in Hollywood. But it'll never be forged on a check because

she doesn't use that name for her bank account. She reads all her fan mail and employs a secretary who looks surprisingly like her.

Because of the gasoline rationing, she occasionally rides to work in a bus. One day she was standing in a crowded bus. Two men who were sitting started talking. One man said, "That girl looks like Veronica Lake." The other man said, "What's the matter with you? Veronica Lake wouldn't be riding on a bus!" Neither of them got up to give her a seat.

She can apply lipstick perfectly without looking into the mirror and she never wears a girdle.

She speaks French fluently, although few people know it. One day on the set, Preston Sturges was talking about her to some people in French. He said: "She has a pear-shaped figure which is the envy of American women, for most of them have apple shapes." She went over and surprised him by thanking him in French.

She sleeps in a nightgown, never pajamas. She must get from seven to eight hours' sleep a night and sleeps with the windows wide open. She confesses that she always has cold feet in bed.

She detests long, red fingernails and won't wear them. When it is necessary in a picture, she has false ones stuck on her hands every morning. It is obvious, however, that this is the only false thing about her when she faces the camera.

The End

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 22)

lent the framer-uppers by Ona Munson, who runs a disreputable gambling house. But hero Roy Rogers, who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style.

There is a lot of singing, some of it good, and plenty of comedy relief by Smiley.

Your Reviewer Says: A Western with fresh new paint.

✓ The Outlaw (Howard Hughes)

It's About: The love and life story of Billy the Kid.

AT long last the Howard Hughes version of Billy the Kid, labeled "The Outlaw," reaches the screen in its uncut version. After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearances, one to disappoint and one to show promise of big things ahead. Beutel is the winner in this case. We predict the same success that marked Alan Ladd's career for this young actor.

Mr. Hughes himself directed the story and some of the scenes are much too long, but the picture has a strange fascinating quality that we wager will spell a million dollars at the box office. It's different, it's puzzling, it's unique. It draws like a magnet and holds attention despite its many ludicrous and ridiculous moments.

Walter Huston, a no-good bad man who takes up with Billy after the young outlaw has stolen his horse and his girl, gives a truly fine performance.

Thomas Mitchell, the sheriff who loses a friend when Huston sides with Billy, doesn't fare so well. His scenes fail to ring true.

We would advise leaving the children at home. There is no Hopalong Cassidy about this little number that still has the Hays Office in a first-class tizzy.

Your Reviewer Says: The oddest film of the month.

✓ Behind Prison Walls (P.R.C.)

It's About: An idealist faces reality and then...

HERE'S quite a little picture, off the beaten path and directed with a new and arresting flair. It tells the story of an overidealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father to prison. Using the son as a front to squeeze an enemy out of the business, the father, Tully Marshall, gives his heir full control, expecting the business to go to smash. It doesn't, but the son amusingly admits it's through no fault of his, his theories being the good old bunk.

There's humor, satire, cunning quirks and quite an impressive quality to this well done little gem.

Alan Baxter is so good as the son and so is Gertrude Michael as the secretary. Edwin Maxwell is the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Like coming upon a daffodil in the snow.

✓ Something To Shout About (Columbia)

It's About: The little girl from Altoona gets the star part.

JANET BLAIR, who made a hit as "My Sister Eileen," comes to the fore with

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

a neat, provocative little performance as the young song writer from Pennsylvania who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angled by that gay divorcee, Cobina Wright Jr. Sounds awfully, awfully familiar, doesn't it?

Anyway, it's good, if familiar, and possesses the verve and spirit that Don Ameche (the story's press agent) always injects into his pictures. Jack Oakie, an old vaudeville star who now runs a boardinghouse, is very funny and William Gaxton, the show's producer, has come to the movies to stay, surely to goodness.

The Cole Porter music has that certain "oomphing." And oh, wait a minute. There's a dog act that gets into the show somehow and is worth the price of admission alone. It's a riot.

Miss Blair will be a star one day, you just see.

Your Reviewer Says: It's gay and happy and everything.

How's About It (Universal)

It's About: *Elevator operators and a plagiarism suit.*

THE Andrews sisters, ladies and gentlemen! Those singing sisters who know how to sock over a song with a sock to the ear. The three gals play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yearns come true?

Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald for stealing one of her calendar verses wanders around among the Andrews. The band of drummer Buddy Rich plays sweet music. Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary and Bobby Scheerer taps his little feet off.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of commotion, anyway.

✓ A Stranger in Town (M-G-M)

It's About: *A Supreme Court Justice who aids a small-town lawyer.*

FRANK MORGAN, a Supreme Court Justice, goes on a vacation, is nabbed by the local constable while hunting and meets in the courtroom one Richard Carlson, a local attorney who is running for mayor. Attracted to the young lawyer, who is obviously losing his political fight, the Justice very quietly gives him advice that eventually ousts the crooked and opposing party.

Porter Hall is so very good as the small-town judge and Jean Rogers very pretty as the girl in the case. But it's Morgan's quiet and subdued playing of the Justice that gives the picture just about everything it has.

Your Reviewer Says: Comfortable and pleasing.

✓ It Comes Up Love (Universal)

It's About: *A brash youngster who thaws a debbie.*

MARK you well, this new kid out at Universal, one Donald O'Connor, is a comer. His work in this picture starts him squarely on the road to stardom and, barring accidents, he should make it in nothing flat.

The kid, who dances like a whizz, is a hep-catter who refuses to be taken in by social debbie Gloria Jean who has been raised by a Mid-Victorian grandmother. But in order to please his aunt, Louise



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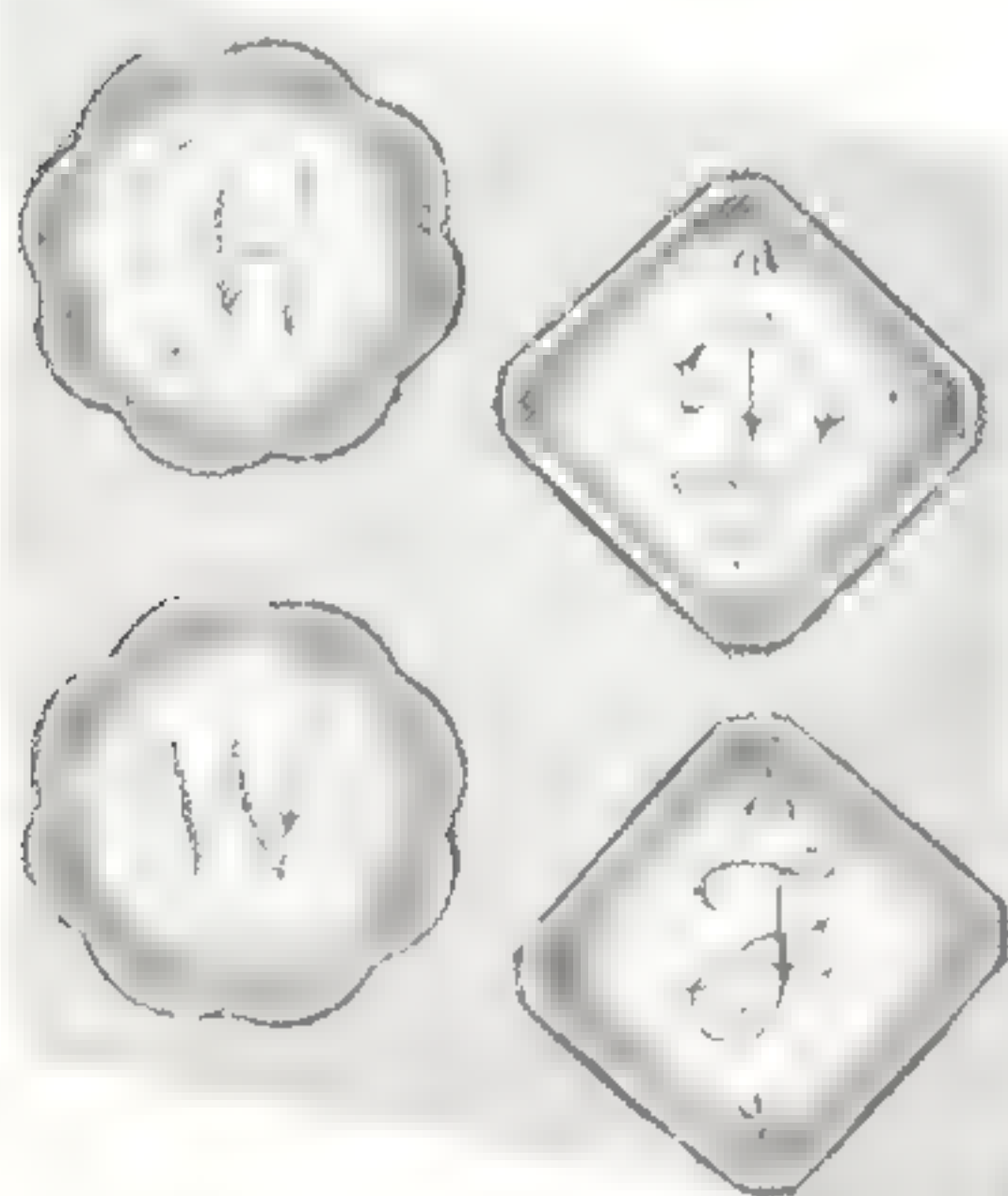
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Allbritton, he agrees to see Gloria and, in no time at all—it comes up love.

Miss Allbritton and Miss Frieda Inescort are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria's father. Guess who gets him?

The story is just so much of a much, but the cast, especially that O'Connor, is swell.

Your Reviewer Says: You could do much worse.

Hi Ya, Chum (Universal)

It's About: Two girls in the clutches of the Ritz Brothers.

WESTWARD HO treks the merry little party of small-time vaudevillians and its whoa, Westward, once they get going. Sharing the same jalopy are the three Ritz fits and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. In an ex-ghost town across the California state line the Ritz Brothers manage to get a cook fired and have to take his place. The girls help them out. The Ritz's auto gets impounded and the girls help them out. Harry runs for sheriff and wins huge sums at a gaming table. All three get wound up with laughing gas and the girls help them out.

A good song is "He's My Guy" and a good romantic lead is Robert Paige.

Your Reviewer Says: Get the girls to help you out.

Tarzan Triumphs (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Tarzan battles the Nazis in Africa.

TARZAN, the big whoop and holler boy, has taken his body beautiful away from the M-G-M lot where he began his jungle antics several years ago to emote on the RKO lot. What's more, *Tarzan* (still Johnny Weissmuller) does right well for himself in a story that has the nasty Nazis attempting to overrun *Tarzan's* domain in order to get control of the vital natural resources. The one-man blitz put on by *Tarzan* is a piparoo, bringing loads of cheering from the kids in the balcony.

Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane, *Tarzan's* mate, is missing from the picture, but beautiful Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield still plays *Tarzan's* son, and Cheta, the ape, still grabs all the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Up to his best.

Secrets of the Underground (Republic)

It's About: The law versus murderers and Nazi agents.

JOHN HUBBARD, an attractive District Attorney, and his girl friend Virginia Grey find a corpse in a trunk, which leads to the heroine's being almost smothered to death in a grain pit. As if that weren't enough, Nazi agents go around forging War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and clean up the nasties. Lloyd Corrigan is leader of the bad men.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for kids to howl at.

Hi, Buddy (Universal)

It's About: A boy's club that is sponsored by big brothers.

WHEN the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy



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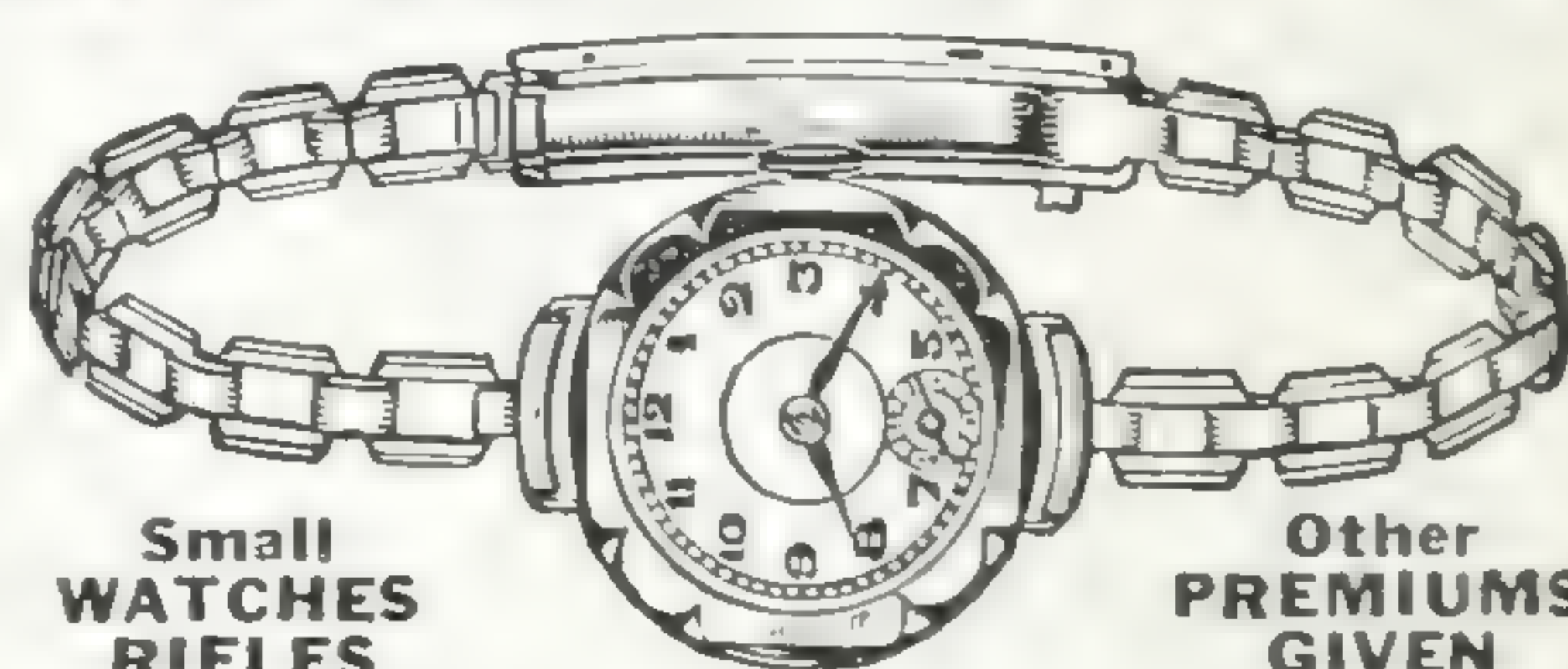
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Your Reviewer Says: Take the bad with the good, we always say.

✓✓ The Moon Is Down (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town.

NEVER have you witnessed anything so grippingly real as this humanized version of Nazi conqueror and his unconquered victims. John Steinbeck's play has been given a terrific writing and directing treatment by Nunnally Johnson and the story has been beautifully and quietly acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon as the wife whose husband was murdered. On the Nazi side we have Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the traitor, E. J. Ballantine, and Peter Van Eyck, the young lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness.

The slow awakening of the invaded natives and their maddening and secret resistance that ends in wholesale slaughter provide an emotional experience that gives heart to all of us.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong as a blazing hate.

Young and Willing (U. A.)

It's About: Six youngsters in search of a career.

THE idea involves three penniless boys—one of them William Holden—and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, who share an apartment in order to exist, Martha O'Driscoll being the only member of the gang who has a steady allowance. When Martha's father arrives on the scene all which-way breaks loose.

To complicate things Robert Benchley, a playwright who lives downstairs, refuses to aid the kids in their ambitions. Unbeknown to him, they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. The play is awful and the kids so hammy Benchley seizes the opportunity to produce it as a burlesque that clicks.

Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward, Barbara Britton, James Brown and Florence MacMichael shouldn't be wasted on such trivia. Neither should Holden nor Martha.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much talent spoils the broth.

The Mysterious Doctor (Warner Brothers)

It's About: An English spook promoted by a Nazi.

SUCH shenanigans! John Loder, living in Cornwall, England, but loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of the monkey business. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. Matt Willis is the Simple Simon of the village.

Your Reviewer Says: Horrible horror.
(Continued on next page)



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✓ Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man (Universal)

It's About: *Just what the title says.*

WE were twice as scared as ever before by this chiller-diller—and so was everyone else.

Lon Chaney Jr. plays the *Wolf Man* released from his grave by two robbers. Seeking a recipe to eternal death, Chaney enters the ruins where the *Frankenstein* monster is supposed to have died. But lo, he is only in a state of frozen animation and comes to life. So here are two "things" after each other and Ilona Massey, who is too beautiful for these horror films.

Your Reviewer Says: *Helllp!*

The Ape Man (Monogram)

It's About: *A scientist who turns men into beasts (not Hitler, kiddies).*

BELA LUGOSI, a crackpot scientist, turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings. All he had to do was reach out and grab us. We were too limp for resistance.

Your Reviewer Says: They sure can scare us in pictures like these.

✓ Two Weeks To Live (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An old fellow who attempts to raise funds by hazardous didos.*

IT'S Lum and Abner, folks, those two old codgers you liked so well in two previous films.

When poor old Abner (played by thirtyish Norris Goff) is erroneously told by his doctor he has two weeks to live, his partner, Lum (played by an even more thirtyish Chester Lauck), decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures in order to refund money garnered by the boys on a phoney railroad stock deal.

Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case, Nazi plots befall Lum before he finds the doctor has committed an error.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, homespun and homegrown.

✓ Hangmen Also Die! (Arnold Pressburger)

It's About: *Nazi revenge for the murder of Reinhard Heydrich.*

SLOWLY unfolds this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovakians for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. We are given the story of hostages, prominent men of Prague shot by the Nazis, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous Gene Lockhart.

Brian Donlevy, prominent surgeon in Prague, is the real murderer who seeks refuge with the family of a professor, played well by Walter Brennan. Instantly, the family, consisting of wife Nana Bryant, aunt Margaret Wycherly, daughter Anna Lee and her fiancée Dennis O'Keefe, become embroiled with the Gestapo. Suspense rides high throughout.

Lockhart is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: Living reminder of the courage of a freedom-loving people.

✓ The Youngest Profession (M-G-M)

It's About: *Family troubles versus autograph hounds.*

WE couldn't be happier over this cinema cuteheart, for doesn't Virginia Weidler say right out in the story, "I swear on a stack of Photoplays?" And take a look at this cast—Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Lana Turner as guest stars, to say nothing of a strong regular cast.

The story concerns Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club bent on securing autographs at all costs. In order to raise money to help secure the services of a he-man to make pap, Edward Arnold, jealous, Virginia sells her precious book to Marcia Mae Jones, and the whole thing ends up with Virginia's joining the Salvation Army.

Jean Porter, Virginia's girl friend, is a baby-voiced riot; John Carroll is fine.

The guest stars are very neatly placed into the story at tasty intervals like goodies in a honey bun.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh and enjoy yourself.

Best Pictures of the Month

Flight For Freedom
The Human Comedy
The Moon Is Down
Hangmen Also Die!
The Youngest Profession

Best Performances

Rosalind Russell in "Flight For Freedom"
Mickey Rooney in "The Human Comedy"
James Craig in "The Human Comedy"
John Craven in "The Human Comedy"
Jack Jenkins in "The Human Comedy"
Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "The Moon Is Down"
Henry Travers in "The Moon Is Down"
Peter Van Eyck in "The Moon Is Down"

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...and Look 10 years younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

this letter. In the high school which I attend, they have taken a survey of our favorite actors, actresses, songs, etc. We have finally received the results and I am both happy and proud of the decision made concerning our favorite actor. He was Lt. Ronald Reagan.

This certainly brings out the fact that giving up a great career for the service tends only to create greater admiration for that person in the eyes of the public. This proves, only more decisively, that men in uniform are held in high esteem by the people of the U. S.

I, therefore, salute you, Ronald Reagan, besides all the rest who have willingly given their services to the colors!

Robert Bond,
Pleasantville, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Electric Disagreement

I'VE heard many people remark that most movie plots are "fantastic." The characters not true-to-life. I've a wartime job as lady electric meter reader. Every day I meet people who are perfect substitutes for certain movie characters.

A lady, very like Mrs. Miniver, invited me into her kitchen to warm my hands and have a cup of coffee one cold morning. A duplicate Scarlett O'Hara slammed the door in my face when I asked to enter and read her meter. A counterpart of Andy Hardy kept me listening an hour to stories of his latest girl troubles. I met My Sister Eileen in the basement of an apartment house and heard of her struggle.

I meet them all every day, the rich and the poor, the young and the old. Movie plots are like real life!

Elsie McDonald,
Vernonia, Ore.

HONORABLE MENTION

AS there is going to be a reduction of film-footage within the near future, no doubt many of the studios are planning revivals of better pictures. May I suggest that "The Mortal Storm" be one of the first to be reissued? I saw this picture last night at my neighborhood theater, where it was "returned by popular demand" and when leaving the theater, I could not keep myself from buying a War Bond!

I might add that this picture would give movie-goers a chance to see Lt. Jimmy Stewart as well as Ensign Robert Stack.

Jeff Douglas,
Memphis, Tenn.

IN these days of worry, deprivation, sadness, there's something gratifying and peculiarly comforting in quiet, mature genius such as Paul Henreid's. It keeps before us the important realization that there are cultural as well as material treasures to be preserved. It gives us a new faith in mankind as a whole. If you ever again wonder what "dramatic genius" is, take a look at Paul Henreid.

Jean Shepard,
Hayward, Cal.

LATELY in Hollywood the "old timers" have definitely taken a back-seat to make way for a younger generation of such talented personages as Janet Blair, Diana Barrymore, Teresa Wright, Alan Ladd and Van Heflin.

It's quite gratifying to learn that youth can hold its own against "name" stars.

Kathryn Smith,
Memphis, Tenn.

"The Yankee Doodle
dandiest hands
he ever did see!"

Not a bit rough—'cause
I use **Hinds** before
and after war work.
A **Honey** of a lotion!

• No red, scratchy hands for this little riveter! I'm taking care of my hands with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. I always use Hinds *before work*...its skin softeners act like an invisible glove...help guard against drying, ground-in dirt. *After work*, Hinds again for softer, whiter-looking hands...all set for loving!



BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening, even one application gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel. It *benefits* skin abused by work or weather.

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He's a man
after my own hands—
they're smooth as
a kitten's ear!

HINDS for **HANDS**
and wherever skin needs softening!

A SPRAWL! A BAWL!



Those youngsters of yours are bound to bring home sprains, bruises and wrenched muscles. When they do, be ready to apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE**—comfortably hot.

That's the easy, effective way to relieve the pain, reduce the swelling and speed recovery. Because **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** is a ready-to-use, medicated poultice, it maintains "Moist Heat" for many hours.

This valuable moist heat *does* so much good—*feels* so good. Brings real comfort.

That's why it's also effective in relieving disturbing symptoms of **CHEST COLDS**—cough—tightness of the chest—and muscular soreness.

Apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** early.

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NONSPI is certified **FABRIC-SAFE** by this recognized authority: "Analysis of **NONSPI** and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) *E. D. Monroe*
Chemist

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NATIONAL RETAIL DRY GOODS ASSOCIATION

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A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE
DEODORANT AND ANTI-PERSPIRANT



Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 70)

newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, loses his job, gets involved with Japanese agents Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney. The story is hopelessly incredible, and Miss Tierney has little to do but appear Oriental. (April)

CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, the homey philosopher played by Guy Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show, and he even guides her from classical to jive music. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher. (April)

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia: A powerful war document, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a socko performance as the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then actively revolts against the cruelties of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

CRYSTAL BALL, THE—Cinema Guild-U.A.: Soothsayer Gladys George helps Paulette Goddard join up with Cecil Kellaway in a shooting gallery. When Paulette sees Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, she determines to take him away from her. And does she! William Bendix as Ray's chauffeur is terrific and we foresee a good laugh coming to you. (April)

DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT—M-G-M: Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* acquires three new assistants, Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters. (Feb.)

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what happens to J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepherd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: When police chief Richard Dix goes after hot car and tire racketeers, they threaten to expose the fact that Dix himself has a prison record, so Wendy Barrie, his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges. Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. (April)

FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO-Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generations who lived in it from its beginning in 1804 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kent Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. (April)

GENTLEMAN JIM—Warners: For those who enjoy screened prize-fighting, this story of egotistical Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of a rich San Franciscan, Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO-Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the *Great Gildersleeve*, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughs and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: A dual role story again, with Ralph Bellamy an Englishman who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious and it's Kaaren Verne, the German's sweetheart, who ruins the setup. (Mar.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this swell little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount: When *Henry*, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. John Litel is *Henry's* harassed father. Charles Smith is *Dizzy*, and Gail Russell is the town belle. (April)

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio: Showing the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good account of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

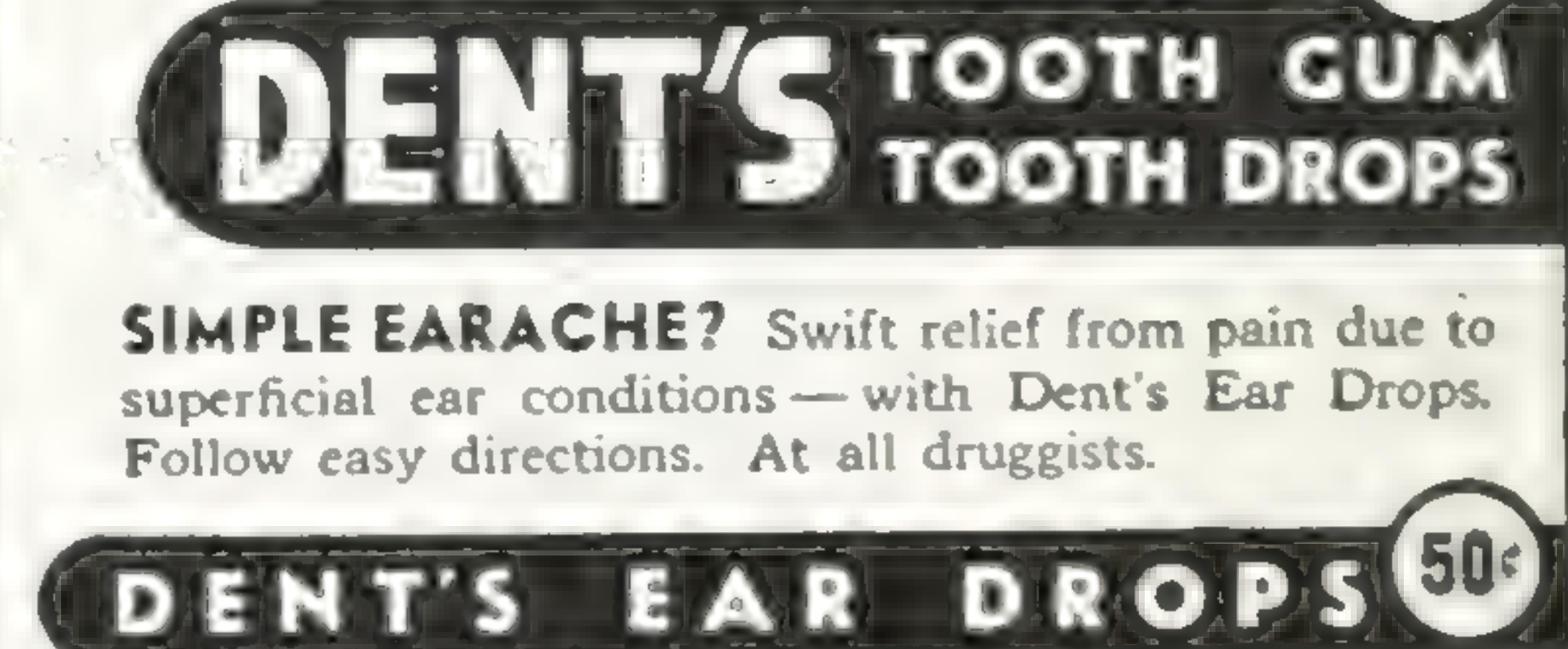
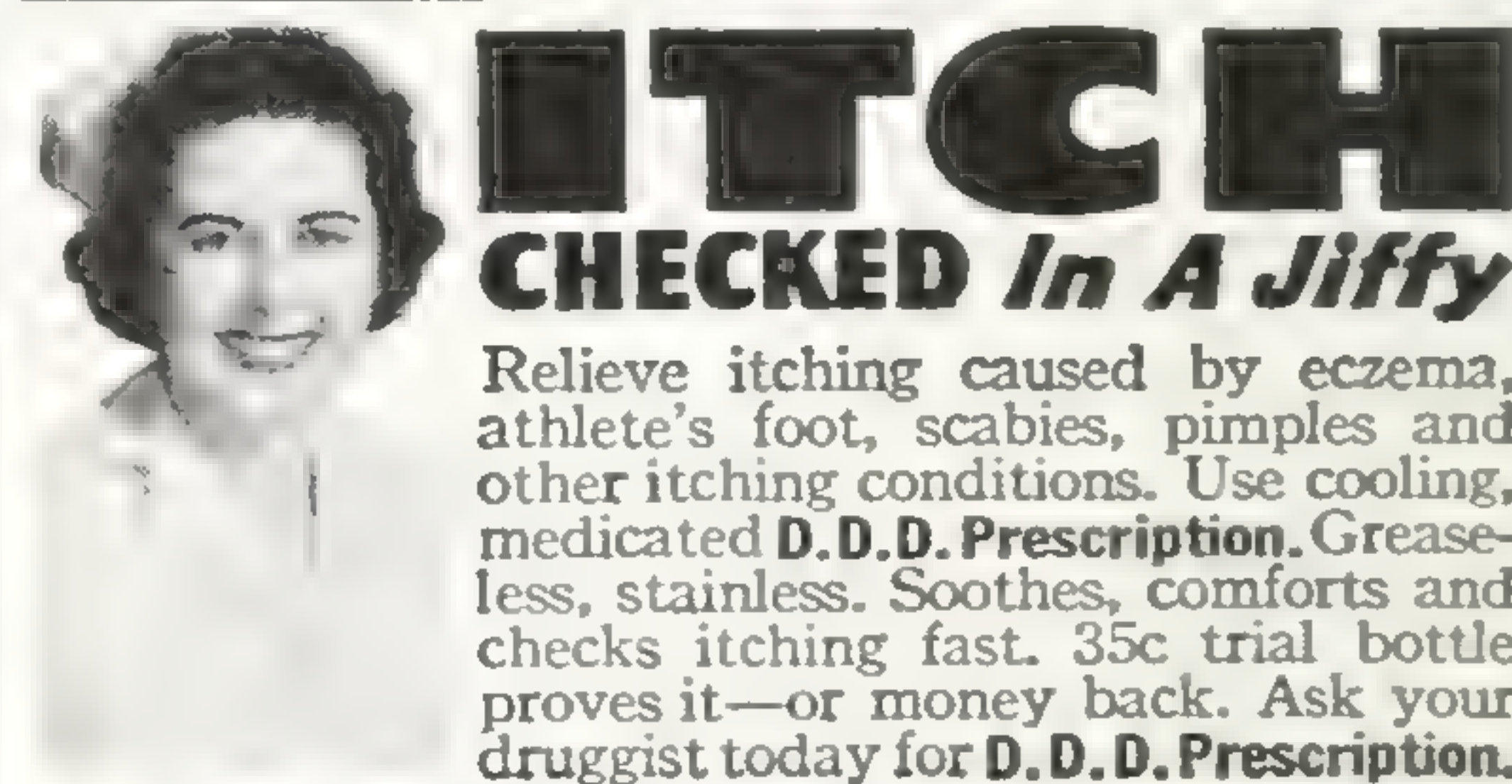
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



✓**ICE CAPEDES REVUE**—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Denning is the romantic lead, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hruba, Mergan Taylor, Jackson and Lyman and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

✓**IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The quiet heroism of a group of British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert is beautifully told in this heart-piercing story with Henry Fonda as the bewildered shy young corporal who upon the death of his hard-bitten sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory. (April)

✓**IN WHICH WE SERVE**—U. A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to a life raft, the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Mar.)

✓**JOHNNY DOUGHBOY**—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a child on the screen and a youngster who has won a contest as her double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, Spanky McFarland and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan, they appeal to Jane to help. Patrick Brook is a juvenile worth watching. (April)

✓**KEEPER OF THE FLAME**—M-G-M: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's widow, Katharine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (April)

✓**KID DYNAMITE**—Monogram: The Dead End kids are here again, with Leo Gorcey playing the bully and Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (April)

✓**LADY FROM CHUNGKING**—P.R.C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

✓**LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY**—Columbia: Isobel Elsom is a silly social-minded matron who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phony Russians to impress her victims. Jinx registers strongly and Douglass Drake does some good work. (April)

✓**LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY**—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley a has-been actor given to inebriety, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father. Therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

✓**LUCKY JORDAN**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.W.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the canteen waitress, and Marie MacDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

✓**MADAM SPY**—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches on. (Mar.)

✓**MARGIN FOR ERROR**—20th Century-Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the loathsome German pre-war consul-general to this country, and Milton Berle is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berle, Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of his murder. (April)

✓**MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD THE**—20th Century-Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Benny and his ever-faithful Rochester reap several healthy chuckles. Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. When Rochester hits on the idea of publicizing Benny as the meanest man in the world, success promptly hits him on the head. (April)

✓**MOUNTAIN RHYTHM**—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned. (Mar.)

✓**MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays Mrs. Wiggs, and her brood of children are Carolyn Lee Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera

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When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out... tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.



When Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Crankiness, Excitability or Restlessness interfere—try Dr. Miles Nervine

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Can be Misery—Relax this Easy Way

TRY Dr. Miles Nervine. It is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money back guarantee. Read directions on the package and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets, 35c and 75c; Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Try **DR. MILES' NERVINE**

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EYE-GENE soothes tired, irritated eyes in seconds. Washes away that red look caused by overwork, late hours, glare, or dust almost at once! (Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE wonderfully effective—quickly!)

TODAY—especially when you work overtime—keep EYE-GENE by you. It'll help your eyes look and feel better! Stainless. Inexpensive. At drug, dep't. and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS
CLEAR, SOOTHE
IN SECONDS!



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Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. (10¢ for handling and return mailing appreciated.) Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 346, Des Moines, Ia.

Blondes All Ages All Shades



New 11-Minute Home Shampoo Specially Made for Blondes— Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10¢, drug and department stores.

Vague as *Miss Hazy* and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homey, laughable and tragic events of the *Wiggs* family. (Feb.)

✓*NIGHTMARE*—Universal: Murder and espionage in England with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. In spots it's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer to films. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course someone has to get murdered in their apartment, and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: Jack Holt takes over the care of two boys orphaned by an Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane wins the love of both men excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

✓*NO TIME FOR LOVE*—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a high-powered magazine photographer who photographs sand hog Fred MacMurray and then can't get him out of her mind. When her pictures cause him to lose his job, she hires him as her assistant in the hope she will get rid of her yen. The story tries very hard to be very funny, but is only fairly so. (April)

✓*ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON*—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip teaser posing as a socialite in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, Hitler's secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it drags; nevertheless, you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

✓*PITTSBURGH*—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness, deserts Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Allbritton and finally meets his come-uppance and regeneration in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

✓*POWERS GIRL THE*—Charles Rogers-U.A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the timeworn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century-Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft, and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders occur. (April)

✓*RANDOM HARVEST*—M-G-M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman as the war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by show girl Greer Garson has never been finer, but the latter half becomes somber. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn register strongly. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

✓*REUNION IN FRANCE*—M-G-M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When she befriends R.A.F. flyer John Wayne and tries to help him escape, surprises pop all over the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrific hornet's nest. The famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood with its M.C., Nils T. Granlund, is reproduced on the screen. Ted Fio Rito's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO-Radio: Convicts James Craig and Frank Jenks escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When it dawns upon them that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's pretty exciting. Bonita Granville is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

✓*SHADOW OF A DOUBT*—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock, this becomes a masterpiece of suspense. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotton, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a murderer creeps into her mind. Both give wonderful performances and MacDonald Carey as the young detective in love with Teresa is a standout. (April)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON—Universal: In this episode, the famous sleuth, played by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, block Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up a secret British bomb-sight. Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy. (April)

SILENT WITNESS—Monogram: Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Maris Wrixon, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no sooner does Frank reform than he is accused of murdering the D.A., Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a talented police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

✓*SILVER QUEEN*—Sherman-U.A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Eugene Pallette). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

✓*SILVER SKATES*—Monogram: A really fine movie and one of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice a riot. Kenny Baker who pretends love for Belita to keep her in the show sings engagingly, and Patricia Morison as his real heart and owner of the show is so good. (April)

✓*SPIRIT OF '43, THE*—Disney: This Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department and has Donald working in a defense factory and torn between spending his money and putting it away for income taxes. Fascinating submarines, tanks, planes and battleships, executed in the most imaginative Disney manner, parade across the screen to put the Nazis and Japs to rout. (April)

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✓✓**STAND BY FOR ACTION**—M-G-M: Good war stuff, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship a meeting that ends in exciting combat. The men are Charles Laughton the Admiral; Robert Taylor a cocky naval lieutenant; Brian Donlevy a Commander, and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

✓✓**STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM**—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood. Fun. (Mar.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid. (Feb.)

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: A college jive band moves out West and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

✓**THEY GOT ME COVERED**—Goldwyn-RKO: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Marian Martin and a beauty parlor mix-up. Newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

✓**THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA**—M-G-M: Ann Sothern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the absences of her foreign correspondent husband, Melvyn Douglas, so Lee Bowman and Richard Ainley, both in love with Ann, persuade her to divorce Douglas, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph

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Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars. (Mar.)

TRUCK BUSTERS—Warners: All about the battle between independent and organized trucksters, with Richard Travis resisting the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

✓**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**—Universal: Allan Jones as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid Marla Shelton and gets accused of being A.W.O.L., does some of his best work in this very good little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer, Evelyn and her magic violin score a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all but steal the show. (Mar.)

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M-G-M: When Red Skelton a radio crime detective and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. (Feb.)

✓**WHO DONE IT?**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents horn in to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest. The routines are bewhiskered and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

WRECKING CREW—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

✓**YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER**—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, Adolphe Menjou is very good as Rita's father and Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. (Mar.)

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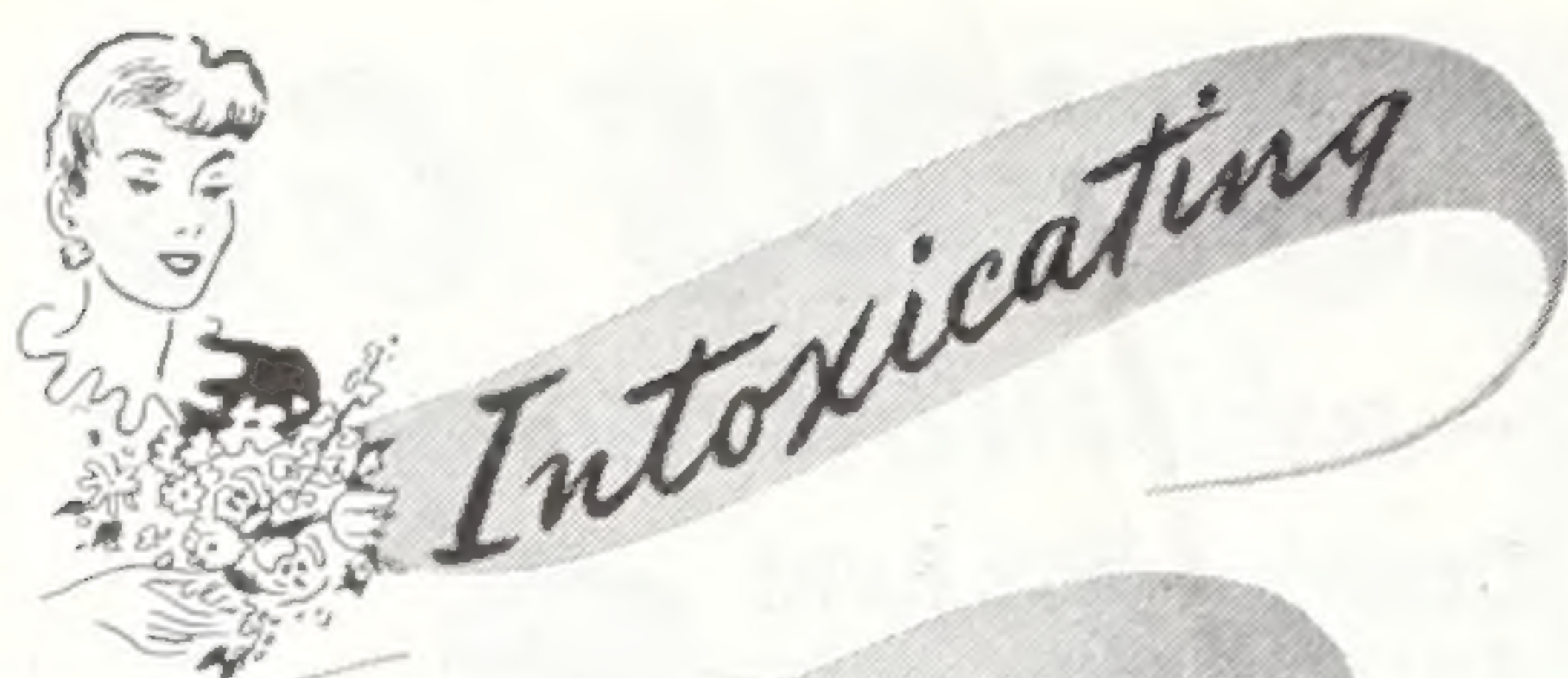
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CABIN IN THE SKY—M-G-M: Petunia Jackson, Ethel Waters; Little Joe Jackson, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; Georgia Brown, Lena Horne; The Trumpeter, Louis Armstrong; Lucius, Lucifer, Jr., Rex Ingram; Rev. Green, The General, Kenneth Spencer; Domino Johnson, "Bubbles" (John W. Sublett); The Deacon, Fleetfoot, Oscar Polk; First Idea Man, Mantan Moreland; Second Idea Man, Willie Best; Third Idea Man, Moke (Fletcher Rivers); Fourth Idea Man, Poke (Leon James); Bill, Bill Bailey; Messenger Boy, "Buck" (Ford L. Washington); Lily, Butterfly McQueen; Mrs. Kelso, Ruby Dandridge; Dude, Nicodemus; Jim Henry, Ernest Whitman; Duke Ellington and his Orchestra; The Hall Johnson Choir.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—RKO-Radio: Tonie Carter, Rosalind Russell; Randy Britton, Fred MacMurray; Paul Turner, Herbert Marshall; Johnny Salvini, Edward Ciannelli; Admiral Graves, Walter Kingsford; Pete, Damian O'Flynn; Bill, Jack Carr; Mac, Matt McHugh; Mr. Yokohata, Richard Loo; Flyer, Charles Lung.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN—Universal: Larry (Wolf man), Lon Chaney; Monster, Bela Lugosi; Dr. Mannering, Patric Knowles; Elsa Frankenstein, Ilona Massey; Inspector Owen, Dennis Hoey; Maleva, Maria Ouspenskaya; The Mayor, Lionel Atwill; Vasek, Rex Evans; Frances, Don Barclay; Rudi, Dwight Frye; Rudi's Wife, Beatrice Roberts; Guno, Harry Stubbs.

HANGMEN ALSO DIE!—Pressburger-U. A.: Dr. Svoboda, Brian Donlevy; Prof. Novotny, Walter Brennan; Mascha Novotna, Anna Lee; Czaka, Gene Lockhart; Jan Horck, Dennis O'Keefe; Inspector Gruber, Alexander Granach; Aunt Ludmilla, Margaret Wycherly; Mrs. Novotna, Nana Bryant; Beda, Billy Roy; Heydrich, Hans V. Twardowski; Haas, Tonio Selwart; Dedic, Jonathan Hale; Vanya, Lionel Stander; Bardos, Byron Foulger; Ritter, Reinhold Schuenzel; Mrs. Niemetz, Virginia Farmer; Schirmer, Louis Donath; Mrs. Drorak, Sarah Padden; Dr. Pillar, Edmund MacDonald; Camp Lieutenant, Arno Frey; Rudy, Lester Sharpe; General Votruba, Arthur Loft; Necval, George Irving; Pescacek, James Bush.

HI, BUDDY—Universal: Dave O'Connor, Dick Foran; Gloria Bradley, Harriet Hilliard; Johnny Blake, Robert Paige; Mary Parker, Marjorie Lord; Tim, Bobs Watson; Downbeat, Gus Schilling; Spud, Tommy Cook; Pat O'Shane, Drew Roddy.

HI YA CHUM—Universal: Three Madcaps, Harry, Al and Jimmy Ritz; Sunny Lee, Jane Frazee; Tommy Craig, Robert Paige; Madge Tracy, June Clyde; Terry Barton, Edmund MacDonald; Eddie Gibbs, Lou Lubin; Croupier, Brooks Benedict; A Worker, Richard Davies; Big Worker, Ray Miller; Archie Billings, Paul Hurst; Chef, Earl Hodgins; Worker, Michael Vallon.

HOW'S ABOUT IT—Universal: Andrews Sisters, Patty Andrews, Maxene Andrews, LaVerne Andrews; George Selby, Robert Paige; Marion Bliss, Grace McDonald; Alf, Shemp Howard; Whipple, Walter Catlett; Orchestra Leader, Buddy Rich; Oliver, David Bruce; "Mike" Tracy, Mary Wickes; Bobby, Bobby Scherer; Waitress, Dorothy Babb.

HUMAN COMEDY THE—M-G-M: Homer Macauley, Mickey Rooney; Willie Grogan, Frank Morgan; Tom Spangler, James Craig; Diana Steed, Marsha Hunt; Mrs. Macauley, Fay Bainter; Mr. Macauley, Ray Collins; Marcus Macauley, Van Johnson; Bess Macauley, Donna Reed; Ulysses Macauley, Jack Jenkins; Mary Arena, Dorothy Morris; Tobey George, John Craven; Mrs. Sandoval, Ann Ayars; Miss Hicks, Mary Nash; Charles Steed, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Steed, Katharine Alexander; Brad Stickman, Alan Baxter; Lionel, Darryl Hickman; Fat, Barry Nelson; Helen Elliot, Rita Quigley; Henderson, Clem Bevans; Librarian, Adeline De Walt Reynolds.

IDAHO—Republic: Roy, Roy Rogers; Terry Grey, Virginia Grey; Belle Bonner, Ona Munson; Frog Millhouse, Smiley Burnette; Judge Grey, Harry Shannon; Duke Springer, Dick Purcell; Chief Ranger, Onslow Stevens; Spike Madagan, Arthur Hohl; Bud, Hal Taliaferro; Sons of the Pioneers, Themselves; The Judge's Boys, St. Brendan's Choir.

IT COMES UP LOVE—Universal: Victoria Pea-

body, Gloria Jean; Tom Peabody, Ian Hunter; Ricky, Donald O'Connor; Portia Winthrop, Frieda Inescort; Edo Ives, Louise Allbritton; Constance Peabody, Mary Lou Harrington; Carlton Winthrop, Raymond Roe; Tilton, Charles Coleman; Orchestra Leader, Leon Belasco; Bernice, Beatrice Roberts.

MOON IS DOWN, THE—20th Century-Fox: Colonel Lanser, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mayor Orden, Henry Travers; Dr. Winter, Lee J. Cobb; Molly Morden, Dorris Bowdon; Madame Orden, Margaret Wycherly; Lieutenant Tonder, Peter Van Eyck; Alex Morden, William Post, Jr.; Captain Loft, Henry Rowland; George Corell, E. J. Ballantine; Peder's Wife, Violette Wilson; Captain Bentick, Hans Schumm; Major Hunter, Ernest Dorian; Lieutenant Prackle, John Banner; Annie, Helene Himig; Joseph, Ian Wolfe; Orderly, Kurt Kreuger; Albert, Jeff Corey; Schumann, Louis Arco; Ole, Charles McGraw; Foreman, Trevor Bardette; Staff Officer, John Mylong; Sergeants, Otto Reichow, Sven Hugo Borg; Mother, Dorothy Peterson.

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warner's: Sir Harry Leland, John Loder; Letty Carstairs, Eleanor Parker; Lt. Christopher Hilton, Bruce Lester; Dr. Frederick Holmes, Lester Matthews; Hugh Penhryn, Forrester Harvey; Bart Redmond, Matt Willis; Saul Bevan, Art Foster; Herbert, Clyde Cooke; Luke, Creighton Hale; Ruby, Phyllis Barry; Tom Andrews, David Clyde; The Peddler, Harold de Becker; Simon Tewksbury, Frank Mayo; Roger, Hank Mann; Orderly, DeWolf Hopper; Watson, Jack Mower; The Commandant, Crawford Kent.

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: Billy, Jack Buettel; Rio, Jane Russell; Pat, Thomas Mitchell; Doc, Walter Huston; Guadalupe, Mimi Aguglia; Charley, Joe Sawyer; Stranger, Gene Rizzi.

SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND—Republic: P. Cadwallader Jones, John Hubbard; Terry, Virginia Grey; Maurice, Lloyd Corrigan; Marianne, Robin Raymond; Paul Panois, Miles Mander; Oscar, Olin Howlin; Joe, Ben Welden; Mrs. Perkins, Maria Shelton; Kermit, Neil Hamilton; Cleary, Ken Christy; Marie, Dick Rich.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT—Columbia: Ken Douglas, Don Ameche; Jeanie Maxwell, Janet Blair; Larry Martin, Jack Oakie; Willard Samson, William Gaxton; Donna Davis, Cobina Wright, Jr.; Flo, Veda Ann Borg; Hazel Scott, Hazel Scott; Dan Howard, Jaye Martin; Lily, Lily Norwood; Chuckles, James "Chuckles" Walker.

STRANGER IN TOWN, A—M-G-M: John Josephus Grant, Frank Morgan; Bill Adams, Richard Carlson; Lucy Gilbert, Jean Rogers; Austin Harkley, Porer Hall; Mayor Connison, Robert Barrat; Vinnie Z. Blaxton, Donald MacBride; Tom Cooney, Walter Baldwin; Roscoe Swade, Andrew Tombes; Homer Todds, Olin Howlin; Charles Craig, Chill Wills; Orrin Todds, Irving Bacon; Henry, Eddie Dunn; Birdie, Gladys Blake; Hart Ridges, John Hodiak; Blaxton's Lawyer, Edward Keane; Sergeant, Robert E. Homans.

TARZAN TRIUMPHS—RKO-Radio: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Boy, Johnny Sheffield; Zandra, Frances Gifford; Col. Von Reichart, Stanley Ridges; Sergeant, Sig Ruman; Patriarch, Pedro de Cordoba; Bausch, Philip Van Zandt; Archmet, Stanley Brown; Schmidt, Rex Williams; Cheta, the Chimpanzee, Herself.

TWO WEEKS TO LIVE—RKO-Radio: Lum, Chester Lauck; Abner, Norris Goff; Mr. Pinkney, Franklin Pangborn; Mrs. Carmen, Kay Linaker; Gimpel, Irving Bacon; Stark, Sr., Herbert Rawlinson; Professor Frisby, Ivan Simpson; Nurse, Rosemary LaPlanche; Postman, Danny Duncan; Secretary, Evalyn Knapp; Kelton, Charles Middleton; Van Dyke, Luis Alberni; Hotel Clerk, Jack Rice; Higgins, Tim Ryan; Squire Skimp, Oscar O'Shea; Doctor, Edward Earle.

YOUNG AND WILLING—Paramount: Norman Reese, William Holden; George Bodell, Eddie Bracken; Arthur Kenny, Robert Benchley; Kate Benson, Susan Hayward; Dottie Coburn, Martha O'Driscoll; Marge Benson, Barbara Britton; Mrs. Garnet, Mabel Paige; Muriel Foster, Florence MacMichael; Tony Dennison, James Brown; Mr. Coburn, Jay Fasset; First Cop, Paul Hurst; Second Cop, Olin Howlin; Phillips, Billy Bevan.

YOUNGEST PROFESSION, THE—M-G-M: Joan Lyons, Virginia Weidler; Burton V. Lyons, Edward Arnold; Dr. Hercules, John Carroll; Susan Thayer, Ann Ayars; Edith Lyons, Marta Lindon; Douglas Sutton, Dick Simmons; Miss Featherstone, Agnes Moorehead; Patricia Drew, Jean Porter; Schuyler, Raymond Roe; Secretary, Dorothy Morris; Junior Lyons, Scotty Beckett; Vera Bailey, Marcia Mae Jones; Sister Lassie, Sara Haden; Thyra Winter, Beverly Jean Saul; Mrs. Drew, Marjorie Gate-son; Mr. Drew, Thurston Hall; Lilybud, Jessie Grayson; Guest Stars: Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, William Powell.

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Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 420, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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